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STEGELITZER ST. 30-31,
BERLIN, W., December 15, 1898.

THE success of the young Russian violinist Alexander Petschnikoff in Berlin is unprecedented. How is it to be explained that a mere boy comes from a remote corner of the world, unknown, unheralded, and conquers and arouses in a moment this great city, this hotbed of violin players, the home of many of the most renowned violinists of our age, and the Mecca of foreign born talents, whether great or small, young or old?

Certain it is that Berlin, in point of violin playing, holds a unique position among the great musical centres of the world; in no other city can so many and such high-class performances on this instrument be heard. Hence both critics and public are satiated with violin music, and they have in consequence been forced to an attitude of indifference, especially toward newcomers, that can only be realized and understood by those who are familiar with Berlin concert life.

Yet this young man in an instant turns the heads of the critics and sets the public wild with enthusiasm and admiration. Petschnikoff's success has been fourfold—artistic, popular, financial and social; and in all respects most sweeping and thorough. He made a profound impression on the musicians from the very start; he gained the critical approval of every representative of the press; he drew the crowd—the last thing an artist ever does here—as the box office receipts of his subsequent concerts proved to an astounding degree, and he has been set up as the idol of the highest aristocracy.

What a career! And this boy was born in dire poverty, with early prospects of occupying one of the humblest of the humble stations in life. Yesterday a beggar, to-day the theme of conversation and laudation of the world's musical metropolis! Not that Petschnikoff is wholly free from dissenting criticism. If the Angel Gabriel, or Orpheus, or Apollo himself, or, indeed, the three combined, should visit the earth and discourse music to us they would probably provoke some adverse criticism.

Now, what is the secret of Petschnikoff's success? In an extraordinary case of this kind it is very interesting and profitable to try and find out and analyze the causes that have opened the doors of success in so many different directions. Is this young violinist altogether worthy of such a universal conquest? Leaving this question, which could never be answered to the satisfaction of all, to take care of itself, let us consider the various causes that have produced such enviable effects.

The first thing to be taken into account is the intrinsic value of his playing from a strictly artistic point of view. He has a big technic—this is taken as a matter of fact; this is expected of every player who comes before the public nowadays, and it is scarcely commented on except in extraordinary cases. Petschnikoff's technic is not astonishing; it will not compare with Burmester's, or in fact with that of many other living violinists. So it is not to his technic that he owes his success. He has a splendid full, penetrating, sympathetic tone, in the production of which he is greatly assisted by the possession of one of the best Stradivarius violins in existence. Yet his tone is of itself fine and commanding. But so is the tone of many other violinists. No, it is not to his tone that he owes his success. Then comes his musicianship. This is also of a high order. He does not stoop to charlatanism, or to mere virtuoso effects. He neither offends good taste nor oversteps the bounds of legitimacy. In short, his musicianship is on a par with his tone and technic; it is as good as but no better than that of many other prominent soloists. So it is not this that has won for him such sudden renown.

Next comes the question of temperament, and with this we come to something tangible. This is the first clew to his remarkable success, not only with the public, but also

with the critics and musicians. America is not the only country where temperament is the principal stock in trade of the virtuoso. The concert goers here are as susceptible to its charm as those of New York and Chicago. Petschnikoff has a glowing temperament, and to it he owes a large measure of his success. But, strange to say, we find with the first great cause of success also the first cause of critical disapproval. The expression with which the young artist plays is quite irresistible, but at times he allows his feelings to run away with his head, and the consequence is that his expression becomes—not in intention, perhaps, but certainly in effect—somewhat sensational.

Another important factor that has contributed to his success is a most marked and interesting individual conception. Here, too, he is not altogether free from exaggerations in tempo and nuance. Yet his conception is, next to his temperament, his most valuable point. It is very rare that a subjective interpretation can be carried to the extent Petschnikoff carries it in certain works, especially those of Bach, without the equilibrium of the whole structure being upset. To a less winning personality it would be quite impossible.

We find, then, in his temperament and his individual interpretation two powerful causes of success; in connection with these two faculties some interesting inferences can be drawn. Why is it that so few, so extremely few, artists have them? I mean, of course, in addition to the other indispensable requisites considered above—tone, technic and musicianship, for these last three essentials many have, and the other two forces count for nothing of themselves; it is only with the sustaining power of these essentials that they can be made effective.

As far as I can analyze the case, Petschnikoff's possession of these two factors in such a marked degree is due chiefly to the following reasons: He studied and developed, under isolated conditions, away from the influence of the great art centres of Central Europe. Given a genius to start with, and a performer with a high degree of development of the above named qualities as a goal, isolation is the most necessary factor in his development. History teaches this. Had Petschnikoff studied at the Berlin Hochschule, or at the Paris Conservatory, he would, no doubt, have become a good violinist, but his success would certainly never have been what it is to-day. Under the strict normal conditions in vogue at these institutions the free development of his strongest natural faculties would have been impossible. They would have been nipped in the bud.

It is true that he had instructions at the Moscow Conservatory, but it is clear that he was allowed great liberty; the institution is itself far removed from traditional art influences, and comparatively few great virtuosos visit Moscow. Moreover, it is plain from the young artist's playing that he has been largely his own master.

So we find that the conditions under which he studied were most favorable to the development of his characteristic features.

This much, then, for Petschnikoff's playing. From a strictly artistic point of view there is nothing about him that explains or merits such a success as he has had. From a strictly violinistic point of view, to specialize, there is still less to justify this success. Indeed, he is in this respect, as I find after hearing him twice with orchestra in a large hall, far from being free from defects. Hence the Berlin critics who call him the greatest violinist of this generation are wrong. It is as an interpreter of certain composers that he is great. His talent for the violin is no greater than that of scores of others. But in point of individuality and temperament he is unique. Herein is to be found the cause of his remarkable triumphs. Were he working with the medium of the piano or any other solo instrument his success would be the same.

Though born very poor, he was taken up by wealthy people at an early age, so that during his years of study he was entirely free from the care and worry that impede the progress of students who have to get along on insufficient means. This was his first good fortune, and a very important factor toward bringing about his subsequent success. Had he not found wealthy patrons he would be unknown to-day. So we find fortune favoring him from the start, and it seems never to have deserted him since.

A great many things go to make up a great success for a public performer, a success in every sense of the word; that he must be a very fine player is self understood, but many accessories are also necessary. With Petschnikoff these accessories are not wanting. He has been taken up by the nobility, for instance, and that counts for much as the world goes. Chance favored him in making the acquaintance and friendship of a princess, and this opened for him the way to the highest aristocracy and social standing.

Then, too, in the matter of a violin he has been eminently fortunate. He was presented with Ferdinand Laub's best violin, which, as I stated above, is one of the finest instruments in the world. To become the owner of a grand old Cremona violin is the dream of every aspiring

young virtuoso. But it is a dream that is seldom realized, especially at the early age of twenty-two. This, then, is another cause of success with the young Russian. Other factors also have been at work in his favor, but those considered above explain in the main his remarkable success.

In one thing that frequently plays an important part with the general public Petschnikoff, like Burmester, is utterly lacking—in personal appearance.

Most of the great virtuosos of the world have, at all times, been conspicuous not only in success, but also in looks. The critics and many musicians laugh at long haired, eccentric looking artists, and say that it makes no difference how a man looks if he only plays well. This is very true so far as the real music lovers are concerned, but there is no doubt that with the general public looks make a great difference. The artist must be a remarkable performer, of course; then he will succeed anyhow. But if he has a striking personal appearance in addition then his success will unquestionably be much greater. I cannot understand why so many latter day, matter-of-fact writers insist on an artist appearing on the stage like a Wall Street broker, leaving the picturesque and poetic side of his make-up entirely out of the question.

The great typical virtuosos of the past were men of remarkable appearance. Not that they were all handsome men by any means. On the contrary, extremely ugly features, ugly to the point of being unique, seem to have fascinated the crowd more than handsome ones. Paganini is said to have been the personification of his satanic majesty. Ole Bull, on the other hand, must have been a man of very winning presence. His portraits show this, and then Longfellow wrote of him:

Fair haired, blue eyed, his aspect blithe;
His figure tall and straight and lithe,
And every feature of his face
Revealing his Norwegian race;
A radiance streaming from within
Around his eyes and forehead beamed,
The angel with his violin,
Painted by Raphael he seemed.

The best portrait of Ernst reminds me of an Egyptian mummy I once saw, which was said to be 3,000 years old. Ernst might not have looked quiet as old as that, but he certainly did not look less dried up and withered. Unquestionably the most extraordinary looking violinist that ever lived was Gaetano Pugnani, one of the leading representatives of the Italian school of the eighteenth century, and the teacher of Viotti. He was a veritable scarecrow in appearance; the incredible hideousness of his features was heightened by his dress, in which he was notorious for extremely bad taste.

In the two greatest of all pianists we have also two men of striking appearance; Liszt, with his long, white, flowing hair and Dante profile, and Rubinstein, with his Beethoven-like face and lion's mane.

But to return to Petschnikoff. He has none of these striking features, not even the conventional long hair. His is a very commonplace face and figure. When you observe the artist closely, off the stage, and look in his dull, expressionless eyes, hear his slow, somewhat affective manner of speech, and see his sluggish movements, you marvel and say to yourself: Is it possible, then, that this is the man who plays with such tenderness and such passion, who so melts, rouses and electrifies an audience?"

ARTHUR M. ABELL.

Patti or Melba?—Melba or Patti?

WHEN a Bluegrass mocking bird is compared with a Hartz Mountain canary, it becomes a matter of taste which bird note the hearer prefers. A singer of Melba's great reputation (via newspapers and friendly partiality) should not be judged on one hearing, especially after a fatiguing journey in such frigid weather as now reigns in Kentucky. A few people who were disappointed have had the courage to say so, but many who were disappointed are too politic to venture their criticism publicly.

"Policy" is the fad of our city in every rank of society. One must be politic to be "popular," and "popularity" is the ideal of almost everybody—even some cranks try to court it. Few people have the courage of their opinions, fewer still venture criticism publicly. One must have studied earnestly with world-renowned masters, heard much and gained experience before they can be brave enough to say just what they think about the subject to be criticised. Suppose Louisville had heard such singers as Patti and Melba for years, then suppose our present local talent attempted the same class of coloratura music, should we not feel that the singers had much to learn, and, laying "policy" and "popularity" aside, should we not feel like telling them so? Never follow in my footsteps, flatter and cajole them. "Molasses catches more flies than vinegar," but fly catching to me is equivalent to seeking popularity, so I criticize, then encourage, and help, if need be, talent wherever I find it.

Compare Melba with Pauline Lucca, the late Marie

Wilt, Prohaska, even the Lilli Lehmann if you will, but voices like Jenny Lind, Henrietta Sontag, Patti, Nilsson, denote birds of another tone art. Few in the audience last Wednesday had ever heard Jenny Lind or Patti in their prime, so it is hardly fair to assert, as one of our popular critics did, "Patti was, Melba is, but Patti never was what Melba is." The alliteration is clever, but it is not the opinion of cultivated and musicianly vocal critics and competent artists. The tone quality of a canary is not the mocking bird quality. As I have before suggested, Melba may have been fatigued from her cold journey, she may have dined late, for certain it is her voice (to me at least) was not satisfying. Her method and schooling are superb, she has been marvelously well taught, she has studied faithfully, earnestly, but there are voices in Louisville which, had they received half the correct culture and spent half the years of study Melba has had, would have sung far better than Melba. There is a refinement of feeling and grace about these Southern girls to whom I refer that art can never give.

Patti is musicianly if she was and is selfish, and at times spiteful. Melba is thoroughly good tempered, never says mean things of anyone, enjoys life, never put on airs, and is said to bring sunshine to the greenroom. I can well believe it; her very name, Nellie Melba, makes one think of nectarines and guava jelly; but musicianly, born artist she is not.

"Distance lends enchantment" to view of face, form and voice. I was too near the stage to hear the refinement and full roundness of tone quality I hoped to hear.

In Patti's voice there always was a natural bird tone, golden, resonant and pure. Every note had its correct number of commas, never a shade more or less, alike in pianissimo, crescendo to decrescendo. Vocal pupils who read this, ask your teachers to explain the tone commas, then apply them to your voice placing exercises, and you will know what I mean. In Melba's voice these commas are uneven. She has brilliant resonance, but that is the result of her admirable method. Patti is a born actress; Melba is a correctly taught one. Patti is grace in every movement, Melba is not as graceful as a thousand dollar artist ought to be. The colorature of Patti, the *Klangfarbe*, as our German friends say, is exquisitely natural and effortless; Melba's colorature is spoiled by such efforts as winking and rolling her eyes and wrinkling her forehead just before a *tour de force*. Patti's trill on any given interval is that of a canary; Melba's that of a woman with slightly nasal quality on the mental tones, while the higher tones have the brilliant coruscations of a powder "wheel," the firework parlance. She is better in concert than in operas like Faust. Patti was at home in everything.

Patti in the mad scene was absolutely crazy for the moment; she flew about the stage like a frightened canary; her nightingale-like *roulades* and trills were like the flash of diamonds, the tone color prismatic with the delight of love, the passion of hate. Melba was acting crazy with the same "stage business" that all Marchesi's pupils are given, but, unlike some of them, her notes were pearls, opalescent in brilliancy, platonic, pastoral.

Melba has not that great standard of excellence, the "art that conceals art," but Patti is past mistress in that test of a great artist singer.

The greatest singer this century has known, whose voice had the tones of nightingale, lark and thrush, was Parepa-Rosa. She possessed all the requirements that go to make a truly great artist, an honorable, noble, life, intelligence, intellectuality, sincere womanly refinement, a musician by nature and education, graceful, beautiful, and above all, spiritually minded. She combined all the excellences of Patti and Melba, with none of their faults. She was one of the noblest hearted women in the world.—*Octavia Hensel in Louisville Truth.*

The Harmonic Basis of Wagner's Operas and Music Dramas.

II.

DURING the five years which intervened between the completing of Lohengrin and the beginning of the series of music dramas, Der Ring der Nibelungen, Wagner's theories, as we know, were almost completely metamorphosed. During this interim he had determined upon a bolder task to accomplish, a higher ideal to attain. This necessarily required greater means and newer methods.

In Das Rheingold there are no arias or cavatinas, and but one complete lyric number in Die Walküre—the pastoral love song of Siegmund at the end of Act I.

And as the lyric element was gradually superseded by Wagner's peculiar declamatory melos, the harmonic and contrapuntal features assumed more important functions. The purely musical expression—that which goes beyond the import of words—we find mostly in the orchestra. This had already been attempted, and with some degree of success, by Berlioz. But, unfortunately for the modern Hector, a good deal of his subject matter was unmusical.

The scheme of Wagner (embracing as it does dramatic action, scenic effect, stage appliance, costume, consistent narrative told in poetic verse, together with song, declamation and characteristic instrumental music) is altogether more feasible. There was much to do, but there was also much to do with.

The individual harmonic methods, already pointed out, were too thoroughly Wagnerian to disappear entirely, even after his theories had been so greatly altered, enlarged and improved.

In the Ring cycle we find the dramatic interest gradually increasing through the four music dramas until at the end Brünnhilde's immolation signifies not alone the death of that magnificent heroine, but the annihilation of Walhalla and all its godly power. The intensity of dramatic climax is strained to its utmost limit; there is nothing more to express save desolation, confusion and ruin. This passes beyond the ordinary character and concept of music, and, per consequence, the harmony transcends all didactic precepts and theorems and becomes a precedent unto itself. These are the conditions which confront us in attempting to analyze Der Ring der Nibelungen.

In Das Rheingold there are numerous reminiscences of the Tannhäuser epoch, especially in the accompaniments. Thus, while Wotan sings of Rarest Wonders Worked, we hear in the orchestra:



Also in the Loge music this, with numerous variations, appears:



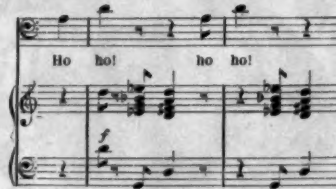
The principal effect of these inverted major chords is owing to the absence of definite tonal foundation during the chromatic progressions. This pertains to the general character of fire.

More characteristic is the Nibelungen motive in its various guises. A few of these are quoted:



The harsh clatter of the forge is suggested in all these passages. At *b* and *c* the base is really a pedal effect.

The upper part (motive) at *a* is theoretically a stationary tone. The principal and altered ninth chords also are peculiar and afford food for reflection to the student of harmony. In nearly all the accompaniment work this free treatment of the chords is noticeable. The demoniac laugh of Alberic, for instance:



Likewise the Tarn Helmet motive which plays such an important part in the last of the cycle:



The progression from G sharp minor to E major is common, but from G sharp minor to E minor is much strange and better suited to suggest the magic powers here associated with the tarn helmet fashioned from fatal Rhine gold.

In the first scene (including all of the Vorspiel) a fixed tonality prevails during considerable intervals of time. For instance, pages 33 to 41 are almost exclusively in C major. But from the moment the water nymphs begin to tattle the secrets of Rheingold the music becomes transitional. After that the tonality is more or less unsettled. This fact is mentioned in justification of the master's methods, for it is true that his later works contain many pages of incessant transition. In moments of peace and repose, however, the key tone rarely changes. Note, for example, the charming love song of Siegmund in Die Walküre. The harmonic basis is as simple and natural as that of Handel's air, And He Shall Feed His Flock. And one of the principal charms of this love song may be attributed to the manner in which the harmonies of subdominant and dominant are supported by the dominant pedal note. The key tone remains the same throughout.

What is still more remarkable in the work in such an ultra-modern composer is the song of Fasolt. The accompaniment to this might very well pass for a bit of seventeenth century counterpoint:



The melodic and harmonic sequences, the secondary seventh chords, and the regular suspensions are so strictly contrapuntal that if the passage were attributed to father Bach no one would question.

Altogether different is the following embellishment of the original cry of the Rhine maidens:



The vocal parts alone would indicate merely the fourth resolution of a dominant seventh chord; but it is really an altered ninth chord resting on the tonic pedal as fundamental.

Still more characteristic of Wagner is the next illustration:

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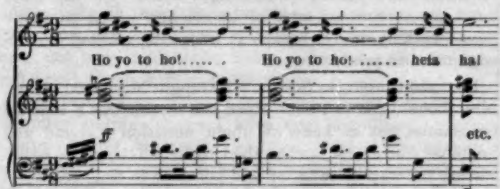
NEW YORK.

tion, taken from the first scene between *Siegfride* and *Sigmund*:

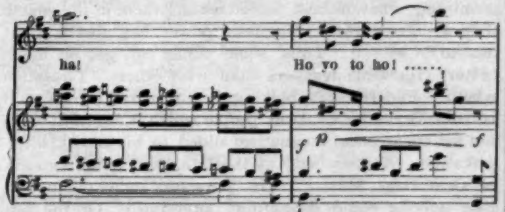


The design is almost as simple as the effect is beautiful. Suggestions of the motives of love and flight are very happily unified, especially by aid of the pedal note. The transitory modulation to A minor falls so naturally within the melodic sequence as scarcely to disturb the key impression.

The first solo of *Brünnhilde* has electrified almost every listener by its weird brilliance and daring; yet the means employed are comparatively simple. It is based upon an augmented major triad. The two large thirds of this harmony give to it a somewhat harsh, incisive character. The peculiar arrangement of the melody notes and the contrary imitations in the orchestra are also to be noted:



Another peculiarity which contributes to the total effect is the influence of cross relation where the voice ascends from E to G, and afterward from C natural to F sharp:



The harmonization is of course unusual; it must be in a sense of this nature. But there is nothing abstruse or complicated about the design.

There is in *Die Walküre* a somewhat extended characteristic passage which frequently recurs in *Siegfried* and *Götterdämmerung*. It is a chromatic harmonization consisting largely of major chords, thus:



In the last act of *Die Walküre* this precedes the invoca-

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tion to *Loge*. It pictures a dissolving view, and in addition to its transitory character a certain air of mystery is suggested by these wolian harp-like strains. Comparatively few of these progressions have a parallel relationship. Some are connected enharmonically, as E flat and D sharp in the first measure. Those which are entirely disconnected invariably proceed by contrary movement. A motive similar to this accompanies *Wotan* when he appears in the guise of a wanderer. Also when *Erda*, at the bidding of the chief god, rises from mysterious depths we hear chord progressions descending slowly by chromatics, as in Example 11. In each instance the aesthetic effect is almost identical; that is, a suggestion of the mysterious or supernatural.

Some very rugged harmonizations occur in *Siegfried*, particularly during the scenes in Nibelheim, Act I. A few of these are here cited in miscellaneous order:



These are mere passing harmonies, but their effect is sombre and in. isive owing to the unconventional progression of the augmented triad at *a*. Example *b* is more harsh, but otherwise similar in design.

In order to maintain the impelling dominant relation, indicated by theme, the bass moves to and fro from C to G, thus producing the dissonance with the passing diminished seventh chord above. This occurs during the forging of the sword. The scene is gloomy and dark, but full of rough vigor and harsh animation. The music is singularly appropriate to such conditions, and throughout the scene this typical musical representation is maintained by the orchestra. Several characteristic effects might be noted here. They owe their individual expression to the progressions of major thirds and to the fact that all the voice parts move by minor seconds, as in this example:



When *Siegfried* quits the cavernous Nibelheim and emerges into the outer world the character of the music entirely changes. The *Waldweben* has been so fittingly described by others that I will merely direct attention to a peculiarity of the figuration. The passing tones are accompanied contrapuntally, not harmonically according to the usual method. A brief excerpt will illustrate the entire episode so far as this feature applies:



Though slightly less euphonious, this *a* is a nearer approach to the music of nature than could have been obtained by following the conventional methods shown at *b* and *c*.

We pass now to *Götterdämmerung*. Almost directly there is an air of portentous mystery and impending gloom. The first excerpt is taken from Act II. The vassals, summoned for the double wedding festivities, offer their greeting to the treacherous factotum *Hagen*:



The diminished seventh chord on F sharp against G in the bass is not usual, but when the upper F sharps resolve up to G the basses drop from G down to F sharp, thus reversing the source of dissonance and emphasizing its harshness. The lower F sharp is justified theoretically on the second beat of the three-quarters measure, but the scene gives sufficient warrant for these paradoxical dissonances.

Farther on we come to the scene where *Brünnhilde* first realizes the full force and infamy of her betrayal by *Siegfried*. Amidst her shriek, "Shamefullest of tricks—deceit!" the orchestra exclaims:



With but little preparation this triple dissonance is precipitated like an angry thunderbolt. When the D flat and F flat resolve to D and F there results a diminished chord against the pedal note, E flat. The effect is further heightened by the whirlwind of chromatics in the middle parts.

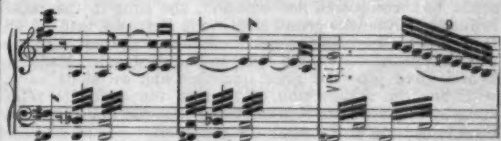
In the scene between *Brünnhilde* and *Hagen* a harshly portentous effect is produced with two augmented chords, the upper parts descending and ascending by small seconds, while the bass parts move in minor thirds:



We pass over several notable passages to observe the treatment at the end of *Siegfried's* narrative. *Hagen*, noticing the contradiction in the hero's confession of *Brünnhilde*, interrupts with the menacing remark, "What say'st thou!" Here the orchestra sounds:



Then, as the ravens fly over *Siegfried's* head, we hear a series of parallel fifths ascending chromatically and rapidly. The singular feature of this progression is that all the chords are minor and that the bass has the third of each. *Siegfried* looks aloft to the ravens; the trumpets FF sound the Curse motive, and at the end of this, where the dissonance is harshest, *Hagen* cuts down the hero with the words: "Vengeance rouse they in me!" Our composer tells the tragedy in a few measures:



G is the last tone of the Curse motive and this sounds while the pedal note continues. This is only a partial explanation, but as already observed the effects are justified by the nature of the scene, if not by theory.

During the orchestral termination after *Brünnhilde* has plunged into the burning pyre, there are some heroic touches of surging harmonic masses too extended for quotation here. These, with the final transitional metamorphoses of the *Walhalla* theme, represent something akin to the universal deluge which heralded the dawn of a more propitious age.

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Mme. Stella Brazzi.BRITISH OFFICE OF THE MUSICAL COURIER,
LONDON, December 21, 1896.

MME. STELLA BRAZZI, who became such a favorite at Covent Garden last summer, and who is engaged by Sir Augustus Harris as one of the leading artists for the next grand season, is now meeting with great success in the regular cycle of opera at Geneva, Switzerland.

Operatic managers on the Continent are careful about engaging an artist until they have been approved of by the audience, who are willing to pay their money to hear them. Foreign reputations, beautiful voices and evident temperament secure the opportunity, but real merit alone must enable the artists to make a success which would justify their permanent engagement. According to custom, Madame Brazzi was engaged for three preliminary appearances, so that if she proved satisfactory the usual term arrangement would be made. In her appearance as *Leonora* in *La Favorita* over-excitement and emotion seemed to hamper the artist in the first act, but in the air *O mon Fernand* she roused her hearers to a high pitch of enthusiasm, and in the grand duet in the last act she was several times recalled. It was only necessary for her to appear the second time as *Asucena* to establish herself as a favorite. The expressed approval of the large audience was so emphatic that the management immediately closed with her in a most advantageous arrangement, and she will sing, in addition to the above, the contralto rôles in the following operas there: Sigurd, Lohengrin and Hérodiade. Arrangements are progressing to put on *Le Prophète* for her, but difficulty at present is being found in securing a tenor for this opera. She will later in the season create *La Vivandière*. Our readers will remember that Madame Brazzi made her first appearance in opera at Nice last season, and at once displayed dramatic talent of a high order. Previous to coming before the public she took good care that her preparation should be complete as possible, and her experience since her first appearance has proved conclusively that this was wise, as her career so far has been characterized by successes at each performance she has taken part in; and this ample preparation that she insists upon before taking up any character enables her to use her rich gifts of voice and histrionic abilities to the very best advantage. We take pleasure in quoting a few of the many press notices that she has received on the first two of her appearances in Geneva, and we shall keep our readers informed from time to time of her progress in what is bound to be an interesting and brilliant career:

Who says that *La Favorita* does not draw any more? Tuesday there was a packed house, but perhaps it was more to hear the new *Leonora* than for the love of the melodies of Donizetti. Mme. Stella Brazzi is a beautiful woman, having the plastic qualities of the rôle, and she showed herself an intelligent comedian. The singer knows how to sing, and possesses a supple voice of great range, brilliant in the higher register, round and full in the lower; in fact, the real quality of a contralto. Notwithstanding this rare union of qualities, Madame Brazzi did not take with the public during the first two acts. But once the artist had conquered her emotion, she sang in the most brilliant manner the grand air, *O mon Fernand*, into which she put love, anguish and spirit. She was also equal to the occasion in the celebrated duo in the last act. Madame Brazzi gave proof of great qualities, and we shall have, with her, the satisfaction of hearing the contralto rôles sung by a real contralto, something that has not happened for a long time in Geneva.—*Le Genevois*.

Mme. Stella Brazzi, an artist who comes to us from Covent Garden Theatre, made her first début in *La Favorita*. The new contralto is a very beautiful woman, who does not bring a smile to the lips when it is a question of the heroine's beauty in the libretto. Her voice is full, good compass and rings admirably in the lower part. She is a good comedian and knows how to wear her costumes. She received good applause in the duet in the second tableau, and her air, *O mon Fernand*, was interrupted by innumerable bravas. After the final recall, which was very pathetic, she received several recalls.—*La Scène*.

Madame Brazzi, who made her second début in the rôle of *Asucena*, the Bohemian, made a very great impression. She sang the air *La flamme brille* with such a tragic accent that the public redemanded it. The recitative which

follows—so dramatic—was given with great art, voice, acting; in fact, everything was appropriate to the situation. The success obtained by this artist in the scene of the encampment of the gypsies was maintained to the end of the opera.—*Le Genevois*.

Madame Brazzi made her second début as *Asucena*, when she showed herself even better than in the *Favorita*. Her success was immediate, being encored after her first air, and recalled repeatedly. The voice is beautiful, especially when the artist overcomes the stage fright that she sometimes has at the beginning of an opera. She really has a superb voice, excellent method and remarkable qualities as a tragedienne.—*Journal de Genève*.

Trovatore served as second début of Madame Brazzi. For many years we have not heard such an *Asucena*. At the beginning of the second act, when she makes her first entrance, the public encored her air, and her success was a crescendo until the end of the opera.—*L'Europe's (Paris) Geneva Correspondent*.

Madame Brazzi commenced the evening by a master-stroke. At her appearance in the second act as *Asucena*, after her grand air, the whole audience broke forth into applause as one person, and she was obliged to repeat the air. Madame Brazzi has a magnificent contralto voice, and with this style, method and artistic temperament.—*Revue et Gazette des Théâtres (Paris)*.

We are happy to announce to our readers that Mme. Stella Brazzi, the graceful contralto whom we had last year, is engaged at Geneva, where she has just obtained overwhelming success in *La Favorita* and *Trovatore*. All those who knew Madame Brazzi will rejoice at her success, and will wish with us to see her again in the near future at the opera in Nice.—*Les Echos de Nice*. A.

American Vocal Students in Paris.

[In connection with the following, from the pen of Sebastian B. Schlesinger, of Paris, we would refer our readers to a story by Miss Fannie Edgar Thomas, our Paris representative, entitled *A Plea for Justice to Foreign Teachers*, which appeared in last week's issue.]

THEY are here in great numbers; some with fine voices, some with voices for the drawing room—but not the concert room—still less the stage—some with voices not worth speaking of and not worth spending money on for lessons here, but they are seized with ambition and determination to appear before the public and do not realize the possibility of failure.

What I said in my article of May last on *The Art of Singing* I have found plenty of evidence since for confirming. I am perfectly convinced that there is not a teacher of merit in Paris who forces voices. It is the pupils who force their voices, not during their lessons, but at home. They want to learn operatic rôles with the same rapidity with which Americans who have only limited time at their disposal travel in Europe. I am always reminded of the man who wrote to *Dwight's Journal of Music* in Boston, years ago, requesting the late J. S. Dwight to write an obituary notice of his child and have it mentioned that she was a heaven born child and that the angels in heaven would "jine in the chorus and sing her praises;" that "she could play Thalberg's *Home, Sweet Home* and the *Carnival of Venice* in five minutes," and other pieces in or about the same time. I have heard voices this season that I heard last season, and find them not improved, but the reverse of improved, and the reason is simply this—overstudying, overtraining, overpracticing. Enthusiasm runs away with common sense; the system is often allowed to run down and the student lives on poor food so as to pay her teacher. Paris seems to be just as good a place for ruining voices as for training them. The teacher does not ruin the voices, although he or she gets the credit of doing so, but the student does it; and many of these students had much better remain at home instead of wasting their money here, because there are so many whose voices and talents are not sufficient to warrant their appearing in public; they had better keep their voices for home use and there are plenty of teachers at home good enough to cultivate them.

Here I would say a word in depreciation of the constant discussion one hears in Paris as to the respective merits of teachers. I take it for granted that no teacher has acquired a reputation without deserving it. Reputa-

tions are not bought, but have to be acquired by hard and intelligent work. Thus, as a doctor's diagnosis of one case is better than that of another—both being good doctors—so one pupil acquires greater proficiency with one teacher than with another. But this is no reason for going into ecstasy about one teacher and condemning the other. Condensed milk is better for some people than pure milk, but I don't know that this is anything against pure milk. Voices differ as much as digestion. The human frame does likewise. One person produces sound in one way, one in another. If the ear is educated it detects itself whether the voice production is right or not. Some voices are naturally placed, others are not. Some sing baritone parts, when they should sing tenor parts. Of course the great experience of the teacher comes in here to very good purpose. The teacher knows perfectly well what he can do with the material he has to work with; if the material is bad, the teacher is helpless. Industry and perseverance will accomplish much, but when a singer sings through his or her nose habitually, he or she will always do it, and as the late Otto Dresel said of a singer in his club who had that failing: "I have never heard anyone who had it so completely in his power to spoil a whole chorus."

If a teacher, besides a knowledge of the voice production, possesses good knowledge of the various schools of music, he or she has of course a great advantage over those who have not acquired that knowledge and are naturally and rightly more sought after. On the other hand, no amount of musical knowledge which so many have—notably in Germany—is adequate without knowledge of voice production.

Poor old Corelli, in Boston, who taught Mrs. Fred. Sears, Mrs. Ronalds, Miss Fanny Reed and myself, was a musical ignoramus, but he knew all about emission of sound and had a very acute ear, and anybody who had the power of imitating the way he sang, or told you how to sing, could not do better; but for acquiring a repertory, outside of a few Italian arias or romances, he was of course useless. Nothing will induce me to discuss or make comparisons of teachers, except to speak of their comparative musical knowledge and to say that some have the power of explaining to you what they wish to convey to you better than others. Some of the finest singers themselves who have taken up teaching have not the power of explaining to you intelligently what they wish you to do. Thus, among all the great chess players, Rosenthal is the only one I have ever heard of or met who is a master also in teaching the game. My belief is that much good can be obtained from every teacher of merit and reputation, and the pupils must possess judgment enough and use their judgment in determining what is best for educating them in the course they wish to pursue. Magnetic power has also a great deal to do with it. Thus, some pupils can get on much better with some teachers than with others. I question whether Paderewski's playing, beautiful and artistic as it is, would have the effect on people which it has if it were not for his personal magnetism added to his artistic interpretation. As they said of the late Prof. Louis Agassiz, of Cambridge, Mass.: "He possesses such magnetism that nobody could refuse him anything." Of the late James G. Blaine similar remarks were made. But I am digressing.

I will close these remarks about teachers (1) by saying that I find myself wholly incompetent and believe every pupil to be wholly incompetent to determine that this or that teacher is the only one who knows the road to glory in voice production, that he or she knows everything and the other knows nothing. Above all, let us be natural and musical. Sing naturally and sing musically. Listen to others singing and try to imitate them if they sing well, and if they have bad habits avoid them. Mme. Nordica had a teacher in Boston, not much known, yet her voice production and mezzo voce are perfect. She has had other teachers since, but she gives rightly the great credit to her Boston teacher, Mr. O'Neill, if I remember the name correctly.

(2) I am told by one who has lived here a long time, and

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is very much better posted than I am and in a position to know, that the average teacher does not make much money in Paris, but simply ekes out a bare living. The vocal teacher fares, of course, much better than the instrumental teacher, but the stories that are told of the money making of these teachers are fables. Many pupils change teachers from one week to another, others find it difficult to pay for their instruction, and reductions are made, and some leave Paris without paying.

Miss Fannie Edgar Thomas, a very clever woman and writer, thinks it absolutely useless to discuss the merits of teachers until a standard is fixed. I entirely agree with her as to the absolute uselessness of discussing the respective merits of teachers, but I do not see any practical way of establishing a standard of vocal instruction. It depends so much on the knowledge of the individual throat, on the knowledge of the various points that I have referred to, that the moment you establish a standard for teachers the next question arises, who are the judges and what does their judgment amount to?

Of the late Dr. Brown-Sequard I heard a famous French physician, now also deceased, say, "Grand savant—mauvais praticien." Yet science has its facts; it can be discussed from a precise point of view, whereas music is an art which the ear judges, which the heart feels, and which the mouth cannot analyze and explain in words beyond the rudiments, like the gambits in chess.

I have asked the principal teachers here, whose addresses I could get, to let me know about or let me hear such pupils of theirs from America as are studying with them and had merit, and if I omit any it is because I have not been told about them or have not heard them, and I may perhaps recur to them later.

Mrs. Ives (Mme. Vilna) possesses one of the purest and finest soprano voices I have ever heard here. She is a pupil of Mme. Marchesi. She is a plucky little woman, who wishes to make herself independent, whether she needs it or not. Her voice is both lyric and dramatic, her method is excellent, and she is very musical. I only hope she won't suffer from too much ambition and American haste or impatience, and if so her future is assured. She is anxious to appear next season on the operatic stage.

Mrs. Marie Barnard, who has been heard in the Symphony concerts in New York and Boston, has a superb dramatic soprano voice of great compass. I have heard no voice of such compass since Lilli Lehmann and Marie Brandt. She has now an excellent offer to sing in one of the first churches in New York. When asked "Why don't you accept and hurry back?" the reply is the same I have heard so often: "We are nobodies in America until we have sung in Europe and made a success there. I wish to be somebody"—*ergo*, she wants to learn Aida in as many weeks as it would take months, and studies until the doctor as well as the teacher wrote a prescription: "Less ambition!" She seems to me to have a very great future. She is studying with Mme. Ziska; also diction and action with M. Bertin, of the Opéra Comique.

Mrs. Pratt (Mme. Brazzi), pupil of Sbriglia, who recently said good-by to lessons and made her début in Nice, is now in Geneva, and will sing in Covent Garden. She is said to possess a most beautiful mezzo contralto voice and good method. I have not heard her.

Miss Driver, of Chicago, soprano, has been studying with Mme. Orgeni in Dresden (who has turned out some admirable pupils, notably Miss Wedekind and Miss Edel, who sang at the Dresden Opera House, and whom I have heard), is now studying with Sbriglia.

It is a pleasure to meet a student of this kind, anxious to master the best music as well as to appear in the stereotyped operas. Her voice is of beautiful quality, which doubtless will gain in power. Her singing is very dramatic and musical. Her success on the concert stage is assured; whether it will be on the operatic stage it is a little too early to predict.

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Mr. Kittredge, of Boston, just twenty, studying with Sbriglia, a fine baritone voice, which needs development and has good promise.

Miss Yoe, of California, lyric soprano, is studying with Sbriglia for the stage.

Miss Reed, Germantown, Pa., mezzo soprano, doing the same.

Miss Emma Potts (Mlle. d'Egremont), of New York, studying with Mme. Artot, possesses a very beautiful mezzo soprano voice, which needs, however, much development. Still she has been continuously engaged at the Grand Opéra here and hopes to make her début in six months in La Favorita. Mme. Artot tells me she has several other American pupils of promise, but influenza and colds prevent their being heard now.

Miss Marguerite Hubbard, of Minneapolis, one of the most charming young lady singers, hardly eighteen years old, it is possible to hear; she is studying with M. Bouhy, has a natural, beautiful soprano voice and excellent enunciation; of course, it needs development, but has great promise. She is not studying professionally, but may change her mind. Mr. Bouhy writes me that he has other American pupils of merit, but they are not sufficiently prepared yet to be heard.

Mrs. Collins, a soprano voice, studying with M. Tequi. She has sung in America in light opera parts, has a magnificent presence, and will doubtless make a fine *Elsa*. She was to appear in Nice last winter, but illness prevented her doing so, and thus I have not had the pleasure of hearing her in her Wagner parts.

Mme. Blanche Marchesi writes me she has several pupils from America of promise, but the arrival of twins has obliged her to temporarily close her school, and it will be some weeks before the pupils can be heard to advantage.

Monsieur Ciampi writes giving me a long list of American pupils who have recently left his and his wife's school, among them Miss May Bradley, Miss Ethel Bradley, Miss Small, Miss Shorey, Miss Tootall, Miss Cairns, Miss Porter, Miss Coster, Miss Hambleton, Miss Christopher.

Mrs. Norcross, of San Francisco, has just relinquished her studies with Mme. Renée Richard, and has made a very successful debut at the Royal Opera at Amsterdam, in the parts of *Carmen* and *Amneris* in Aida.

Miss Emma Dreyfus (now Miss Emma Stanley) has also left her teachers, Mme. Krauss and Mme. Renée Richard, and is adding to her repertoire under M. Riva-Berni, who is here very much what F. Q. Dulcken and Victor Harris are in New York. He understands the Italian school of singing, and is one of the finest accompanists it is possible to have, besides possessing culture and charm of manner.

Miss May Titus, of Newport, R. I., is studying with Mme. Ziska; possesses a lyric voice of great promise; is very young and very musical.

Mrs. Jungen, of San Francisco, is studying with Mme. de la Grange for the concert stage; possesses a mezzo soprano voice, said to be of very sympathetic quality. She does not consider herself sufficiently prepared as yet to be heard.

Mrs. Greta Howell, from Keokuk, Ia., has studied for one and a half years with Mme. de la Grange. She has a very fine soprano voice of lyric rather than dramatic quality, excellent execution, and impresses you at once with the earnestness and thoroughness of her study. She has mastered the prima donna rôles in Hamlet, Faust, Romeo and Juliet, Pagliacci, Cavalleria, &c., in French and Italian, and is now all ready to appear on the stage. Here is a perfect illustration of a charming singer and a handsome, graceful young woman who finds herself by force of circumstances compelled to earn her own living, yet has no chance of making her début in her own country until after she has made it in Paris, or at some more or less important place in other parts of Europe. To one who has to be a bread winner and has only her voice and her dignity, it is a serious struggle for existence.

Mrs. Howell has the indorsement of Massenet, who wrote on a copy of *La Cid*:

"A Madame Greta Howell, en souvenir de sa remarquable interprétation de l'air de *Cid*." But it seems this is insufficient to permit her to make her début in America. For that purpose she must have the indorsement of a small or large audience in a small or large town in Europe.

Is it not about time for the stockholders and patrons of the Metropolitan Opera House to say to Messrs. Abbey & Grau: "We think we know enough, and our country is big enough to judge singers on their merits, and we needn't wait until they have sung in a little town in Holland or Belgium or Italy, before we allow them to sing for us. If they are good enough to make their debut there—why are they not good enough to make their debut in their own country?" Nobody knows better than Mr. Grau, with his long experience, what the public wants, and when he hears a singer he can tell instantly whether they will please or not, but at present he is handicapped and is obliged to say: "I can only engage you after you have made a successful debut in Europe."

Every country except America welcomes new singers and lets them make their début; yet with the appreciation that exists in America for music, the constantly rising standard of which I had the best evidence after an absence of six years, America is so unkind to its own citizens that a singer like Mrs. Howell must beg some European impresario to allow her to sing for nothing at his theatre before she has a chance of appearing before her own countrymen! With the mania of protection for home industries that exists with us, why is there not a mania of protection also for home talent? A duty might be levied on foreign singers instead of excluding the home product until after it has been protected in Europe!

In England the large importation of American singers, even in that free trade country, was getting a little too much for them, and a speech by the Prince of Wales, in which he advised the encouragement of home talent, has produced the effect that managers are giving in every instance where they can the preference to English singers, and foreigners find it less easy than before to get engagements.

We certainly should follow that example, and encourage our unsurpassed home talent, instead of putting obstacles in its way. I presume the answer to this is: "We pay so large an assessment on our boxes that we want at least the best talent that money can secure, and we do not want to run the risk of failure of novices." I should say it is quite safe to intrust this to Mr. Grau. Fresh voices, such as Miss Wedekind and Miss Edel, whom I heard in Dresden, it is always a pleasure to hear, and we have plenty such. Great singers are often spoiled by great adulation, and less great singers often carry their audiences more with them because of their great earnestness and their dramatic power. Remember Lucca.

For the information of those contemplating to come to Paris to study I would mention that Mme. Marchesi has a strict rule from which she never varies, viz., that she will accept no pupil who is not willing to begin with her from the very beginning, voice placement and all, and to go through her various books of exercises. She prefers untrained voices to trained voices, and only cares for those who study singing with a view to a professional career, and not for amateurs. Her charges are 350 frs. a month. Mme. de la Grange, whom we older ones all remember in America as such a beautiful and popular singer, and a very charming woman, charges 15 frs. a lesson to professionals and 20 frs. to amateurs.

Mme. Renée Richards charges 20 frs. a lesson and makes special arrangements by the month. In her beautiful hotel in the Rue Prony she has a most perfectly arranged theatre, with scenery and all the accessories, everything in the most admirable taste, and the student can imagine herself on the Metropolitan Opera House or any other opera house stage! M. Bouhy charges, I am told, 200

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frs. a month. Mme. Ziska charges 15 frs. to the professionals and 20 frs. to amateurs. Mme. Leonard's prices, I believe, are the same.

M. Sbriglia charges 25 frs. a lesson. The prices of other teachers I don't know, as they have not told me, but they are all from 15 to 25 frs. a lesson, or 200 to 350 frs. a month, as they usually wish the pupil to come three times a week. M. Riva Berni makes special arrangements by the month; so does M. Bertin, of the Opéra Comique, who chiefly teaches the dramatic part.

A very prominent teacher here showed me a letter she had just received from a young lady, who shall be nameless, in which she writes: "I hail from—, though I am now staying at—. The sweet dream of my life is to sing. Please correspond with me and tell me how an American girl can live in Paris. I am 5 feet 8 inches high and weigh 177 pounds."

SEBASTIAN B. SCHLESINGER,
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DECEMBER 10, 1895.

A Reply from Mr. Metz

Editors The Musical Courier:

MANY thanks. I feel highly honored that you gave such consideration to my letter. Undoubtedly your excellently written article will be the medium to awaken deep thought and action among earnest students of life and musical art, and mayhap be the direct means of bringing about the desired change in the professional deportment of the people to whom your timely words were addressed.

I hope that there is sympathy enough for grand work—honest and thoughtful work—in the profession (and I believe there is) to pardon my feeble "kick." I could not help it.

As a rule, I prepare myself when visiting works and performances of art. I go fully prepared to give myself completely to the world in which the performance takes place; my habits and environment are entirely forgotten. I feel the atmosphere of the season, the sentiment of the situation, the emotion of the individual, and really seem to be moved about during the whole action of the grand work. My real individuality is absent, and I am transformed into an insignificant atom (as in real life) coincidental of the new world.

Ah! but my hearing, my sight, my touch, in short, my finer sensibilities (whether cultivated or not), my natural sympathy with nature and art, sharpen my mental fibres and heighten my expectations. They are thus carried with me into my state of transformation. I am simply a whirling bundle of live and highly or tightly strung nerves. My eyes seem to see everything and my ears seem to hear more. Suddenly (long after the curtain falls) all is over. Quickly springs up Father Reason. Ah! What a cold, cruel moment or moments. That I have been rudely taken, or, rather, sent back, to this conventional matter of fact existence is not what hurts and pains me most.

Like most overworked persons (now please do not look up Nordau), I dream constantly while "enjoying my sleep." When anything offensive occurs during my dreams I distinctively remember saying many times: "Well, I won't awaken just yet; it can't go on this way forever; this disagreeable feeling or incident soon will pass and I must know the end!" So it is with me during my state of transformation (or transmutation, if you wish), while in my musical house of worship. Reason plays sad havoc with my delightful reflections upon works of art that should be and can be practically flawless. This note is not intended as any kind of an apology for what I wrote to the editor. I could not help my little "kick," and I'm glad I could not suppress it. Nature is my god, and music is my favorite medium for the cultivation of the

mental man, and the (at least) part understanding of nature's wonders. Musical dramatic expression will some day be carried on—no, no! not carried on; it will be performed and promoted and perfected by earnest students, who will not only work for "highly flattering offers," and to study audiences while at work, but by those persons and students who "will work while they work and play while they play."

With thanks, and awaiting more material from the penman who wrote the article to which this crude note refers, I beg to remain, sincerely yours,
AUG. C. METZ.
26 Irving place, Brooklyn.

Again the Guilford Notation.

I HAVE been interested in the Guilford musical notation for some time, because it seems based upon common sense. Accordingly I was surprised to see in THE MUSICAL COURIER for December 18 a somewhat acrid criticism of this system by Miss (?) Julia Ettie Crane. I can understand why a music publisher, who has some thousands of dollars invested in plates which a superior notation may finally render obsolete—I can understand why such a publisher would endeavor to convince the whole world, including himself, that any change in our notation must be harmful, and that any improvement is to be deplored; but I cannot understand why a dispassionate onlooker, who thinks that Progress is not a bad motto for the twentieth century, should be disposed to pillory any venturesome Galileo who presumes to whisper "E pur si muove."

Miss Crane rings a number of changes upon the words subjective and objective, some of which make false harmony and others make—a noise. She evidently has a subjective notion that Mr. Guilford's object is a proper subject for objective denunciation, and launches out into an argument that seems more metaphysical than musical. She also propounds triumphant questions here and there, supposed to be unanswerable. Here is one:

"If a notation so records the thoughts of a composer that hundreds of years after he is dead no one questions the perfect preservation of his musical ideas, can anything more be demanded?"

Well, let us see. About thirty-six "hundreds of years" ago there lived a man (or two) who is called Isaiah. He uttered some very original and unexpected thoughts, not so well understood then as they are now, and they were taken down in a very peculiar and difficult notation called Hebrew. Hebrew bibles are still in use, and if one chooses to take the time and trouble he can learn to read Isaiah's words in the language in which they were spoken. And yet some people insist on reading their bibles in their own vernacular because they can do it more quickly and more easily.

To those who believe that the best way to learn a subject is the *hardest* way, because of the discipline it involves, the Guilford musical notation will not appeal; those who recognize the fact that there is no royal road to learning anything, but who welcome the possibility of gliding smoothly over macadam instead of jolting, as our great-grandfathers did, over corduroy, will not look with ungenerous prejudice upon a system which offers much, till it has been tried and found wanting.

One of Miss Crane's remarks leads me to infer that she has not made an "objective" examination of the Guilford system, but has built her whole argument on an *a priori*, "subjective" misjudgment. She says: "The youngest children can be taught to read notes at sight and read from the same notation that they must use later for any instrument which they may undertake." Now this is excellent argument for the Guilford system, but curiously enough it does not apply to our common notation which she champions. Suppose our "youngest child" has learned to "read at sight" in the G clef, he elects the viola as his

musical instrument, and is at first bewildered to find his C written upon the third line instead of upon the third space; or he proposes to divert himself with a trombone, and is again startled to find his C has soared higher and calmly perched on the line above; or he begins to take piano lessons and learns that he must not let his left hand know what his right hand doeth, or he will play every C an A till he has mastered the mysteries of the F clef. It is not the "absurd fixed Do" (against which Miss Crane inveighs so bitterly) that troubles him, it is the *absurd movable C*, which compels so much subjective reasoning on the part of the player in order that he may instantaneously give different names to objects which look precisely alike.

In the Guilford system there is no such difficulty. A note between two black lines is always D on piano, violin, viola, trombone, banjo or French horn. C can never be 'anywhere except just below two black lines.

Take another instance in our present notation: that we 'must use roter for any instrument which we may undertake.' The first space in our main group of five black lines may become, by change of clef or key (though absurdly enough, *clef* does not mean "key" in music), any one of *fifteen* different things, covering the larger part of the chromatic scale. This seems incredible, but here is the proof:

In the C (soprano) clef it may be D flat, D or D sharp.

In the C (tenor) clef it may be E flat, E or E sharp.

In the G (treble) clef it may be F flat, F or F sharp.

In the C (alto) clef it may be G flat, G or G sharp.

In the F (bass) clef it may be A flat, A or A sharp.

And if we were to go into ancient music, where the C clef is sometimes written on the second line, we might add to these three more, viz., B flat, B and B sharp.

Now, in noteworthy distinction, observe that in the Guilford system the first space in the group of three black lines represents *one letter and only one*—G. It can never be G flat or G sharp or any other tone yet more remote. It is always and forever G. It really seems quite a reasonable assertion to say that a beginner can learn *one* letter quicker than he can *fifteen*.

I don't know how the new system will compare with the old in teaching vocal music; but at this Christmastide I am reminded that the proof of the pudding is in the eating. If the inventor can teach beginners quicker by his method than any other expert can by the old method it is a good thing. Let us bid him God speed! If he cannot, let us wait for some one who can and extend our benediction to him. But let us condemn no man unheard—no invention untried. I believe it was Professor Lardner who wrote an eloquent scientific paper to prove that a screw propeller would be an unpractical chimera, and by the exquisite irony of fate that paper reached America in the first screw propeller that ever crossed the Atlantic. Let us not adhere to Ptolemy because of his respectable antiquity, or cast out Copernicus because his theory upsets our centre of gravity, or jeer at Columbus because we, too, might have stood eggs on end—if we had only thought of it. Inventors and discoverers are not the natural enemies of the race or even of the individual—unless they happen to bring to light a machine or a principle or a method which interferes with monopoly—then the monopolists will cry, perchance:

"Farewell, the tranquil mind! farewell, content!
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!"

D. O. S. LOWELL.

Oscar Franklin Comstock Visits.—During the Christmas holidays Mr. Oscar Franklin Comstock spent some days visiting in Cleveland, where he sang with great success in a musicale given in his honor. He also spent Christmas week in New York with his old friends and completed several advantageous business arrangements. He has engaged Miss Elizabeth Boyer, the favorite contralto, for one of his concerts in Meadville, Pa., in addition to other artists.

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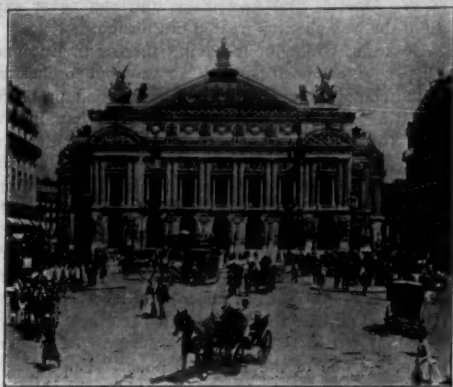
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PARIS, December 22, 1895.

THE OPÉRA COMIQUE DURING THE REVOLUTION. (Continued.)

Sous la tyrannie de Robespierre, la révolution n'étoit plus qu'un drame: chaque événement étoit une scène, et chaque opinion étoit un rôle.—*Gazette Française, January, 1795.*

ALTHOUGH the death of Robespierre in 1794 was virtually the final pang of the monster Past, the nerves of the bruised national body continued to twitch and quiver for a decade, and Paris was still the scene of distressing agitations, from which the poor theatres, governmental catspaws, suffered much. Events were more subdued, but no less interesting up to the reorganization of the Opera Comique in 1801.

The names of the dramas through this strange epoch of reaction from reaction tell their own story: *L'Interieur d'un Menage Republicain*, *Le Plaisir et la Gloire*, *Marat dans son Souterrain*, *La Veuve du Republicain*, *Les Missionnaires Republicains*, *La Discipline Republicaine*, *L'Enfance de Jean Jacques Rousseau*, *Le Heros de 13 Ans* (words by Audrim), one of the most brutal and ferocious of the Convention), *Guillaume Tell*, *La Fête Americaine*, which had long success; *La Decade Politique*, *Les Jacobins de Goa*, *Amour et Patrie*, *Gretry*; *La Tyrannie Detruite*, *Mehul* (not meaning the tyranny of royalty any more, but the tyranny of the destruction of royalty).

For a couple of years the poor directors had a difficult time arranging their programs; so strong was the current that everything which breathed the idea of royalty or terror was absolutely forbidden. *Le Roi et le Fermier*, *Henri IV.*, *Richard Cœur de Leon*, *Pierre le Grand*, *Le Droit du Seigneur*, even the *Barber of Seville*, were interdicted, and it must be confessed that more than once were the artists obliged to resort to the subterfuge of changing names and modifying situations in order to make good money making plays possible.

A curious instance of the peculiarity of composition is the fact that a piece entitled *Le Congrès des Rois*, a most stupid, absurd and good for nothing story, by a writer absolutely unknown, was written to by twelve of the greatest of French writers—*Gretry*, *Mehul*, *Cherubini*, *Kreutzer*, *D'Alayrac*, *Berton*, *Solie*, *Jadin*, *Blasius*, *Devienne* and *Trial*! The mysterious, one might almost say psychologic, attraction of certain words for music was never more strongly exemplified. So long and so uninteresting was the work that it lived but two evenings, throwing the judgment of the best musical artists into default.

The first two weeks of July were given over to gratis jubilee anniversary performances, and a significant relâche occurred on the 28th.

"A cause de l'exécution des conspirateurs Robespierre et autres!"

Searching out the aristocrats and terrorists among the actors and singers occupied public attention for a time, and many innocent and artistic necks were wrenched in the proceeding. Women and men, young and old, suffered

alike. This was one epoch when actresses were obliged to behave themselves, as morals were looked after with a sharp hatchet in those days.

An instance of musicianly largeness and courtesy, not to say honesty, cannot pass unnoticed here. A piece entitled *Arabelle et Vasos* was presented to the Opera Comique by the celebrated composer *Lesueur*, whose *Paul and Virginia* and *La Caverne* had both been successes. Although the new opera was pronounced not equal to his previous works, critics and public were unanimous in being pleased, and when the opera had achieved an unshakable foothold an artistic lightning shaft clove their vanity in twain thus:

"You all think I wrote that piece, but I did not. I consented to act as its father for the sake of my talented confrère, *Citoyen Marc*, whose real genius I saw, and whom I wanted to spare the distresses of a personal debut as an unknown writer.

"I did not write one note of the music, nor even counsel the writer; moreover, it was even less my friendship for him than my admiration for his talent that led me to risk possible failure in his behalf. It now only remains for me to bespeak for my countryman and confrère a continuance of the care as artists and appreciation as audiences which the piece has won by intrinsic merit.—*LESUEUR.*"

Which it had, of course.

I think that I hear the young disappointed ones cry out here:

"Ah, see! I told you so! You see how much name and how little merit has to do with success. That young man would never have succeeded without the patronage of *Lesueur*!"

That is all wrong, however. The man's merit might have been a little longer, a little slower perhaps, without the *Lesueur* label, but come it would, sure as fate, sure as death or the change of seasons; nothing could stop it. *Lesueur*, don't you see, *had to make his own label!*

Merit, real merit, is not created by the person who owns it. It is sent to the world through the person whose success it is. Divine force is too good a marksman to err in aim. Real worth strikes the bull's eye or very near it every time.

Balancing the cash of the theatre at the close of this year brought to light the fact that the receipts for "boxes," which before the Revolution amounted to some 500,000 frs., fell this year to a possible 8,000. Despite this decadence of royal exclusiveness in seating, the total receipts were far in advance of previous years, but not so far as to spare the theatre the necessity of another large borrowing, promptly rendered by the interested music lovers of the time.

At this juncture subventions were granted to some twenty places of amusement by the Convention, of which those of Opera, Opera Comique and Comedie Française still exist.

Disturbances among the contre-revolutionnaires continued to shake the civic foundations. The theatres, which were a sort of rendezvous for "patriotic" discussions, were, except when spared by forced closing of doors, the scenes of violence and often of bloodshed. The condition of things may be imagined by the dethroning of the *Marseillaise* and *Chant du Depart*, which were no longer permitted to be sung, as had been the custom at almost every representation.

Like latent weeds in a newly plowed ground three disorderly elements sprang up and tangling overground threatened to kill the more gentle growths of the new regime—shoots of royalty trampled; alarmists or danger prophets, and a sort of hoodlumism, an aggregation of bad birth, indifference, lack of brain matter and a desire to overturn everything, from their own feeble organizations to the universe itself, and which called itself the "Youth of the Republic."

These larvae of a seething progress worked no end of disaster upon art at this time, sparing neither God, man nor the devil in their irresponsible carousals.

Among the playballs of their ignominious persecution was the great actor *Talma*, whose noble name, genius and

heart were tossed about in their murky hands, with others, for a long period of time.

The result of such a regime was of course disastrous to all worth. Fear, cowardice, discouragement and disgust did their work with both artists and creators. Work of any kind was impossible under the nervous excitation, the hysterical bacchanal of national spirit, when reason itself seemed for the time dethroned.

The destruction of the busts of *Marat* and the singing of the *Reveil du Peuple* in place of the *Marseillaise* occupied the attention of the people to the exclusion of everything else for a season, and every actor ran the risk of losing his head at every appearance. In the middle of a representation a couple of young hoodlums were liable to jump upon the stage, harangue the crowd, destroy scenery and command the singing of a song, the closing of doors or the condemnation of a couple of singers. Pieces against law, royalty, patriots, princes, virtue, religion itself, rose and fell like fireworks amid the most extravagant and irrational proceedings. Newspapers, verses, songs, writings on all subjects and of all opinions were thrown upon the stage, and actors compelled to read them at the risk of their lives and with the most violent explosions of manifestations.

The first piece demanded at the first lucid interval succeeding this delirium was the *Barber of Seville*, by *Paisiello*. Little by little the demoniac spirit subsided and the legitimate current of plays began and continued some time, when suddenly and without warning drums were sounded, a general call to arms thrilled through the town, and a general relâche ensued! The "13 Germinal" was upon the city!

The changes in the value of money during these times were a peculiar but fruitful source of disturbance for the theatres. Eleven different tariffs was the Opera Comique obliged to establish during one year in order to maintain the equilibrium. Receipts began to read fantastic, so did royalties and expenses; and it is impossible to make any just estimate of the financial condition of the theatre at the end of the year 1795.

But the Directoire period set in, the *Marseillaise* was restored, and *Napoleon* appeared.

(To be continued.)

MUSIC, PARIS, 1895-6.

Art has little to complain of in Paris on this threshold of the new year, except the lack of place in which to exhibit itself. The call for a special theatre in which the deluge of modern national effort may have a chance to spread and pour, glisten in the sunlight of public opinion, make fertile the art earth or evaporate back to the clouds whence it came, is the dominant song in the undisturbed chorus of musical progress at this New Year season.

The report of the French Chambre just issued echoes this call.

"The Opera Comique is insufficient," says the deputy in charge of the *Beaux Arts Budget*, "as an arena for our lyric authors. The foundation of a lyric theatre is absolutely necessary."

And he adds: "The slowness with which the new Opera Comique is being built is deplorable. We must hasten the work. We must facilitate the means of construction."

For the Opera it is demanded that the subvention this year be consecrated to the encouragement of national music and the mounting of the works of French composers. It is further decided that many reforms are necessary in the Conservatoire, chiefly in the direction of accommodations. Class rooms are insufficient, many conditions are faulty, and a thorough renovation is advised to cope with modern musical demands.

The creation of an orchestral school, by which student composers may be able to test the effects of their writings, is suggested; also the installation of an organ especially for practice and wholly separate from that used for class purposes. For the Comedie Française and Odeon it is suggested that dead authors be not made wholly to extinguish living ones, and that regular committees be ap-



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pointed for listening to and passing judgment upon manuscript plays intended for production in those theatres.

Meantime the bridge week programs in the French capital consist of: Conservatoire—A Beethoven symphony, directed by M. Taffanel (a distinctively French artist); a Mozart concerto, played by Saint-Saëns; a sort of oratorio profane on Victor Hugo's *Lyre and Harp*, by Saint-Saëns; singing by Miss Adams, an American, and three French artists, and the Freischütz overture, by Weber.

Opera—A symphony for organ and orchestra, by Widor; a musical setting to a Flaubert scene by M. Erlanger, a young composer; *Fidelio* and *Armide* airs and ancient dances.

Lamoureux—Overture to *Iphigenie et Aulide*, a Schumann symphony, Oberon air, fragments from *Harold in Italy*, by Berlioz; the *Chevauchée*; fragments from *Crepuscule des Dieux*, and from *Lohengrin*.

Châtelet—The Ninth Symphony, with chorus; the Tannhäuser march and chorus; Wagner's *Rèves*; Massenet's *Phèdre* overture; fragments from *La Prise de Troie*, by Berlioz, and the *Birth of Venus*, by M. Gabrielle Faure.

D'Harcourt—The Heroic Symphony, the Wagner Kaiser March, Godard's *Impressions de Campagne*, the Händel Largo, and Saint-Saëns' symphony in C.

Weber, Haydn, Verdi, Saint-Saëns, Delibes and Marechal are at the Palais d'Hiver; conductor, M. Pister.

Opera—Wagner to no end and in full éclat. *Fredegonde*, Saint-Saëns; *Aida*, Faust, *Romeo et Juliette*, *Thais*, *Rigoletto*, *Favorita*.

Opera Comique—Xavier M. Dubois, *Orphée*, *Galathee*, *Navarraise*, *Carmen*, Paul and Virginia, *Manon*, *Mignon*, *Vivandière*, &c.

All young music is permeated with Wagner ideas; the younger the man the more the Wagner, and often the more grotesque the assimilation. An exception is the *Xavière* of M. Th. Dubois, which is marked by the simplicity, directness and refreshing individuality which are characteristic of the academical.

The Monte Carlo programs, which are, of course, only fly traps for the greater attractions for the place, are none the less marked by enterprise and go, as well as musical endeavor.

Of new musical features in the city are the Sunday afternoon concerts at the Opera, for the good of young composers and directed by them; the Philharmonic Society, founded by M. L. Breitner, and a society for chamber music at Passy.

The fifth year of the *Musique de Chambre Moderne* opens with Brahms, Arenski, Widor and Perillou; the Society of Artists has also commenced work.

The Scholara Cantorum, with M. Guilman for president; Chanteurs de St. Gervais, Chas. Bordes chef; the Niedermeyer organ school, under Lefèvre, and the Widor, Guilment and Gigout organ teachings are means for the propagation of classic sacred music.

There is no signal progress to record in the public school or normal departments. The new superintendent is organist at St. Roch, and teacher of harmony in the Conservatoire. There is no talk of a new concert hall, and no one seems to feel its need, except the foreigners.

Musical writings and discussions consist almost wholly of combats or concords on Wagnerian subjects. Solo artists, especially of wind and stringed instruments, are better than ever. It would seem impossible to find better than those now in the city orchestras. Several sound private schools of music have been established this year. Ancient dances seem to be the order of the day in that line.

The tendency of all plays is toward discussion of the marriage problem. Some are so weak as to make it seem clear, some so strong as to make it impossible, some point directly to the middle ground which many follow.

There is no tendency in the café concert influence. It is down as low as it can possibly get, lacking in either wit,

wisdom or talent, and abounding in stupid vulgarity. Undress rehearsals are the order of the evening on every scene, with chamber, bath and toilette tableaux vivants.

The tendency of almost all art with a force in it is toward commerce; of the other, toward frivolity. The few loyal souls in between fight bravely.

The tendency to stagnation by the vocal contingent is being stirred by a dawning sense that young America is coming to the front in art lines, particularly in art education, that the excellent European trainings of past years are bearing fruit, and that the possibility of home instead of foreign culture is no dream, but a sturdy and growing reality.

The artistic world is waking to the same unexpected conclusion. The justness of American art discernment, the independence of her opinions, and the length of her strides in actual knowledge, have created currents of attraction no less powerful than the generosity of her rewards. The European artist who would not leave his native heath to own the world is fast becoming obsolete.

Women in search of stage adulation are beginning to find that wanting the moon does not get it, and that stretching out the arms or even building ladders in the direction of the sky may not achieve the object, and real students are beginning to realize what a life career really means.

In the midst of which interesting conditions THE MUSICAL COURIER, whose watchword is, "There is a top to everything and room on every top," moves about silent, alert, helpful, full of faith, full of hope, full of charity, the friend of true ambition, enemy of pretension, and servant of genius; the handmaid of international musical progress.

LES MIETTES.

Mr. George E. Devoll, of New York, is the latest acquisition to the vocal student life in Paris. Pupil of Mr. Bristow, he has come to study with Delle Sedie, who was Mr. Bristow's teacher.

Miss Estella Potts has been given a year to prepare for her debut at the Opera. Miss Anderson, daughter of Sarah Baron Anderson, is doing well with Mr. Bouhy, looking very pretty and satisfied with her progress in French. Mr. Cyril Dwight Edwards is coaching with an accompanist, Miss Hill with Marchesi.

Mr. Arthur Little, of New York, a pianist of promise, organist in one of the uptown churches, passed through Paris this week with his aunt, Mrs. Taintor, on his way to recommence his studies with Leschetizky. Only nineteen, he already plays remarkably well, and is not afraid of work. Mr. Edward R. Myer is in Florence studying voice with Vannini.

Two new tenors engaged recently at the Opera, also Mlle. Dubois, who created *Xavière* at the Opera Comique, and Mlle. Marignan and M. Vialas, who made debuts in *Galathee*, are all pupils of M. Bax, a Conservatoire professor. Mlle. Pregi, who has made such a success in Berlin, is the charming soprano of the Colonne concerts who has been frequently referred to here. She is of Italian origin.

Mlle. Nuola, originally of New Orleans, has been singing with success in Paris salons. Miss Sanderson is rehearsing in *Rigoletto*. Mme. Laborde is better and returns to work next week. Mme. Viteau it was who replaced her while ill. Christine Nilsson has gone to Menton. The Infanta Eulalie, who is very much of a musician, indeed studied singing in Paris at one time, is amusing herself here. She is very partial to Mme. Nuola's talents, goes where the lady is invited to sing, and often has her sing for her specially. She stays on the avenue d'Iena at a swell hotel. Her two boys, both musical, are with her, and she is very proud of them. One is to study violin, the other singing. Her mother, Queen Isabella, lives here in a palace on avenue Kleber, and her sister is at the Spanish court. For her there is no city like Paris.

She adores America and Americans, and can never say enough of the way she was treated in Chicago.

Mr. Alexander Guilman is having success in England with his new compositions for organ and orchestra. Lecoq, the composer, is dissolving the married problem. Uninteresting to the music world, except that in the course of the suit it was asserted (but by a lawyer) that he had a fortune of half a million francs and an annual income of 50,000 francs royalties. Sooner than be compatible, the lady he loved now lives on 400 francs a month, of his. How can she take it? How can a woman use the money of a man who says he does not care for her? How can she, if she does not care for him?

The Society of Ancient Instruments, formed last season, has proved so popular that it is invited to give a series of concerts at Lyon and Geneva. A collection of critiques by Gounod is one of the last new books. Unpublished works by Felicien David have been bought by the Conservatoire library.

In the last *Monde Musical* appears an interesting article by M. Henri Falcke, describing the new concert hall at Zurich. Various photographs of the building show enterprise, wealth and taste in Zurich. M. Falcke was the first soloist to play in the hall; his program embraced works by Cherubini, Rubinstein, Rameau, Moszkowski, Godard and Beethoven.

FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.

Vienna Letter.

VIENNA, December 31, 1895.

THE most prominent events of the week were the second Philharmonic concert of the season, given in the Grosser Musik Vereins Saal, at which Fanny Davies, the gifted pupil of Clara Schumann, assisted; the second concert of Anton Foerster on Monday, and a concert on Wednesday by Fanny Davies, which was a most brilliant and highly successful affair.

A full and representative audience was present, which received her as only a Viennese audience can, with the warmest appreciation, a sympathetic attention which proceeds from their native musical intelligence whenever it is not the result of actual culture, and finally they were aroused to a high degree of enthusiasm. Nearly the whole audience remained after the last number and called her out times without number. She was loaded with flowers, and the dressing room was a scene of wild confusion, between trying to dispose of her flowers, respond to encores from the insatiable admirers in the concert room, and say a word to the congratulations that were being poured into her ear, not to speak of handshaking and hand-kissing, adieu and auf wiedersehens. It was a question how long her remarkable endurance would last. She was compelled to give three encores after the last number—these were the staccato etude of Rubinstein, the prelude in D flat major of Chopin, and the Elf of Schumann—and this after a program the requirements of which were not small; indeed, her endurance and ease are not the smallest of her accomplishments. She gave the following numbers:

Praeludium und Fuge in A moll.....Bach
Ballade, op. 10, D dur.....
Phantaste, op. 116, G moll.....Brahms
Capriccio, op. 76, H moll.....
Vivace, C dur.....Scarlatti
Allegro, D dur.....
Charakterstück, E dur, op. 7, No. 7.....Mendelssohn
Nocturne, op. 63, B major.....Chopin
Gnomenreigen.....Liszt
Etude, C major.....Rubinstein

I have said so much that is good of this young lady that I hope I may speak the truth without harshness, even though she was a protegee of Joachim and a Schumann-Wieck product. She is certainly gifted, but not great, and, in my opinion, never will be. She plays like all the Schumann pupils. She has a fine technic, if technic may

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be considered apart from tone—for much tone she has not—and her playing is too suggestive of manual labor.

Her Bach she claims to have direct from Wieck, but none the less her tone was too heavy and suggested the wooden thump. The strong organ tone is of course to be used, but there is no reason why it should be heavy and "woodenish," and this it seems only the great Bach players are able to demonstrate. However, it must be said in her favor that she has several varieties of touch, and was never dependent on the second pedal for most delicate effects in her other selections. Fanny Davies is a demonstration of the danger of giving too much attention to technic considered apart from tone—that tone that sings and carries perceptibly.

As to Foerster, the critics are disagreed about him, and to some extent, paradoxical as it may seem, both are in the right. It cannot be disputed, however, that among the latest appearances Foerster is the most noteworthy, notwithstanding the abuse heaped upon him by the *Neue Freie Press*. His technic is astounding in its brilliancy and perfection. Moreover, some of the effects he produced were novel as they were original. There is no doubt that this Austrian has temperament and fire, however much his North German school bids him to repress it. I attributed a certain hardness of touch, especially in the E major nocturne of Chopin, to the piano rather than to the artist. His memory and endurance were very clearly evidenced in his program. The Appassionata Sonata of Beethoven was followed by the Carnival of Schumann, which he played throughout with great individuality of interpretation. Indeed, this selection was worthy of all praise. He has the true Schumann rubato, his conception is true to the ideas of the composer, while at the same time some of the effects he produced were charming, novel and original.

Foerster appears to have no faults that he cannot easily overcome, and it is safe to predict a brilliant future for this young Austrian. Although he closed his program with a Liszt paraphrase (Sömmernachts Traum), he bravely responded to a vociferous encore with his Liszt Medley, which contains the Hungarian Rhapsodie No. 2 in part. This is rather a queer kind of potpourri, but it gives him an opportunity to show his mettle.

Louis Ree's dedication to the Hoch Prinzessin Stephanie is the Fête Champêtre suite, which has lately been published, and which he both played before her and in a concert given in October in the Grosser Musik Vereins Saal. Their first matinee of the season was given at their home in the Landstrasse on December 1.

It is difficult to say too much in praise of Mrs. Ree as a pianist. She belongs to the Leschetizky school, but to whatever method she may or might have devoted herself she was bound to be an artist. In her childhood, as Fräulein Pilz, she was educated for the stage, but before and especially since her marriage with Mr. Ree she has given herself exclusively to the piano. She phrases most clearly and gracefully, as all good pupils of Leschetizky do. Her reading of polyphony, especially of Bach, is clean, clear and distinct, the tone strong but never heavy. In the theme she generally employs a half staccato, or at least a non-legato, but with brilliant tone. She uses the pedal but very seldom, yet always with discretion and good effect.

D'Albert uses too much pedal. His arrangement of the D major prelude and fugue of Bach lost rather than enhanced much of the great master's artistic simplicity and beauty. Parts of it were decidedly marred and indistinct through the indiscriminate use of the pedal, though his beautiful tone was irrefragable throughout.

But to return to Mrs. Ree. As I wrote you in my last letter, she has temperament. She is an Austrian, or rather Bohemian; she reads Grieg and Tchaikowsky as we read the alphabet. They had a great triumph in Prague and Munich not long ago, where Louis Ree's

Fête Champêtre for two pianos was described as "Eine Reihe recht charakterischer und musikalischer gut gearbeiteter Stücke." Other numbers were the Erl König and Norma Phantasie of Liszt and the Schumann Variationen, op. 46. The audience was very enthusiastic, and they were called back repeatedly. They were obliged to give three encores, among which was Louis Ree's arrangement for two pianos of Weber's Invitation to Dance, in which he has cleverly divided the two themes between the two pianos, so that they are played simultaneously by the two performers.

Speaking of d'Albert brings me to the subject of his only concert which he gave here. The Bösendorfer Saal was packed and every available inch of room occupied. The great pianist, or rather the next greatest pianist, in the world appeared on the platform looking rather fiercely at the audience and very far from being a happy bridegroom for the third time in almost as many years.

One could fancy that his three wives worried him; but however that may be, the wild enthusiasm and delight of his audience soon put him in a better humor. One could hardly say too much of d'Albert as a Bach player, but why does he use so much pedal, and why does anyone tamper with a Bach composition? It is almost enough to bring up the ghost of this holy musician and polyphonist from his quiet resting place, exclaiming: "Thus far and no farther!"

The last sonata of Beethoven, op. 111, was an exquisite piece of workmanship; but I should have been glad to hear the upper notes of the chords more distinctly. However, d'Albert clings to the traditional Beethoven manner. Leschetizky and Paderewski adopt the more modern custom of letting the melody sing and lead in chords, and thereby bringing more poetry out of the composition, and perhaps making even Beethoven greater than he knew.

The shining gem of the evening was the Schumann Phantasie, op. 17, C major. "Das ist was!" exclaimed a young artist at my side, delightedly, in my ear as the hall rang and re-rang with the brilliant tone coloring of this magnificent one, is almost tempted to say, chef d'œuvre of Schumann when one hears it through the hand of d'Albert.

The beautiful tone poem the Nocturne, op. 62, No. 1, of Chopin followed. In this d'Albert showed that his singing legato has never been surpassed, not even by Paderewski. Here was enough tone even for Leschetizky.

My taste may be deficient, but the Don Juan phantasie of Liszt, except in the first and last parts, has never pleased me as much as some of his other ones, and to me this was the last interesting number. The impression prevailed that the great pianist would not condescend to give an encore, but the storming applause had evidently put him in a good mood. He responded first with that beautiful Elegie of Schubert, and then (an odd mixture!) an arrangement of his own upon a Strauss waltz, a real pyrotechnical display, but not in good taste. However, it pleased the Viennese, who have gone mad over the composer of the Waldmeister, and then when the audience refused to leave the house he once more condescended and gave them the Momentum Capriccioso of Faber. I left the house when I saw the piano being closed, but hundreds remained, still clamoring for more in true Oliver Twist fashion.

The violinists have been Such and Flesch, and Julius Klengel, the 'cellist, from Leipsic. Such played at the third Philharmonic concert of the season. Such demonstrated in his second concert, given on the 9th inst., that he may certainly lay claim to greatness. Richter must have seen this or he would not have bespoken so much for him when he brought him back from London and consented to direct for him.

Paganini's violin concerto frei gearbeitet by Wilhelmj was a triumph for this young violinist. It was as full of

fire as the Beethoven concerto in the previous concert was lacking in it. Such is the true artist. He has his moods. The Monday night concert of this week was a real saance of inspiration. He certainly will have reversed all the criticisms that his apparent lack of musical feeling in the first concert brought down upon him.

Such has a wonderful technic, a good intonation, and considerable breadth of bowing. Moreover, he has a superb repose he surmounts the greatest difficulties with the greatest possible ease, and he really succeeds in getting a good chord effect from the violin. As might be expected from a loyal pupil, his selections, with one exception, were all taken from arrangements with cadenzas (or frei gearbeitet) by Joachim or Wilhelmj. That beautiful Ein leitend Thema und Variationen nach Paganini, by Wilhelmj, was executed with true poetry and warmth of expression. Truly delightful was his fine execution of the D flat major nocturne of Chopin in his second encore. This was almost passionate, and showed him to be the musician as well as the violinist.

His reverential treatment of the Händel sonata in A major was followed by that charming menuet of Boccherini for orchestra. Richter stood perfectly still. He looked like a great magnet. He did not move even a finger. He merely spoke the word with his keen blue eye, and it was done. When Richter directs every man in the orchestra looks as though he was ready to grant him his request, even to the half of his kingdom. Surely never man directed as this man!

There are people who think Richter cold; but in my humble opinion he is full of deep, strong sympathy, powerful magnetism and hidden fire. He reads the score as he would read the alphabet, looking at it from the point of immediate absorption. If he did not move his baton or raise his arm, his mere personal presence and the keen survey of his orchestra would be all-sufficient. In short, Richter simply hypnotizes his men for the time being, if I may be pardoned for making a mild use of hyperbole.

The growing length of this letter forbids only a mention of Flesch, who comes from France and is thoroughly imbued with the manner and ideas of the French school, and who is credited with brilliant execution, a large, soft tone and temperament, and whom everybody says will certainly become a great virtuoso.

I shall have to reserve the account of the first Gesellschafts concert, at which the Christmas oratorio of Bach was given under the direction of Perger, an old friend of the Viennese, who was called from his post in Rotterdam; of Klengel, the 'cellist; of the brilliantly successful première of the Waldmeister, and of Lehmann's great triumphs in the Wagner cycle of the Niebelungen Lied, as also in Fidelio, which was given on the eve of Beethoven's birthday, for my letter of next week, as this has already exceeded its bounds and begins to look voluminous.

Lilian Henschel and Emil Sauer are expected here in January. Stavenhagen has not yet made his appearance. Jean Gerardy and Cesar Thomson are also announced for January.

EMMELINE POTTER FRISSELL.

What's In a Name?—Hänsel and Gretel has been produced at the Czech Theatre, Prague, under the title of Pohádka o Perníkové Chaloupce, which is by interpretation Tale of the Gingerbread House. The piece has also been performed at Agram in the Croatian language.

St. Petersburg.—Rimsky-Korsakow's new opera, Christmas Night, was produced for the first time December 10, at the Marien Theatre, St. Petersburg, and gained a striking success. It has, however, been temporarily withdrawn, because the Empress Catharine II. is introduced in one of the scenes, and another character will have to be invented to take her place.

Weimar.—The position of second Kapellmeister at Weimar has been given to Wolfram, of the City Theatre, Strassburg.

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THERE are three distinctive points of superiority for which M. Bouhy is to be commended. First, his absolute honesty of judgment in choosing pupils; second, he was educated to be a composer before the discovery of a voice led him to a vocal career; third, he teaches acting as well as singing, by means of practical stage action in the class room.

It is known of this teacher that he does not hesitate to tell pupils that study for public life is a waste of time and money when he finds them deficient in ear, voice, health or intelligence. His impeccable honesty of purpose in this regard is certified to by the best French artists and citizens, and by many grateful American relatives of students who have been turned into useful walks of life by the plain talk and prompt action of this conscientious teacher.

The fact of his having been trained in the profound and classic lines of harmony, fugue, composition and organ playing in French and Belgium conservatories makes it impossible for Mr. Bouhy to be lacking in that greatest source of power to a teacher—knowledge.

Born in Belgium, his studies in piano, organ, harmony, composition and singing were had in the Liège Conservatoire, from which he passed directly to the Paris Conservatoire, where he won prizes for singing, opera and opéra comique. His début was made in the Grand Opéra, Paris, as *Mephistopheles* in *Faust*, after which he created *Erostrate* and passed directly to the Opéra Comique, where his triumphs were many and real. He originated *Don César de Bazan* and *Escamillo* in *Carmen*, &c., and sang in *Les Noces de Figaro*, *Roméo et Juliette*, *le Pardon*, *Philémon et Baucis*, &c.; at the Théâtre Lyrique he sang in *Girald*, originated *Paul and Virginia*, *le Bravo*, *la Clef d'Or*; returned to the Opéra, where he sang in *Hamlet*, *Don Juan*, *La Favorita*, &c.

After this brilliant seasons were passed in Russia and St. Petersburg, and M. Bouhy was one of the founder directors of the National Conservatory in New York. On his return to Paris he created *Samson et Delila*, at the Eden Theatre, and entered the Opéra again in 1893, since when he has been one of the most successful members of the professorat.

On the occasion of his going to America, the letters written to Mr. Bouhy by Gounod, M. Ambrose Thomas, Meyer, Delibes, Bourgaud-Ducoudray and others are tributes of the very highest order as to his qualities as musician, composer, teacher, singer and citizen. His press notices, which are voluminous, are equally convincing.

Among his compositions, which are published in Russia and Italy equally with Paris, are:

A vingt ans (F. Coppée).....	
Plus ne verrai mon doux ami, contralto.....	
Comme autrefois.....	
Trois mélodies, pour baryton ou mezzo soprano.....	
" pour ténor ou soprano.....	
" No. 1. Le Printemps, baryton.....	
Les Papillons (Th. Gautier), mez. sop. ou bar.....	
Te souviens-tu.....	
O bien aimée.....	
S'il est chose plus belle.....	
Un peu d'amour.....	
La plainte.....	
Rosette.....	
L'amour qui fuit.....	
Hymne au matin.....	
" soprano ou ténor.....	
Bethléem, Noël, sopr. ou ténor, mez. sopr. ou baryton, basse, chaque.....	
Le Bouquet, valse cantilène.....	
Les Réves, valse chantée (A. Silvestre).....	
La Proscrite, romance.....	
Rose, vieille chanson du jeune temps.....	
Les jours passés.....	
Chœurs pour voix d'hommes.....	

.....Bouhy (J.)

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Adoration, which has already been sung in many concerts in Paris.

Of all the works of his busy life, however, M. Bouhy's special pride and satisfaction are in his pupils. His life interest is centred in their progress.

Among the most representative of these are:

Mrs. Lilian Blauvelt, the well-known American soprano; Miss Suzanne Adams, who is singing in the Paris Opéra as *Juliette* and *Gilda*; Miss Eva Hawkes, of whom favorable mention has recently been made in THE MUSICAL COURIER as a new contralto; two sisters, Irene and Olga Pevny, who sung in the United States two years ago, and are now filling engagements in Germany; Miss Roudebush, who has been engaged to create the leading rôle in a new opera in Rouen; Mlle. Izepezyńska, of Warsaw; Mrs. Wood, of Boston, whom M. Bouhy regrets is not in operatic life; Miss Roebuck, of Cincinnati, who has excellent qualities for teaching; Miss Josie Reilly, of Philadelphia, who, he is convinced, will one day sing on a Parisian stage; Miss Eugénie Meyer, an English girl who sings much in salons, although having a voice for the theatre; Miss Grace Gregory, of New York, who has had much success, not only in Parisian salons, but has already shown evidence of talent for teaching.

These last are in fact at present acting as assistants in the school. Miss Nellie Hyde, now teaching in Cleveland, and Miss Wilson have also been pupils.

Among the present pupils of particular promise are Miss Anderson, Sara Baron Anderson's daughter; Miss Turner, of Jersey City, N. J.; Miss Downs, Miss Sargent, Miss Wallen, Miss Davidson, Miss Hubbard, Miss Miller, Miss Joseph, Miss Durfee, Miss Spencer, &c.

Among the men are Mr. Georges Shay, of Pittsburg, who has been two years first baritone at the Theatre Royal, La Hague; Mr. Leo Devaux, of Brussels, first tenor in the Khedive Theatre at Cairo; Mr. Royal Stone Smith, a baritone and professor in New York and the husband of Lilian Blauvelt; Mr. Oscar Saenger, of New York; Mr. Wm. H. Rieger, the well-known American tenor; Mr. Ferguson, Mr. Dempsey, Mr. Sparger, the cantor of Temple Beth El, New York. Among present voices are those of Mr. Byard and Mr. Meux, two English baritones, whom doubtless America will one day hear; Mr. Jackson, a basso, and Messrs. Clark and Humphrey, two tenors of certain futures.

The establishment of an opera class in connection with the class room does away with the waste of time and force necessary in seeking musical instruction elsewhere, also with the risk of undoing much careful voice production in the process. After first appearances M. Bouhy counsels always a return to the schoolroom to finish off rough places, and supply that which is found lacking after a practical contact with the public.

Böhme.—The publishing firm of Johann August Böhme, of Hamburg, celebrated November 5 the centenary of its existence. The founder was born November 5, 1766, and was apprenticed to Breitkopf in Leipsic. In 1794 he removed to Hamburg, where he opened the first German general music store. At that period the custom was to have the pieces of music transcribed in public writing offices, and he had to contend against the prejudice which deterred people from using printed music. He was the first to publish Mozart's operas "for home use, with piano accompaniment, arranged by August Eberhard Müller." The firm has in the course of time grown and developed, till at present its lending library is one of the largest in Germany, and of late years it has had a concert engagement business.

Mannheim.—The attempt to produce in the concert hall the first of Mozart's seven operas, *Idomeneo*, has been a failure; in spite of many cuts the public found its endless recitatives and arias tiresome.

Posen.—The motet for eight voices, a capella, of Bach, *Sing to the Lord a New Song*, was given for the first time at Posen by the Hennig Society.



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Weimar Music.

WEIMAR, December 19, 1896.

AT the end of last month I went to Berlin to hear a piano recital by Ernest Hutcheson, of whose excellent qualities I have already spoken and for whom Mr. Floersheim predicts a brilliant future. I thus missed an interesting performance of *Carmen* here, in which Frl. Schoder again distinguished herself.

Since Frl. Finck (now Mrs. d'Albert) deserted us it has not been so easy to find an adequate substitute for her; several have been called, but so far none chosen. Last week a Frl. Aug. Meyer, from Berlin, gave a *Gastspiel* and sang *Donna Anna* in *Don Juan* and *Leonore* in *Fidelio*; she acquitted herself quite creditably, only there was so much of her that it seemed rather a farce for old *Rocco* to repeatedly call her my lad and allude to her delicate white hands as though he had no suspicion of her real self. In spite of her adiposity, which seemed frequently to impede her voice, she had plenty of go in her, and in the prison scene in *Fidelio* was fully equal to the occasion. She has not a good attack in singing, usually slurring up her notes from a third or fourth below the required tone.

Last Friday Herr Stavenhagen gave a chamber music concert, with the assistance of Concertmeister von der Hoya, a young artist with considerable talent; but orchestral work in theatre evidently leaves him little time for study, so his performance in the Beethoven quintet for strings was not quite up to the mark. The *Neue Liebeslieder* of Brahms for four voices and four hands (of course the latter applies only to the accompaniment) made an impression upon me; they are very fine, solos for soprano, alto, tenor and bass alternating with ensemble. The concert ended with a quartet in C minor for piano and strings by Rich. Strauss, of Guntram fame, the treatment of which was not always in strict four part writing. The Brahms songs won most applause.

A Herr Lamborg, of Vienna, a German edition of Corney Grain, gave a very entertaining musical evening of quite a different genre to that which we are accustomed to here, displaying a wonderful memory and adaptability and inimitable mimicry. He invited the audience to suggest any opera, operetta, song, serious or comic—when I say serious I mean rather *Volkslieder*—of which he would immediately play a leading motive, theme or chorus, &c., as the case might be, passing at once from comic song to *Rienzi*, &c., without any break.

Of course from a musical point of view this potpourri was a hideous mish-mash, but the thing as a whole was clever; so, too, was a burlesque, Schubert's, *Wanderer and the Policeman*. He also took off the de Pachman style of piano virtuoso, a little exaggerated perhaps, but I have seldom seen anything so funny.

After the entertainment he was put to the test at the *Künstlerverein* by some of our leading musicians here; operettas which were popular some thirty years back were asked for, and sure enough he responded, only once failing, and then his presence of mind came to the rescue with the popular Loreley song *Ich Weiss Nicht Was Soll es Bedeuten* (I don't know what to make of it). EDW. W. OSBORN.

Two Prizes.—The Vienna Musical Union offers two prizes for the best pieces of chamber music which include at least one wind instrument. The choice of the other instruments is left to the composer. The prizes are of the value of 300 and 200 crowns. The competition is restricted to composers living in Austria-Hungary, and composers of Austro-Hungarian nationality living elsewhere. Works are to be sent in addressed "Wiener Tonkünstler Verein, Wien, I Canovagasse 4," up to July 1, 1896, anonymously, with the usual arrangement of mottoes, &c. A committee of judges, consisting of J. Brahms, E. Mandyczewski and Von Perger, will decide as to the works to be performed by the society in 1896-7, and the final decision of the prizes will be given by the members of the Tonkünstler Verein after the public performance.

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GERMAN HEADQUARTERS OF THE MUSICAL COURIER.
BERLIN, W., LINKSTRASSE 17, December 17, 1895.

THE week from last Tuesday to this brought the usual number of concerts, about two of which I managed to "cover" daily. But it was not a week of unalloyed musical enjoyment, and several of the entertainments I can therefore pass over with as few words as possible.

To this latter class belongs my opening review of the first of the two piano recitals by Leonard Borwick, of London. This young man is a pupil of Clara Schumann, and he is said to be a very popular pianist in England. He is technically and in many other respects, especially with regard to artistic repose, well equipped to hold a high position among his countrymen, but he is hardly an enthusiasm awakening performer. His repose amounts at moments almost to apathy, and his conception, as well as the general style of his delivery, is more staid and careful than interesting or genial in the German sense of that adjective. In German genial means full of genius; in English you know what it means.

Of course I could judge of Borwick only from the first half of his program, which was classical and consisted of Bach's second English suite in A minor and the last sonata of Beethoven. Schumann, Brahms and Chopin were the names of the remaining half of the house bill, and as the program for the second recital, which is to take place to-night, will likewise contain romantic and modern music I shall defer final judgment on Mr. Borwick's playing until I have heard him in these works. I am told that Schumann especially is his forte, and, though I can hardly believe it, I am unwilling to gainsay before I have heard. The audience at the first recital was not very large, but by no means an ungenerous one, and consisted mainly of members of the English colony. Professor Joachim reciprocates the favor with which he is always received in England by patronizing English artists who appear in Berlin, and he therefore honored Bechstein Hall with his presence on this occasion. So eager was he in showing his appreciation of Borwick's playing that he broke in with his applause somewhat prematurely after the first one of the several final C major chords of the arietta of the C minor sonata, and then blushed violently over his pardonable hastiness. Evidently the great master is not as well acquainted with the piano as he is with the violin literature.

The same evening Miss Lulu Heynsen and Miss Elsa Barkowska gave a joint concert at the Singakademie which was numerously and fashionably attended. Why, I don't know, for both young ladies are anything but finished artists.

Miss Heynsen has an alto voice of little strength or pronounced qualities, and her singing is weak and amateurish. An occasional effort at greater dramatic expressiveness is invariably followed by the bad and most undesirable result of false intonation; thus in Brahms' lugubrious Auf dem Kirchhof and Herm. Hutter's to me before un-

known Lied Elisabeth, which is by no means uninteresting. The may be said of Arthur Wulffius' Hier ist's unstillen Birkenhain, which was likewise a novelty to me.

Miss Barkowska displayed a nice and agreeable tone in Bach's air on the G string and in Wieniawski's romanza in B flat for the violin. Both her technic and her rhythmic feeling, however, are as yet too uncertain and not sufficiently developed for the Wieniawski D major mazurka and for public appearances. Waldemar Sacks accompanied.

Wednesday evening I devoted part of the concert time to Miss Catherine Jatschinowska, of St. Petersburg, who gave a piano recital in Bechstein Hall.

The young lady has had the advantage of having been one of the last of the real pupils of Anton Rubinstein, and he is said to have shown a great personal preference for her. I can understand this, for the dark-eyed and dark-haired beauty shows some of the marked characteristics of the master in her playing. Above all, it is very warm, full of temperament, in fact, a little too much so, and her touch and tone are powerful. In the matter of technic she seems to be more daring than finished, and therefore while some of her work sounds surprising, at other moments she is technically faulty. Her greatest fault, however, is the abuse of the loud pedal, which made sad havoc of the last movement from Chopin's B minor sonata, which was the first and also most ambitious work on the program. A G minor song without words by Mendelssohn and Balakirew's transcription of Glinka's The Lark were charmingly performed. The rest of the program, consisting of Schumann's Faschingsschwank and three pieces by Rubinstein, I could not stay to hear. When Miss Jatschinowska loses some of her superfluous energy and over-dose of Russian wildness she may and probably will become a pianist of note.

Much to my chagrin the young lady made me miss the Haydn F major quartet (No. 14 in the Peters edition) and three movements of the Brahms A minor quartet, op. 51, which were the two first works on the program for the third Joachim Quartet evening at the Singakademie. I was in time, though, for the finale, and assisted in the enthusiastic applause which a full house bestowed upon the stirring performance of that movement.

The lovely C major string quintet, op. 163, by Schubert, formed the preponderating last third of the program, preponderating in size as well as thematic contents over its two predecessors. I am almost a crank on the subject of this quintet, which to me is one of the most beautiful creations among all chamber music in existence, and to hear it performed by an organization such as the Joachim Quartet, assisted by Dechert, with his beautiful rich 'cello tone and with rare perfection of ensemble, is an artistic treat of the highest order. I greatly enjoyed it, and so apparently did the cultivated audience, which applauded vigorously after each of the four movements and particularly heartily at the close of the quintet.

Thursday evening brought a couple of disappointments—first at the Singakademie and later on at Bechstein Saal.

At the former concert hall Miss Hermine Galfy, chamber singer to the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, was holding forth, assisted by Miss Serafine Detschy, elocutionist and member of the Schiller Theatre personnel, and by Leo Schrattenholz, a talented young 'cellist. Of him I have spoken before, and the declamations of the German actress do not concern us here. As regards Miss Galfy's singing, however, I must confess that it acted like a shower of cold water upon my sensitive auricular nerves. I remembered the lady from the first Bayreuth Parsifal performance, in which she took part as one of the solo flower girls and greatly distinguished herself through her fresh soprano

voice, spirited delivery and prepossessing appearance. A dozen years is indeed a long while, and I became painfully conscious of the length of the interval and the changes time had worked when Miss Galfy began to sing.

Time has dealt most ungenially with the lady's once luscious and vibrant soprano voice, which now sounds sharp and passee. On the operatic stage of a second-class duodecimal residence opera house, like that of Schwerin, her singing may still delight the provincials, but such a technically ragged "rendition" of the recitative and aria of the *Countess*, from Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, on a concert platform and before a Berlin audience was simply inexcusable. No less unsatisfactory, even in point of purely musical delivery, was her *Lieder* singing, among her selections being a posthumous song by Schubert, entitled *Der Blinde Knabe* (The Blind Boy), which is so weak that for the sake of the world's greatest melo-dist's reputation it might better have remained unpublished. In the likewise posthumous *Liebesrauschen* the lady mistook the humorous intentions of the composer and sang the song quite seriously and pathetically, which, of course, made the Lied seem meaningless. As I said before, I was very much disappointed.

I hoped for a raising of my crestfallen musical spirits from Arrigo Serato's violin playing, and therefore hurried to Mr. Wolff's pretty concert hall as fast as a Berlin first-class conveyance called a droschke would carry me.

Of the young concert giver's name I made mention in a previous budget, but I had to leave the description of his first Berlin appearance to Mr. Abell, as I was not present on that occasion. I don't know what Mr. Abell wrote, but as for myself I must say that Arrigo Serato's playing, about which the preliminary puffs and the fact of his being a protegee of Etelka Gerster had raised high expectations, fell all the flatter, as he was very far from fulfilling them. It is true that the very young man (he looks scarcely more than eighteen) came here in the very unpropitious time of the Petschnikoff-Burmester furore. Yet he found his public and even his press admirers, although the latter, to do them justice, tuned down their rhapsodies about the new violin wonder a couple of pegs after this second recital. The audience in Bechstein Hall, however, among whom seemed to be some very persistent and suspiciously noisy element, possibly Italians, left nothing to be desired in the way of Southern enthusiasm.

As for comparing Serato with Petschnikoff, as has been done here by some hyper-enthusiasts, it seems to me out of the question, for the youth has neither the poetry nor the nobility of conception, nor yet the fine tone or the general artistic ripeness of the Russian, who is his senior by four years or thereabouts, and as for comparing Serato with Burmester, with whom at least he has some virtuosity in common, he cannot touch the Hamburg violinist for perfection and finish of technic. What Serato has and what gives him an influence over the masses is a certain degree of magnetism and a kind of rude but robust directness of attack as well as force of expression. The young Italian may some day, however, become a fine violinist and a truly big artist, if in the meantime he is not spoiled by premature applause and too much flattery.

His program last Tuesday night embraced Vieuxtemps' D minor concerto, the Chopin D flat nocturne transposed up to D in the Wilhelmj adaptation for the violin; Ries' Perpetuum Mobile, after which he was encored; a berceuse by Godard, the Military Polonaise by Vieuxtemps, and a concerto by Paganini, as well as some more encores.

On Friday night my natural predilection for musical novelties came into serious conflict with my duty to American artists and the readers of THE MUSICAL COURIER. At the Philharmonie a new symphony by Gustav Mahler, of

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Hamburg, was given for the first time in its completeness; in the Bechstein Saal August Hyllested gave his second piano recital, and at the Singakademie the Suro sisters, of Baltimore, appeared for the first time in Berlin in one of their matchless recitals for two pianos. What was I to do? Well, I first assured myself of the chances of getting a connoisseur's reliable judgment on the merits of Mahler's symphony, the three first and purely orchestral movements of which I had, anyhow, heard last year and had reported about them; then I went over to Bechstein Hall and listened to at least the Beethoven Appassionata Sonata from Hyllested, and reached the Singakademie in time to hear the whole program, with the exception of the Mozart D major sonata.

Of the appearance here of the two Misses Suro I cabled to you on the day after the concert that it was the greatest success they have so far achieved in their career, and this is the absolute truth. They came entirely unheralded and were, of course, completely unknown, as their English and American successes had not been reported here or used for legitimate advance advertising, as is done in the case of most other artists. Yet they succeeded in completely winning a strange and rather cold public, such as the Berlin audiences usually are described, and they gained such unanimously warm and praising criticisms from the papers that were represented on this occasion that the young ladies may justly be proud of them.

The enthusiasm grew from number to number, and with the Feu Roulant study of Duvernoy, which was taken and carried through at lightning speed and with the most perfect ensemble imaginable, applause grew to furore, and the artists were compelled to complete the number. Reinecke's Unter Cyprussen they sang beautifully and with a great deal of expression on the magnificent Steinway grands, whose beauty and sonority of tone were brought out to fullest advantage under the young ladies' pliable and even touch. Raff's gavot and muset from the op. 200 suite, though perhaps a trifle fast in tempo, was delightful. Very interesting were Professor Rudorff's E major variations, the op. 1 of the gifted teacher in composition of the Royal High School for Music. The Chopin rondo in C was given with so much abandon and yet such exquisite finish and musical quality that even Prof. Heinrich Barth, the teacher of the Misses Suro, had to chime in with the general applause.

He is the hardest critic of all to satisfy, and that he was thoroughly pleased with the performances of his former pupils is the highest compliment that could possibly be paid them, just as on the other hand the playing of the two girls reflects the greatest credit upon the conscientious and painstaking teaching and the pedagogic pre-eminence of Professor Barth.

A glorious and thoroughly sincere as well as deeply musical performance of the Liszt Concerto Pathétique for two pianos wound up the program, after which there arose another storm of applause such as the venerable walls of the Singakademie have rarely witnessed. Foremost among the applauding audience were His Excellency General Runyon, the American Ambassador, his wife and charming daughters, and a great many Americans. Of course they were not to be appeased with mere bows, and after some half a dozen or more recalls the Misses Suro had to seat themselves again at their pianos, and they played an exceedingly pretty little andante by Mlle. Chaminade, the French composer.

So great was the success the young ladies achieved at their first Berlin appearance that Manager Wolff insists upon their giving another concert here at Berlin, which was not their original intention. However, they consented, and after the excitement of the holidays the date will be fixed.

To corroborate my own very enthusiastic report, I give

below in an unvarnished translation some of the criticisms of the best Berlin papers on this concert:

Concerts of performers on two pianos are not of frequent occurrence. The Thern brothers made the start; Emil Paur and wife were once heard in Berlin; Messrs. Ross and Moore recently appeared with success, and last of all on December 13 two sisters, Misses Suro, appeared in the Singakademie with two excellent Steinway pianos. They played a long and taxing program entirely from memory. The many good qualities which characterize their charming performances created the greatest admiration and enthusiasm. Both possess immaculate technique, and their thoroughly musical, graceful playing is distinguished by perfect ensemble. I would compare them to two roses on one stem, so harmonious is their *Empfinden*. They need no outward signs to understand each other; they feel themselves one, and they produce not only the cleanest double trills, but phrase so clearly that their playing may be well taken as illustration of the popular expression of the two souls that beat as one. Mozart's D major opened the concert; that was a genuine treat. How well these ladies understand to blend the powerful and delicate passages to harmonious sound! In the Rudorff variations and Chopin rondo I heard many charming things. A bravura piece, Feu-Roulant, was taken at such lightning speed that its repetition was stormingly demanded. It is to be hoped that they will give another concert after such a happy debut.—*Kleine Journal*, December 16.

Compared to this concert in the Singakademie, which began half an hour sooner, and which we were able to attend almost to its close, was a genuine artistic treat. Two young Americans, Misses Suro, performed a number of compositions for two pianos, just as the Thern brothers had done before. The young ladies are without doubt excellently schooled pianists. Were it not for the fullness of sound and the contrapuntal intricacies one would be led to suppose that only one player presided at the piano, so perfectly does everything blend, so minutely have the works been studied. As they sit opposite each other, one justly surmises that the eyes form the means of communication for this wonderful ensemble and understanding of each other. Everything gave pleasure to the audience, which showed its hearty appreciation with many outbursts of enthusiastic applause. The Steinway pianos sounded to the best advantage under the four artistic hands of the performers.—*Berliner Lokal Anzeiger*, December 14.

Half an hour later we went to the Singakademie, where two charming Americans, the Misses Suro, performed on two pianos to a most enthusiastic audience. They were playing Unter Cyprussen, by Reinecke, a not over-interesting work. The twenty fingers glided over the keys with great ease and elasticity. Feu Roulant (Duvernoy) followed, and was given with such charm, grace and elegance that the audience could not be quieted until its repetition was granted. In Liszt's Concerto Pathétique it was evident that the young ladies must be taken seriously, as they are not pianists who have studied diligently only a few little pieces; they are artists who possess great technical finish and surety, modulating touch, and they perform with refined musical taste. The enthusiastic applause which greeted them was fully earned.—*Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, December 15.

Clavibus unitis, to quote the *Fliegende Blätter*: Two sisters Suro played in the Singakademie on Friday. That was a recital to reconcile us with the exaggerated higher musical education of our young ladies. Modest and natural in their deportment, these young artists in their artistic temperament so much resemble each other as to remind one of twins. There is always something most sympathetic in the co-operation of sisters, but when this co-operation is enhanced by true artistic feeling the charm of the performance is increased to the highest degree. The D major sonata of Mozart was given in the daintiest manner; it was as though silver bells mingled with the tones of the pianos, whereas in the Concerto Pathétique of Liszt, which closed the program, the full volume of the two Steinway grands was employed. Of the other numbers given the Rudorff variations, op. 1, and Reinecke's Unter Cyprussen, a kind of Chopin mimicry, deserve special mention.—*Berliner Börsen Zeitung*, December 15.

Before speaking of the concert in the Philharmonie, I will mention that of a youthful, genuinely artistic couple who on the same evening played in the Singakademie. The brothers Thern, from Vienna, were probably the first to play in public compositions for two pianos. Messrs. Ross and Moore followed with success. The Misses Suro, however, concluded their concert in triumph. It is an unalloyed pleasure to listen to these artists. The interpretation of the D major sonata of Mozart was a brilliant effort; the excellent ensemble—which is probably due to their positions opposite each other—was so perfect that across the hall one could easily imagine oneself mis-

taken as to the number of performers; the two play as one artist. The Rudorff variations, op. 1, and Chopin's rondo, op. 73, were given in the same high artistic manner. The enthusiastic applause was thoroughly merited. The artists, of course, used two Steinway grands, which instruments, as they always do, excelled in and were distinguished through superb tone and action.—*Berliner Intelligenz-Blatt*, December 17.

On the same evening the Misses Suro gave a concert in the Singakademie, in which only works for two pianos were performed. The popular sonata in D major of Mozart was the first number. Variation, op. 1, E. Rudorff; Chopin rondo, op. 73, and other duos by Reinecke, Raff and Liszt followed. In the rendition of each number the artists revealed clearness, faultless technique and warmth of feeling. There was great enthusiasm.—*Deutscher Reichsanzeiger*, December 16.

With regard to Mr. Augustus Flotow-Hyllested, I am somewhat in bad luck. His first recital in Berlin I could not attend because I was absent from the city. Of the second recital, as I said above, I was only able to hear the Appassionata Sonata, and that even was spoiled through the untoward accident of a lady's falling into a swoon during the slow movement, which caused quite a disturbance and forced the performer to interrupt the beautifully begun andante con moto. After that he seemed a bit nervous, which cannot be wondered at. I heard enough, however, to admire especially Hyllested's broad and pliant touch and his particularly fine, round and voluminous tone. His conception of the sonata, on the other hand, seemed to me a rather erratic and an extravagant one, and it differed in this respect widely from the conventional or even from any unconventional reading of Beethoven's impassioned work which I have so far heard.

I understand that Mr. Hyllested may give here later one or more concerts with orchestra, and it will then be time to judge him more fully. Moreover, Mr. Hyllested is by no means unknown in the United States.

Regarding the new symphony of Mahler, I herewith translate for you a report which was written for THE MUSICAL COURIER and was kindly furnished me by Hermann Wolff, who, if he had not preferred to become the first of Berlin's musical managers, might easily have become the first of Berlin's music critics. Mr. Wolff writes:

"On December 13 Gustav Mahler, Pollini's conductor, gave a concert at the Philharmonie. Program—One symphony by Gustav Mahler, nothing more. But, that was also sufficient, for the symphony consumes one hour and forty minutes for performance, and therefore is certainly the longest one of all published ones, the ninth symphony of Beethoven and the eighth of Bruckner not excepted. An enormous apparatus, at least after Continental ideas, is demanded for the performance. An orchestra of 120 artists on the podium, an invisible brass choir, organ, bells, a mixed vocal chorus (in this instance the Stern Singing Society), and two soloists—soprano and alto.

"The work itself had with the large audience an undeniably big success. That fact alone, however, would not speak sufficiently for its importance. More than this, public success, however, the diametrically opposed views of the Berlin music critics speak for the fact that something special, something new and something prominent, must be contained in this symphony. If one paper praises Mahler's C minor symphony as one of the most grandiose compositions of the last decade, and another one calls the same work absolutely crazy; if one critic describes the alto solo which forms the fourth part of the symphony as a pearl of pure, naive inspiration, and another one designates this same episode as hyper-rapidity, we have here a repetition of the same spectacle occurring from time to time whenever new, not easily comprehended compositions are sprung upon us. I for my part hold the symphony for a grandiose one in conception, not of even value throughout in the carrying out of the idea, but always interesting

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(*flessland*) and full of meaning (*bedentsam*). Much there is in it that is very beautiful; some places, however, at first hearing sound almost shocking through the apparent harshness (*Haerte*) and through harmonies scarcely imaginable. Nothing, however, is less reliable than a first hearing. Who is there that has ever completely grasped something really new and complicated at first hearing? And Mahler's symphony puts almost eccentric demands upon the comprehensive and receptive faculties as well as upon the ability to follow the composer's ideas. An understanding would have been facilitated if Mahler had given us a program for his symphony. Not that his music is program music. But in which connection the five movements stand to each other, what the composer wanted to express in each, set forth in a simple headline might have sufficed and would have made it easier to guess at his intentions. As it is, only the fourth and fifth movements (with soli and chorus) reveal the leading idea, which is the striving after light, battle, resurrection and the maxim, 'Man, thou hast not lived in vain.' Mahler refused to reveal this program.

"At a second hearing people will understand me all the better," the composer said to me. When will the time come that one can hear such a work in Berlin a second time in like completeness and perfection without the necessity of the creator's undertaking to pay for it?

"But, as I said before, the success with the public, the impression, was a deep one, and henceforth the name of Mahler, the composer, will count for something. 'Man, thou hast not lived in vain!'"

"As a conductor Mahler, who had already conducted three movements of this symphony at one of last season's Philharmonic concerts, proved himself a master of the very first rank."

Saturday night I can dismiss with a few words. The piano recital of Ernesto Consolo, a young Italian, which was to have taken place in Bechstein Hall, for reasons unknown to me was "declared off," as it is called in sporting parlance.

At the Singakademie there was a vocal recital of Miss Anna Stephan, an alto with a mezzo timbre, who sings very poorly, and who was accompanied by a sister who cannot play the piano, and was assisted by a violinist, Herr Carl Martens, who, though he plays second fiddle in the Halir Quartet, should stop playing. The program contained nothing new.

Last night, Monday, December 16, the 125th birthday anniversary of Ludwig van Beethoven, was made the appropriate occasion for the usual and annual Beethoven evening of the Royal Orchestra.

The program for this the sixth symphony evening of the said organization was hardly as felicitously selected as was some of its predecessors. Anyhow, it was quite too much a case of C major for the first hour and a half to suit my taste, and my ears craved for a change of key. There was the First Symphony, the triple concerto and the third Leonore overture, all in this selfsame tonality. Theodore Thomas would never have overlooked this fact, neither would Arthur Nikisch, but Weingartner did.

The triple concerto for piano, violin and violoncello is one of the weakest products of a strong master; besides, it is of irksome length, especially when compared to the meagre contents. It should be cut down considerably, if performed at all. Anyhow I don't believe in concertos for various solo instruments combined; note the last failure of the kind, Brahms' double concerto for violin and 'cello. The Beethoven work, however, was splendidly performed, as far as the three soloists—Professor Barth, Professor Halir and Chamber Musician Dechert—were concerned, especial praise being due to the last named member of the Royal Orchestra for the delicious way in which he executed the difficult violoncello part.

The orchestral accompaniment was less distinguished, and in fact so were, for an exception, nearly all the efforts of the royal body of artists all through the evening, the horns and some of the woodwind being more to blame than the rest of the orchestra.

The third Leonore overture is one of the conductor's most brilliant *chevaux de bataille*, and it did not fail him either on this occasion. But then we have heard it under his baton lately so very often!

The second half of the program was filled with Beethoven's most sprightly and most humorous work, the Eighth Symphony, and this was also the most pleasing and best performed orchestral composition of the evening.

A large audience filled every available seat in the Royal Opera House, and Weingartner, as usual, came in for a great deal of applause.

The letter which Sir Arthur Sullivan after his return to London wrote to Count Hochberg, which letter appeared in an incomplete translation in the Berlin papers, reads in the original as follows:

1 QUEEN'S MANSION, Victoria Street, S. W., November 28, 1900.
MY DEAR COUNT HOCHBERG—I feel I must express to you in the warmest manner my grateful appreciation of the great kindness shown to me personally by everyone connected with the production of *Ivanhoe* in Berlin. The

hearty good will, the eager readiness to meet my wishes and suggestions in every way, and finally the splendid performance on Tuesday, all this will remain in my memory as long as I live, and I beg, therefore, that you will convey my grateful thanks to all concerned.

As to yourself, my dear Count Hochberg, the strongest expressions I can use do but feebly represent my feelings. Impossible for any artist to have received greater kindness and consideration than I have at your hands. Had the opera been your own work you could not have displayed more zeal and anxiety for its success. In this acknowledgment please allow me to associate your able lieutenant and my good friend Mr. Pierson, who is untiring in his efforts to increase the importance and prestige of the Berlin Opera.

It was a great pleasure and privilege for me to have had the opportunity of expressing to His Majesty the Emperor the very high opinion that I and many other foreign artists hold of the personnel and performances of the Royal Opera House. I am, my dear Count Hochberg,

Most sincerely yours,
ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Mr. Boise's fourth lecture on music was a comprehensive glance backward over music's second era, tracing the small rivulet that found its source in the Netherlands' culture of the fourteenth century, was fed by tributaries as it flowed through various European lands, became a mighty stream in the Beethoven-Schubert period, and has now overflowed its banks, forming a great sea of musical enthusiasm and intelligence.

Having in his third lecture followed the line of period makers—high priests of music—Mr. Boise in this resume of the situation took up some of the less important factors and creators that contributed to create our present resourceful condition.

The lecturer places Mendelssohn at the head of the non-priestly line of composers, as an influence in shaping musical evolution; not that Mendelssohn was as strong or as versatile as Mozart, but that his creations mark a departure in technic and temperament that would have made him a high priest had his ideas been more virile.

England has exerted no influence. America is beginning to make herself felt, and promises to become an art centre. France has had her one great Berlioz, who was decidedly out of place in volatile Paris. He was an audacious genius, who inaugurated the classification of instrumental relationships in orchestral writing.

Louise Nikita will commence her German "guesting" tour this week in Aix-la-Chapelle, where she is to make her debut as *Marguerite*.

Josie Hoffmann has had a tremendous success in Russia. Manager Wolff tells me that, for his second St. Petersburg concert, five hours after the opening of the box office over 4,000 rubles' worth of tickets had been sold. This is phenomenal for European ideas and *Verhältnisse*.

The next novelty at the Royal Opera will be Mascagni's long postponed *Ratcliff*, which is to be brought out on January 10, and shortly afterward Reznicek's successful comic opera, *Donna Diana*, is to be mounted here.

A telegram from Moscow tells me of the tremendous success Court Conductor Dr. Carl Muck had at a Philharmonic concert which he directed there. Nobility Hall, holding 3,400 persons, was completely sold out, and greatest ovations were tendered the conductor. The Queen Mab scherzo, from Berlioz's *Romeo and Juliet* symphony, was most enthusiastically redemanded.

Poor Irene Pevny lost her husband, Feditor utaky, of Budapest, through death, last week, after only six weeks of married bliss. She certainly has the sympathies of many friends in her great bereavement.

Among THE MUSICAL COURIER Berlin office callers was Mr. James K. Pleasants, who had an andante and scherzo of his performed at a private orchestral rehearsal of Prof. Urban's pupils, which I was unable to attend; Felix Berber, the Magdeburg concertmaster, who showed me his newly purchased superb \$5,000 Strad., a veritable bargain; Aug. Hyllested, the pianist, and Reinhold L. Herman, the composer, with fresh laurels from the third repetition of *Violetta* at Breslau.

Mendelssohn's Music.—Not more than 100 copies of the full score of Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* music, of which the copyright expired recently, had been sold in fifty years, as conductors borrowed the score from one another.

A Valid Excuse.—*Le Guide Musical* says: "The composer of Sigurd is known to have a horror for the piano, and this has recently been manifested. At the end of the last article which M. Reyer wrote in the *Journal des Débats* there is to be found the following postscript: 'While I have been writing the last leaves of this article an amiable neighbor has been regaling me from 9 o'clock till midnight with almost the whole of *Faust* played with one finger. I therefore beg for every indulgence from my readers.'"

Berlioz's Twenty Thousand Francs.

WHEN Berlioz's pecuniary horizon was a darkness that might be felt, he was suddenly restored to comfort and respectability by a golden shower of 20,000 frs., which Paganini was popularly credited with bestowing. All Paris was aghast, for the fiddler was known to be a miser. It turned out that he added hypocrisy to avarice, for Rossini assured Berlioz that the real benefactor was Armand Bertin, the wealthy owner of the *Journal des Débats*, who persuaded Paganini to pose as the self-denying patron of a brother musician. Hiller visited Berlioz shortly before he died—a blasé, disappointed, ill-conditioned man of genius, who was so mortified with the reception given to his opera, *The Trojans*, that he determined to lay aside his wand, like Prospero, and have nothing more to do with enchantments. He told Hiller that not only had he bequeathed all his scores to the library of the Conservatoire, but that he had deposited them on the shelves with his own hands.

This was the last act of a man who knew what the vanity of human wishes means as well as Dr. Johnson himself, for all the hopes and aspirations at the outset of his career had been but faintly realized. In early days he had written to Hiller, "Beethoven was the Columbus of a new tone world; I hope to follow after him as a Ferdinand Cortez." There was an element of truth in the prophecy, for, though as a profound critic has observed, "he was by no means an erudite musician, his knowledge being restricted, like that of most men of genius, to the range of his personal sympathies, yet he stands alone a colossus with few friends, and no direct followers; a marked individuality, original, puissant, bizarre, violently one sided, whose influence has been and will again be felt far and wide, for good and for bad, but cannot rear disciples or form a school."—*Temple Bar*.

Grammann.—The one act opera *Das Irrlicht*, by Carl Grammann, was produced December 12 at Frankfurt with great applause.

Nansen.—The wife of the Arctic explorer Nansen is a musician, and lately gave concerts at Stockholm and Gothenburg.


New Music Papers.—Three new periodicals dealing with music are making their appearance, namely *Il Ventaglio* at Naples, *Trieste* at Messina, and the *Allgemeine Kunstnachrichten* at Vienna.

Hamburg.—Frau Krzyzanowski-Doxat, of the Leipzig Theatre, has been engaged by Pollini for the City Theatre, Hamburg. Her husband, Capelmeister Krzyzanowski, is engaged to succeed Mahler next season.

Eise Wieden.—A young singer, a pupil of Frau Schimon-Regan, gave lately a very successful concert at Munich. She is a mezzo soprano with remarkable means and a good school, and possesses taste and musical feeling.

Eisenach.—It is proposed to build at Eisenach an opera house similar to that of the Wagner Theatre at Bayreuth. From May to August performances would be given of ancient and modern operatic works. Professor Kürschner, who took a prominent part in the foundation of a Wagner Museum at Eisenach, is to the front in this new undertaking, for which a capital of \$300,000 would be necessary.

New Operas in Italy.—*Le Nozze*, by Loschi, at Bologna. Failure.—*Don Tiburzio*, by Teigano, Catania. Fair success.—*La Pretesa Visita*, by Morandi, at Navacchio.—*Tarcisio*, Alfredo Soffredini, Milan. Success.—A new opera in three acts has recently been completed by A. Smaraglia, the composer of Cornil Schutt. The title of the new work is *La Falena*, and the libretto is by Silvio Benco.



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IN a letter to M. Adeler, of *Le Ménestrel*, M. Saint-Saëns writes in the following melancholy mood: "I have been a pianist and organist; I have composed in nearly all styles, but I lack erudition and a profound knowledge of the history of music, and as a composer I shall have realized only a part of my dream. This is why I would not write any more for the theatre, which, besides, gets on well enough without me. I would return to chamber music, symphony music, organ music, music purely vocal. Shall I live to accomplish my task? I do not know, and, in all sincerity, I do not desire." *Vanitas vanitatum.*

WITH reference to the rumor that Henri Cain, the librettist, and Massenet were to write a comedy opera, based on Du Maurier's *Trilby*, M. Cain writes: "Massenet for two years and a half has been working on *Cendrillon* and *Sappho*. He has still such a lot of work to do that he has run away to the South, and, accustomed as he is to such things, he will be much astonished that reports, after putting him forward to write a *Frou-frou* and a *Macbeth*, now make him think of writing the music for a work which I believe is very original, but of which he is utterly ignorant."

AGAIN MR. PAUR.

THE Boston *Herald* believes that we do Mr. Paur an injustice when we praise the playing of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and fail to recognize his supreme merits as a conductor. If, the critic of the *Herald* argues, the band plays well it is because of the conductor. This is mixing matters up. We never denied that Mr. Paur was an efficient drill-master. On the contrary, his rehearsals are said to be most strenuous affairs, but we do insist that Mr. Paur, excellent musician as he is, is denied by nature temperament and poetry. His readings are dry, monotonous, hidebound, and his work generally without life or enthusiasm.

His orchestra—which received its technical training from Gericke; its freedom, elasticity, color and swing from Nikisch—plays wonderfully despite its conductor, and we say this in defiance of the generally accepted opinions on the subject. Mr. Paur is a good time beater, that's all. As a Kapellmeister in a third rate German city he would be thoroughly well placed. As conductor of the most brilliant band in America he is absurd—only that and nothing more.

GERMAN NOVELTIES IN 1894.

MR. MAX FRIEDLÄNDER'S *Opern Statistik* (Breitkopf & Härtel), noticed in our last week's number, contains, in addition to the general list which we summarized, a catalogue of the novelties produced in 1894 in German states. It contains thirty-two titles. In number of productions *Hänsel and Gretel* stands first with 469 performances, and it is properly included in the novelties of 1894, as it had only two performances during the winter holidays of 1893, at Weimar, on Christmas Eve and at Munich on December 30. The first performance in 1894 was at Karlsruhe January 25.

Of the other novelties the number of performances of the respective works during the year was as follows:

ONCE—*Dolcetta*. Burlesque opera. One act. Johannes Döbber, Brandenburg, August 10.
Frau Inge. Three acts. J. Beechgard, Prague, October 5.
Ione. One act. Rudolph Thoma, Breslau, May 3.
King Arthur. Three acts and prelude. Max Vogrich, Leipsic, November 26, 1893.
Manita. Two acts. M. von Ogarew, Schwerin, March 11.
Rubin. Two acts. E. d'Albert, Karlsruhe, October 12, 1893.
Sonnwendnacht. One act. B. Harmston, Lubeck, November 27.
Trinitätsnacht. One act. Hans Dütschke, Dortmund, October 28.
Welfenbraut. Three acts. A. Zamara, Hamburg, March 20.

TWICE—*Arnolda*. One act. Andreas Mohr, Würzburg, February 27.
Aspasia. C. Schröder, Nuremberg, January 12.
Cherubina. Two acts. Leo Blech, Aix-la-Chapelle, December 23, 1893.
Clara Dettin. Three acts. M. Meyer-Olbersleben, Weimar, November 2, 1893.

Columba. One act. Emil Liepe, Königsberg, March 20.

Erlöst. One act. F. Curti, Mannheim, November 6.

Philippine Welser. Four acts. Carl Pohl, Stettin, January 5.

Saint Foix. One act. Hans Sommer, Munich, October 31.

Talmah. One act. Henry Berény, Mannheim, October 19.

Trischka. Burlesque. One act. E. Meyer-Helmund, Riga, December 4, 1894.

Wieland der Schmied. Four acts. Max Zenger, Munich, April 5. This is included in the novelties of the year as a revised edition of the work which was first given at Munich in 1880.

THREE TIMES—*Angla*. One act. Ferd. Hummel, Berlin, June 9.

Astrella. Gottfried Grunewald, Magdeburg, December 25.

Brautgang. One act. B. Oelsner, Darmstadt, January 21.

Dalibor. Three acts. F. Smetana, Munich, November 8.

Donna Diana. Three acts. E. Von Recznicek, Prague, December 16.

Ein Treuer Schelm. One act. Ferd. Hummel, Prague, October 25.

Etelka. Two acts. Buongiorno, Prague, March 13.

Ingrid. Two acts. K. Grammann, Dresden, October 9.

Irrlicht. One act. K. Grammann, Dresden, October 9.

Manon Lescaut. Four acts. Puccini, Hamburg, November 7, 1893.

Spielmannsglück. Three acts. Reinhold L. Hermann, Cassel, January 10.

FOUR TIMES—*Aglaiä*. One act. L. Blech, Aix-la-Chapelle, October 4, 1893.

Fröde. Three acts. M. Beechgard, Prague, October 5.

Guntram. Three acts. R. Strauss, Weimar, May 10.

Heimkehr. One act. L. Grünberger, Prague, January 25.

Jehan de Saintré. Fred. von Erlanger, Hamburg, February 26.

Ingweide. Three acts. Max Schillings, Karlsruhe, November 13.

Weltfrühling. Three acts. Hans Huber, Basel, March 28.

SIX TIMES—*Marga*. One act. G. Pittrich, Dresden, February 9.

SEVEN TIMES—*Franz Moor's Ende*. One act. Ugo della Noce, Gratz, September 24.

Miriam. Three acts. R. Heuberger, Vienna, January 20.

EIGHT TIMES—*Hexenlied*. One act. Emil Kaiser, Berlin, June 30.

Moses. Anton Rubinstein, Prague, January 14.

Zamora. One act. A. Stierlin, Halle, February 4.

ELEVEN TIMES—*A Basso Porto*. Three acts. N. Spinelli, Cologne, April 18.

THIRTEEN TIMES—*Hochzeitmorgen*. One act. Karl von Kaskel, Berlin, April 28.

SIXTEEN TIMES—*Pfeifer von Hardt*. Volks oper, four acts. Ferd. Langer, Stuttgart, January 21.

TWENTY-FIVE TIMES—*Der Kuss*. Volks oper, two acts. F. Smetana, Leipsic, October 6, 1893.

TWENTY-SEVEN TIMES—*Im Brunnen*. One act. W. Blodek, Leipsic, October 29. (First performed in Czech at Prague 1869.)

THIRTY-SIX TIMES—*Die Medici*. R. Leoncavallo, Berlin, February 17. (First performed at Milan November 9, 1893.)

In this list the dates and place names are those of the first performance in German theatres, and a reference to the list in the last number of THE MUSICAL COURIER will show when they were produced elsewhere.

Of Wagner's works the greatest number of performances during the year was seventy at Munich against sixty-seven at Berlin, while of Mozart's works Berlin is credited with thirty and Munich with seven, while Hamburg comes third in both cases, with fifty-four of Wagner and nineteen of Mozart. Vienna comes twelfth in the list of Mozart performances, with eleven productions, and seventh in the Wagner list, with thirty-five performances.

A CRITICAL ESTIMATE OF MENDELSSOHN.

IS the reputation of Mendelssohn paying penalty now, through depreciation, for exaggerated enthusiasm in the past? Mr. H. Heathcote Statham, writing for *The Nineteenth Century* (December), asserts that such is the case. He says that while Mendelssohn is still popular with the masses, the essentially musical population, having become conscious that their fathers had placed him on too lofty a pedestal, are now nervously anxious to evince their own critical orthodoxy and insight by going far to deny him any pedestal at all; that the weaknesses of Mendelssohn's style are being dwelt upon, to the forgetfulness of his unquestionable beauties. We quote as follows:

"If we take for a moment a comprehensive mental survey of the whole mass of Mendelssohn's contributions to the art of music, how can we summarize the characteristics of this Mendelssohnian style, thus early matured? We shall recognize, I think, in his instrumental music, a pervading element of poetic fancy and feeling, always suggestive, nearly always beautiful—seldom indeed is Mendelssohn dry, crabbed, or merely scholastic—but with the drawback that the range of feeling and expression seems limited; we feel as if listening to a poet who is frequently recurring to the same idea expressed in slightly different language. And this mannerism of the imagination, as one may call it, is accompanied (not unnaturally) by a mannerism in details of musical form and treatment, some of which we may note particularly just now.

"Such mannerisms impress us more, perhaps, partly on account of what is in one sense a merit of Mendelssohnian style, viz., a general breadth and massiveness of treatment, in which, however, there is rather a deficiency of characteristic detail. It was urged by one of Mendelssohn's warmest allies among musical critics that Mozart had his favorite turns of modulation and his favorite forms of close and cadence, as strongly marked and as peculiarly his own as any of Mendelssohn's mannerisms. This is perhaps true in a sense, but the fact is masked, in the case of Mozart, by the clear and strongly defined outline of his music, and its far greater variety of design in detail.

"We can discern in all Mendelssohn's compositions, of whatever class, a most conscientious attention to completeness and symmetry of form as regards the whole design of the piece, whether long or short. No Greek artist could have shown more refinement of perception in this respect than Mendelssohn. His smallest song without words is a completely modeled composition in which the balance and proportion of parts is studiously observed. On the other hand, in construction—the power, that is of building up separate melodies or parts into a connected whole—Mendelssohn was exceedingly deficient, as is very evident in his choral compositions and his not very numerous fugues, vocal and instrumental."

Mr. Statham observes that a good deal of the special individuality of Mendelssohn's instrumental music consists in a peculiar power of conveying through music the sentiment of scenes in nature, but in a manner totally distinct from "program music." On this point he says:

"This use of instrumental music for painting the moods and aspects of nature is not the most intellectual use of the art; it is apt to degenerate into a kind of sentimentalism, in which the outer or superficial expression of the music is more thought of than its constructive framework; and in many of Mendelssohn's smaller compositions, such as the Gondola Songs, which occur in the *Lieder ohne Worte*, it does thus degenerate, and compositions are produced which have no doubt a vivid suggestiveness of broken lights and rocking boats and voluptuous serenading music, but which soon tire us from their lack of innate musical interest. More or less this sentimental taint is over a great proportion of Mendelssohn's instrumental music; the habit of attempting to translate into music the sentiment of scenes led to a predominance of sentiment over construction, even when there was no ostensible scene painting proposed."

Mr. Statham thinks that while Mendelssohn had all the breadth of interest and sympathy of a great composer he fell short in technical power; that in his composition he fails just where the stress of construction comes in. But in questioning Mendelssohn's right to a place among the great masters Mr. Statham, leaving out of question living composers,

confines that list to Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. In closing he says:

"If the standard of definition of a 'great master' is to be at all extended or lowered, to include others than those five peers of the art, I believe Mendelssohn, among deceased composers, has the next right of entrée, and that he has prior claims over either Schubert or Schumann as a more robust genius and possessed of more varied powers than the former, and a far more consummate artist than the latter."

AFFECTATION IN MUSIC.

IF we divide our musical population the wonder will present itself in this persistent day of affectation as to how many of three-fourths the number may tell the truth as to the music they really do prefer. The Wagner music drama was the signal for a casting off of old beliefs, which it might easily have been known was done with a dangerous rapidity. There does exist about one-fourth, say, of the musical community which is absolutely candid as to its preferences. It happens by good luck to like naturally what is esteemed the correct thing, that is the least common thing, the hardest thing to understand. Melody in unrelieved flow is now regarded as common. People are afraid of it. Wagner is saving of melody, and makes up with his harmony and orchestral color, and this is regarded as correct, as it is difficult to understand. One-fourth of the people absolutely do enjoy and prefer the Wagner music drama above and beyond anything which may be given to them. The other three-fourths are trying to pretend they do, or at least trying to pretend that they like anything and everything else but flowing, suave melody, which they feel to be vulgar and old fashioned, and quite stupid to acknowledge.

The confusion caused by the want of true candor in the musical case is supreme. People torture themselves listening to music for which they neither have comprehension nor liking, but are pretending they have both and they undergo the torture often for the sake of somebody else who has imbued them with the idea that they comprehend and like only these same strains. The true case is very often that if both people were to throw down the gauntlet and declare the truth at the same time they would each declaim that they had been trying to make a fool not only of each one's self but of each other.

Why will not people be candid about music as about other matters of art? There is by no means the stigma presupposed in the case of free judgment upon any other artistic topic. People do not think it necessary to don any mantle of falsehood on going into an art gallery. They pick out the pictures they like, and do not hesitate a moment about turning to the wall the Raphaels, Murillos, Da Vincis or their prototypes in modern day, and take instead, if it please them, works of the slightest connoisseur value.

People will say naturally that music is a commoner, more universal, luxury than painting, something more talked about, a matter of everyday belief about which a professing creed becomes a more livable necessity. But surely not any more than in the case of our books. And who is ashamed nowadays to declare freely that they prefer the amusement of a light novel to the best psychologic or critical study penned or the ablest review? Nobody is ashamed. People declare with unmitigated frankness exactly what pleases and what they will buy and enjoy in literature and in painting, but nobody—well, practically nobody—tells the truth about music.

They victimize and bore themselves, nailing themselves to a creed they cannot spell and would not want to if they could. They abandon the music they do like and understand, and present themselves with a painful effort at absorption at performances of the music they do not. What in the name of common sense and the respectable naked truth is the matter with music that it is a literal impossibility to find out nowadays with the majority of people what sort of music they really and truly care about? Because if you ask any one individual to-day who is supposed to know C from D a question on opera you will receive the same answer from everyone in succession. "The music drama," they will all say, "only the music drama," and according to the amount they know they will probably add something about the detestable boredom of Italian opera.

There are a great many true Wagnerians who still have a hankering for certain Italian operas. If they are true Wagnerians they will not be afraid to say so. But the innate devotees of Italian opera are the

ones who are afraid to say so, and who sit with aching eyeballs and ears through *Tristan and Isolde*, the *Trilogy* and the rest, and deny themselves the music for which their half grown soul truly craves.

There are people who would not have it said that they were seen at an Italian opera. They would fear a loss of prestige. Musical prestige they know to be a painful thing. They feel it to be obtained not by hard study, with its development, but by continued self sacrifice, ignoring strains you like, manufacturing enthusiasm for what you don't like. In fact, many of the aspirants for musical prestige, having exercised a sweeping self denial for years, will feel that when a thing is what they feel to be abominably ugly and cacophonous they have only got to praise it and they will be surely and safely be adding another laurel to their prestige.

It would simplify matters immensely for an operative management if people would but declare their colors and stick to them. Opera is taken as a test point because it is the most representative and patronized form of music, and should be the surest fathom of public taste. If people have come to staying at home rather than be spoken of as sitting through an opera like *Trovatore* or *Favorita*, or affecting others so that they present themselves in a slinking, shame-faced way at such opera, show is a management to calculate on a clientèle?

This affectation brings about as its worst consequence very often a state of things where people hear nothing at all. There is the set who will pay to be bored and gain a supposed musical prestige thereby, but there is also the set who, shamed out of hearing what they can really enjoy, will not pay to listen to that which they do not enjoy. Of the two these people who decide to pay nothing except for what they really desire are the wiser, but the folly of being sneered out of their true preferences is disastrous to their legitimate enjoyment and the cause of musical prosperity. If only the public told out the truth of its taste a management might know how much and how often of this, that or the other character of music to give. But as things stand it's a case of staying away in one case for appearance' sake, fear of being considered a person of uneducated taste, or going and diffusing an atmosphere of dullness and stupidity which affects artists and other members of an audience where the listener is completely out of sympathy with what is in progress.

The staying away is the lamentable idiotic side of it. But the extent to which this is done, and the depressed receipts of the box office on nights when they might be plethoric can hardly be estimated by anyone who has not observed closely and compared within the circle. We actually have reached the day when people will say to themselves on the score of music that they would dearly like to hear this work or that other, but that they daren't be seen at it lest they might lose musical caste.

Every preference is honorable. If we like one order of music it is well, and if another it is better, no doubt. But it is, above all, best to know exactly what we do like and tell the truth about it, misleading neither our friends nor the people who cater to us. It is quite possible to be a music-dramatist and have a corner for mellifluous Italian too, which the genuine Wagnerites well know and avow. It is the affected Wagnerians, with whom no genius can arrive at what they want. They themselves have got so enwrapped in falsehood that if it came to wriggling out they would forget where original truth lay, and, like all people who meddle with two stools, find themselves hopelessly on the ground.

If a magic touch were to convert the Metropolitan Opera House one early night into a palace of truth, at what revelations might we not arrive! The cases of mutual discovery when each man unbosomed himself faithfully on the score of his musical loves might cause the hair of our most venerated musical pillars to stand on end. "Et tu Brute" would go the rounds, and Eureka would be plenty. To think some one would say to himself that here I have been playing a part—a tiresome, fatiguing, Wagner-loving part—for three years, all for the benefit of these three or four people before me, and now here they are with much less regard for the music than I ever had myself.

So why may not people tell the truth, act truthfully by the light of common sense and self protection, and cast off the affectation which is a barrier to their own comfort, the sympathy of their friends and the projections of musical managements which are eternally at sea as to the pabulum essential to provide?

SOUSA VINDICATED.

AFTER much squabbling and hard words information is to hand which clears John Philip Sousa from a charge of plagiarism. Several weeks ago THE MUSICAL COURIER raised a sensation in the world of popular music by reprinting a story from an Arizona newspaper, which told how F. Ronstadt, leader of the Philharmonic Band in Tucson, Ariz., claimed that he had discovered a polka two-step fifteen years old of which Sousa's Washington Post march was a facsimile.

He did not say that Sousa was a plagiarist, but merely set forth his discovery. Sousa inferred that his reputation was being attacked and in a letter to this paper, which was published, he went for that Western conductor in a manner which showed that he was mad. He denied having copied even a single note from anyone for his Washington Post march and finished his letter with a suggestion that if the charge was not withdrawn there would be trouble.

Leader Ronstadt's reply was received at this office a few days ago, and reads as follows:

TUCSON, ARIZONA, December 27, 1895.

Editors The Musical Courier, New York City:

I have received the two numbers of THE MUSICAL COURIER which you kindly sent me, and see that I am branded as a malicious libeler and destroyer of reputations by our eminent bandmaster, Mr. J. P. Sousa, but I am confident that Mr. Sousa will moderate his opinion when he knows the real facts, or perhaps regret that he has assailed one whose honor is as sacred to him as his to Mr. Sousa, without taking a second thought.

The report in the Los Angeles, Cal., paper is a great deal different from what was really said by me, and by to-day's mail I take pleasure in mailing to you a copy of the Tucson Star with a paragraph more in accord with what was said at the time.

It is true that the copy referred to is here, and I take pleasure in mailing it to you also, trusting that you will return it when you are done with same, as it does not belong to me.

The piece was brought to me by Mr. J. D. Balderas, former leader of the First Infantry Band, Arizona National Guards, and had been seen by a number of the band members and commented on for at least three or four weeks before I knew anything about it.

Since that time we have received Washington Post March, by J. P. Sousa, for band, from Wagner & Levien, published by them at the city of Mexico, so I do not doubt that Mr. Sousa is really the composer of the piece, and the only strange thing is that it should have been published in Mexico by another name, and (judging from the title page) a good many years ago. I think this would have attracted the attention of anyone enough to say something about it.

I will say that my intention has never been to injure Mr. Sousa's reputation, and I do not say it as an apology, for I believe I have none to offer. We have a good many of Mr. Sousa's marches in our repertory, and take great pleasure in playing them.

Very respectfully yours, F. RONSTADT.

Now comes the solution of the mystery, which only goes to show that men—bandmasters not excepted—may become hopelessly tangled up unless they can translate music title-pages printed in Spanish. The following letter from Mr. F. Toledo explains why:

NEW YORK, December 31, 1895.

Editors The Musical Courier:

You some weeks ago printed in your columns an extract from a correspondent of the Los Angeles Times of Tucson, Ariz., stating that a bandmaster by the name of Ronstadt had a copy of an old Mexican quickstep, composed by Sirvase Usted Pasar, published fifteen years ago in Mexico by Wagner & Levien, which was identical throughout with the stirring notes of the Washington Post march.

Now, it happens that I have close and constant relations with the firm of Wagner & Levien, of Mexico, and I made up my mind that I would at once confirm or refute this story. Accordingly, I immediately wrote to that firm, requesting that a copy of the alleged "original" Washington Post, published by them fifteen years ago, should be sent to me. Fortunately, Mr. Wagner, of the firm of Wagner & Levien, himself arrived in New York on his way to Europe the very same day I received by mail from Mexico the copy of the march, and being informed by me of the article published in THE MUSICAL COURIER, he gave me the true facts about this matter, which are as follows:

Mr. Wagner says that his firm having within a few months completed an entirely new store in the city of Mexico, they conceived the plan of issuing a popular piece of music with a picture of their store upon the title page, together with the words:

OBSEQUIO DE A. WAGNER Y LEVIEN.

GRAN REPERTORIO DE MUSICA Y ALMACEN DE INSTRUMENTOS.
2a CALLE DE SAN FRANCISCO II.

ANTES

COLISEO VIEJO 15
POLKA PASO DORLE.

Dedicado al
BELLO SEXO MEXICANO.

And the words in large letters over the entire page:

"SIRVASE USTED PASAR."

The music chosen for this purpose was the Washington Post March, by John Philip Sousa, which Mr. Wagner states he used because of its immense popularity and because it was not protected by copyright in Mexico, and by oversight he neglected to add to it the name of Mr. Sousa as composer.

Now, this country leader by the name of Ronstadt doubtless mistook the words "Coliseo Viejo 15," which is the name of the

street and the number of the store, for "published fifteen years ago," and the words "Sirvase Usted Pasar" he assumed to be the name of the composer. But these are three Spanish words which simply mean "Please walk in," printed upon the title page of this piece of music over the picture of the store.

This alleged Mexican composition of fifteen years ago Messrs. Wagner & Levien had published in Leipzig, Germany, by C. G. Röder, the imprint of that firm being printed on the music in fine type. Mr. Wagner states that there is no pretense whatever of this music being any other than that of the Washington Post, every note of which, he says, is a copy of Mr. Sousa's Brilliant March. Not a copy of the music was sold by the firm of Wagner & Levien, but it was given away in large numbers as a compliment to the beautiful women of Mexico upon the occasion of the opening of their new store.

You now have a complete history of this alleged plagiarism by Mr. Sousa of a piece of music claimed to have been printed fifteen years ago by Wagner & Levien, the music of which was alleged to be composed by "Sirvase Usted Pasar." This piece of music, however, instead of being fifteen years old, has not seen the light of half that number of months, and was simply copied from the Washington Post for the purpose detailed above.

Very sincerely yours,

F. TOLEDO.

So far as the score is concerned Mr. Ronstadt was nearly right. Only in two or three bars does Sirvase Usted Pasar differ from its real self, the Washington Post, and these would not be noticed in its performance. Anyway, it is all over now, and the Washington Post March will go on record as having lived as its own double.

Declamation with Music

THE idea of declaiming with music is a growing one. Sarah Bernhardt in a recent interview said: "My dream was to play in opera—that is, to declaim the words to the accompaniment of music. You will see that in this direction the future of the theatre lies."

A few years ago, before there was so much thought of this—indeed while there still existed bitter opposition to it—there happened in this country, not very far away, an incident to a writer and composer who were taking a pleasant trip together.

The incident was of a humorous nature, with opportunity for a moral, and one said to her companion, "Make a poem of this, and I will set it to music, making a new order of musical recitation." The experiment was tried, they entitled it The Red Fan. It proved a success. The same writer and composer have just launched another on the public mart of entirely different sentiment, but it should be as popular, since it is suitable for so many different occasions.

In the first place, the music can be used alone without the words as piano solo; just the thing teachers are looking for to illustrate to their pupils difference in tempo, expression, and how music can be used as a tone picture. It can also be used in a more public way for entertainments and concerts.

It is just what readers need, as it is a thrilling narrative with romance interwoven, and when recited metrically with the music it holds the close attention of a vast audience to the end, till scarcely a dry eye can be seen. A reader who gave it in Carnegie Music Hall says of it: "The Idyl of an Orchard is rich in tender feeling and subtle beauty. Words and music are harmoniously blended, and its hearers seldom fail to pay the tribute of a tear."

Sauret Arrived.

EMILE SAURET, the distinguished French violin virtuoso, arrived in this city last Sunday on the Etruria. He has not been heard here since 1877, when he played in concert with Carlotta Patti, Mario and Ronconi. He makes his reëntree next Friday afternoon at the third public rehearsal of the Philharmonic Society.

Emil Kayser.—The first chamber music concert of the winter was given at Hagen, with the Barmen String Quartet, under the management of E. Kayser, on December 15, with great success. Director Kayser gave a concert lately at the Berlin Singakademie, with Elsa Pagenstecker and Hjalmar von Zamek, which gained a favorable notice from even W. Tappert and Otto Lessmann. Other critics also join in praise of Kayser's pianism.

Emil Sauer.—Dr. Otto Neitsel, in a notice of a concert at Cologne, writes, respecting Sauer's playing and doubts as to his being an interpreter of Beethoven, that facts scatter all such doubts. He knows Beethoven as few do, and the musician overshadowed the virtuoso, and the vestal fire of chaste art appeared in all his performance. His well shaded touch, virile in even the lightest singing passages, and the crystal clearness of his technic were simply means of expression for his warm musical feeling. By restraining his individual temperament to the simple speech of Beethoven he rendered this often heard concerto, E flat major, a fresh enjoyment.

Naples.—A work of Cimaraosa, Giannina e Bernadone, has been revived at the Mercadante, of Naples, with a very good success. Many numbers of this lively and fresh music were redemanded. The rehearsals for Walküre at the San Carlo are going on actively.



AN ITALIAN MUSICAL RENAISSANCE.

A PASSING mention was made several weeks ago of R. A. Streatfeild's Masters of Italian Music. The volume is an interesting one, and written from the correct view point. The principal composers discussed are Verdi, Boito, Mascagni, Puccini, Leoncavallo and some lesser lights. Oddly enough Pizzini's name is omitted, although he was a classmate of Mascagni, Puccini and Leoncavallo, and his ideals decidedly modern.

As modern Italy runs almost entirely to operatic music, Bazzini, Sgambati and Luigi Mancinelli (the conductor) only get passing mention, while Cilea, Tascia, Cipollini, Mugnone, Giordana, Samara (a Greek, yet by musical birth an Italian), Auteri-Manzocchi, Franchetti and Coronaro are not dealt with at all.

The scope of the book is sufficiently wide to indicate the renaissance of operatic music in Italy. The mighty dramatic genius of Richard Wagner has cast a shadow over the peninsula, and it is safe to assert that no living Italian composer has escaped his influence. It was sadly needed, for until Verdi's Aida the opera was conventionalized to a degree. I purposely exclude Boito's Mefistofele, which was produced at Milan the season of 1867-8, because it was not until the revised version, which saw the light at Bologna in 1875, that the work was in the shape it is to-day.

December 24, 1871, at Cairo, Egypt, Aida was sung, but it was 1876 before London heard this music drama.

The history of modern music drama in Italy will probably date from February 5, 1887, when Otello was first sung at Milan by Tamagno, Pantaleoni and Maurel. It was February 9, 1893, before Falstaff was given, and in Milan, with Maurel in the title rôle. These three last works of Verdi influenced all Italy. Boito had great influence over Ponchielli, who in his turn did much for Puccini, Mascagni and Leoncavallo. Verdi, however, is king of all.

Mr. Streatfeild treats Verdi most lovingly; he traces his gradual evolution from Oberto, which was produced at Milan, November 17, 1839, to Falstaff. He discusses the logical development of his eminently dramatic genius as manifested in Un Giorno di Regno, Nabucco, I Lombardi, Ernani, I Due Foscari, Giovanna d'Arco, Alzira, Attila, Macbeth, I Masnadieri, Il Corsaro, La Battaglia di Legnano, Luisa Miller, Stiffelio, Rigoletto (Venice, March 11, 1851), Il Trovatore, La Traviata, The Sicilian Vespers, Simon Boccanegra, Araldo, Una Ballo in Maschera, La Forza del Destino and Don Carlos, which last named immediately preceded Aida.

What a list! What a worker! And the variety of most of it, for how few of the early Verdi operas are preserved in the working repertory of the opera! In the twentieth century possibly five, certainly not more, will be all that will testify to this composer's ability. The author does not believe that Verdi is done yet, and hints at a half completed work.

Boito is the subject of a capital sketch, his versatility and wonderful powers of self criticism being dwelt upon. Boito's great influence upon Verdi is too well known to be especially exploited here. He has, we can say without exaggeration, been the power behind the throne, and his fine literary powers have no doubt militated seriously against his gifts for musical composition.

Streatfeild's estimate of Mascagni is a just one. Admitting his talents, he does not see how it is possi-

ble for the young man to do good work until the fumes of the success of *Cavalleria Rusticana* are driven out of his head. His success was enough to turn the brain of any mortal, so that we have got but little since his first work. When the son of the baker of Leghorn settles down to hard work and serious self criticism he may produce a masterpiece. So far he has given us nothing but the turbulent wine of hot headed youth. But he has natural musical talent and temperament, and we have some hopes for him.

The study of Puccini is one of the most interesting in the book. Puccini comes of a family of successful musicians. His grandfather and father were composers. He was born at Lucca in 1858, and the family—six in all—made music from morning until night. He had advantages undreamed of by Mascagni, and everything was done to smooth his way. Naturally his music bears the stamp of the scholar, and is possibly deficient in that quality we recognize in Mascagni, which we call spontaneity. Le Villi and Manon Lescaut are his two best known works.

Puccini, whose music is unknown to us in New York, appears to be the best equipped of the younger group of men. He has melodic gifts, dramatic feeling, and a fine sense of orchestral color. Above all, he is above the trickeries and sensationalisms of Mascagni and Leoncavallo. Streatfeild says that his powers of characterization are still weak, but Verdi has spoken of him as the most promising of his successors, and is not that praise for such a young man?

Curiously enough Ruggiero Leoncavallo was born in the same year—1858—but at Naples. He is a pianist and an excellent one. Leoncavallo is a lettered man, and, imitating Wagner, has written his own libretti. His first opera, *Thomas Chatterton*, was a failure, and so has been his *trilogia I Medici*, a stupendously conceived work which would have tried the talents of a bigger man than Leoncavallo. It is an epic and the music is borrowed from many sources, or rather unconsciously assimilated. I Pagliacci is too familiar to need further discussion. It is clever and effective, the story—*Catulle Mendès*, by the way—quite as good as the music. Leoncavallo is still crude, still undeveloped, his talent still in need of powerful clarification. His ambitions are enormous, and while *I Medici* must be pronounced a failure, yet it is an honorable one. So far he has not proved any claim to originality. He borrows from Bach to Dvorák, his acquaintance with all composers is great, and, as Streatfeild points out, *Balfe's When Other Lips* is the love motif in *Pagliacci*. He has a smart trick orchestration, showy but superficial, and knows how to dress up a cheap melody like *Nedda's Ballatella* in a gaudy garment. With all his shortcomings Streatfeild has hopes for Leoncavallo's musical future.

I have not by any means eviscerated this interesting volume, which is imported by the Scribners. It will repay you to read it in detail.

Believing that each shining hour of a new year should be improved, I spent the first afternoon of 1896 at Proctor's Pleasure Palace, on Fifty-eight street.

At 2 o'clock the big auditorium was nearly full, and after listening to a big miscellaneous bill, Vance Thompson's new pantomime, *A Japanese Doll*, was mimed. I enjoyed it exceedingly, although it is without the poetic atmosphere of *The Dresden Shepherdess*. The story is so neat and nice that children cry for it, and people of tainted imaginations smile at it. I don't mean that the pantomimewright (I wonder if that word is all right!) intends double entendre, or that the mimes suggested anything not set down in the mind of the great and good Comstock, only I noticed several lovely currents that indicated more than the synopsis bargained for.

The little girl was naughty, she had naughty eyes, and oh, the indescribable naughtiness of her ankles! There are curves and curves, and this little girl's curves were of the latter variety.

The writing on the blackboard of "Be good and go to Hades early" was, I am sure, done intentionally by the naughty little girl. The Japanese doll was a curious doll. When it drank sherry and whisky and saw snakes a sympathetic holiday shiver swept over the house. I would bet a week's salary that, if the audience hadn't been watching, that little girl would have followed the doll into the—into its retirement.

Mr. Thompson has really contrived a naughty pendant to *Hänsel and Gretel*.

Aimé Lachaume's accompanying music is delicate and suggestive, if not violently original. I liked the slumber song and the Japanese music. The valse, too, is very pretty and bright. Pilar-Morin was the doll, and a bizarre creature she was. Her drunken scene was capital. Mlle. Severine was the naughty blond girl. She is an accomplished pantomimist, and her work has a modern touch—indeed, a New York touch—which is grateful. Miss Bengy Harrison was the little boy. The Bed and Bottle were most sympathetically impersonated. *A Japanese Doll* is a decided success.

Mr. Price showed me the house, dazzled me with the roof garden, the palm garden and the Lockhart elephants, and sent me away wondering if Boney couldn't learn to play the cornet with his own trunk. His tone production is a trifle harsh, but a few lessons from Levy would remedy that. Altogether I spent several pleasant hours, and the fact that one can smoke really makes this house a music hall, with all that it implies.

I never saw a bigger crowd at the Metropolitan Opera House than on New Year's night. Of course the holiday had a little to do with it. Melba and Calvé were the attractions. Mr. Grau looked well satisfied with the new year. I fear that it is the singer and not the work that fills the house.

General Sickles took off both coats by accident Wednesday night, and the world of fashion and art enjoyed the spectacle of the broad-chested warrior in his shirt sleeves.

At the Opera they call Mr. Godwin "Central Parke Godwin" because—well, really, I don't know the exact reason, but it somehow or other suits him. His hair and whiskers are certainly umbrageous.

A new photograph of Emma Eames lies before me. It was taken less than a month ago at Reutlinger's, in Paris. The prima donna is thinner than she was last spring, and she looks very beautiful. Some added touch of spiritual loveliness there is about the eyes and brow. You know she has been quite ill, but is able to sing again. She will be this winter at the Monte Carlo Opera House, where the best music in Europe may be heard. She sings with Tamagno. I wonder if Eames will return next season! I hope not. I hope she will remain away for two years, so when she does revisit us we will be able to enjoy the big jump she has made in her art. She is a very ambitious woman, and we all expect big things of her some day.

There was quite a crowd of well-known people in the barbor shop of the Gilsey House New Year's morning.

I had secured the services of the Wagnerian barber, while the magician barber did feats of prestidigitation with the hair of Willy Schutz. In the chair of the poet barber (he looks like a poet, but is thirsty as a fish) sat "Al" Adams. He listened with precocious pleasure to the tale of the real estate man, Charlie Thomas.

Here is a new diversion for the holidays. You hear the roar of a double barreled musket outside of your house, and rush to the door. You encounter a friend, who exclaims:

"Egad, sir! What do you think of that, old man, for a random shot?"

A huge owl lies before you. The crowd closes in, the chimes of the new year are ringing, and you naturally ask all hands to take a drink. Joyous assent. Then the owl is shouldered, and you go to bed. If you stay up you may hear more musket shots. That is what Thomas did. He grew suspicious and ran down the street. In front of a corner saloon he heard the proprietor say:

"Well, well, who would have thought? An owl shot on my doorstep, and on New Year's Eve! All hands step in and take a drink, boys." Mr. Thomas grew more suspicious. He determined to watch.

Presently the boys came out into the thirsty mid night, and he followed at a listening distance.

His friend, who was carrying the owl, suddenly dropped it and said:

"Jim; hi, there, Jim! get up and walk, you lazy bird! I'm tired out."

The owl flopped along, its eyes blinking like yellow cannon balls, and Thomas yelled out, "I'll bet that owl hasn't an ounce of bird shot in him!"

Great was the row, and then a confession was made. Our friend joined the crowd with the educated owl, and more shootings were made, and with the same satisfactory results. Sober as an owl would hardly be the phrase in this case.

The many friends of Arthur Friedheim in this city will be glad to hear that he has been concertizing with great success in Scandinavia, and expects soon to play in Berlin and Leipsic. Friedheim is a very remarkable pianist.

Cremonini, the good looking young tenor at the Opera, is now called by his intimates "Caro Ciocalatina." You may have heard of his ability with the foil. He is the best swordsman at the Metropolitan Opera House, although Edouard de Reszké is a good, close second. Cremonini always fences with one especial foil, which is adorned at the handle by a curious little chocolate colored mark. He calls it lovingly his "Ciocalatina," and the other night while he was exhibiting his prowess before some friends a well-known singer to became quite enamored of the little mark.

"Ah, Cremonini," she cried in Tuscanese, "give me that foil with the 'ciocalatina' and I will be yours forever!"

But Cremonini, despite his youth, is level headed, and politely but firmly refused to part with a weapon for which he has almost a superstitious love. Hang on to it, Cremonini, and may your shadow never elongate, because if it does you will become monarch of all you survey!

The Prince of Naples, heir to the throne of Italy, has just completed a novel which he shortly intends to give to the public. His Highness has not yet decided whether to challenge criticism as an unknown competitor or to burst into the literary arena with the royal arms of Italy on his title page. The latter course was adopted by Queen Victoria after sending some verses to a magazine under a nom be plume and receiving them back, "with thanks," by return post. So young Naples, like the illustrious sovereign of England, may try both courses. Apropos of royal talent and noms de guerre, the brother of the reigning Duke of Oldenburg once wrote an opera which he sent to Gounod, under the name of Schwartz. Next day the maestro sent back the score with these words: "C'est trop bete pour guignol." (It is too stupid for Punch and Judy.) "Charles Gounod."

Springfield, Mass., doesn't love Paderewski any more. When Paderewski played in Springfield last season he had the misfortune to stop at the wrong hotel. Now, everybody who knows anything about Springfield knows that the town boasts of one very good hotel and seven or eight very bad ones. Paderewski's manager put him up at one of the seven or eight. Next morning as Paderewski shook the dust of Springfield off his feet he issued his ultimatum:

"I will never sleep in Springfield again."

But this happens to be a favorite remark of Paderewski whenever the box office receipts fall below \$4,000. His manager paid no attention to the threat and booked him again at Springfield as usual.

It was not until the train drew into the station that Paderewski recognized the place.

"I thought I told you I would never play here again," said Paderewski sternly.

"Oh, no," said the manager, cheerily, "you told me you would not sleep here. That was all."

"Very well," said Paderewski, "I won't."

He called for a time table, and consulted it to see about the local trains. The last one left for South Framingham at 9:30.

"I will sleep at South Framingham to-night," said Paderewski.

"But, my dear sir, compared to South Framingham Springfield is a blooming, glittering metropolis. It's a—"

"I will sleep at South Framingham," he repeated.

"Tell the audience to be very prompt, please."

Ordinary performances begin in Springfield at the prosaic hour of 8, but at really fashionable events nobody dreams of putting in an appearance before 8:30. As this Paderewski concert was to be the event of the season, the whole town had turned out in force.

At 8.30 when the audience arrived Paderewski was half way through his first number.

At the end of it he bowed in answer to the applause and immediately dashed into the next number. When the time came for the intermission—the most important event of the evening to Springfield society, for it is then that they have an opportunity to show each other their new clothes—Paderewski waived it with a smile and tore along like an express train. His last number was finished at 9:17. The audience rose to its feet in a frenzy of enthusiasm. The cries of "Encore!" fairly shook the roof. But Paderewski only bowed, locked the piano and walked away. For ten minutes the audience stood its ground shouting for Paderewski. Finally the local manager appeared and said: "I am very sorry, ladies and gentlemen, but Mr. Paderewski is at South Framingham."

The above story was written by Acton Davies in the *Evening Sun*.

There were wild reports published last week about Victor Maurel chewing gum as he made his entrance on the stage of Chickering Hall. M. Maurel had a bad throat, and M. Maurel did what other singers have done before him, he put a lozenge in his mouth. Great is journalism in these glorious United States!

Kempler.—A new opera by the Zurich Kapellmeister, Lothar Kempler, *Das Fest der Jugend*, was received on its first performance with great applause.

Stettin.—The profane oratorio *Otto the Great*, by E. Ad. Lorenz, was given at Stettin December 5. The work is remarkable for its dramatic construction and grand choruses.

Jennie Torriani.—A decided success at the recent Marchesi matinee in Paris was the singing of Mme. Jennie Torriani, of New York. Daughter of the well-known New York director, Italian and French blood are united in her veins and real dramatic and musical qualities in her temperament. She sang the *Air du Sommeil* from *L'Africaine* and *Si mes vers avaient des ailes*, by Hahn. With a warm, brilliant voice, dramatic style, Patti face and pretty figure, Mme. Torriani made a most impressive ensemble.

"You looked the artist and sang like one" was her teacher's comment at the close. She is almost ready for operatic work. In private life she is Mrs. Torriani Hutchinson.

Fritz Spahr.—The following newspaper clipping tells its own story of this violinist's excellent work:

How it came we hardly know, but the fact is that America is rapidly assuming the position in the musical world that old Italy once occupied. The best proof we have had lately of the New World's musical advancement is the violin playing of Fritz Spahr.

He came here last year entirely unknown, and after playing only a few times his name was on everybody's lips. Who is he? Where does he come from? Nobody here knew then; now it is different. The result of his concerts was a grand one. Before he had played a note the repertoire represented by his programs attracted the attention of critics and public. The names of almost every great composer—Spohr, Viotti, Kreutzer, Beriot, Mozart, Bruch, Beethoven, Vieuxtemps, Mendelssohn, Brahms, &c.—could be found on them, and all were played in his now well-known characteristic manner.

Spahr's tone has a noble quality, mellow and full of beauty in the cantilene. Whoever has heard from him the adagio out of Spohr's seventh concerto or the D minor sonata by Rust will never forget the deep impression created by his rendering of these pieces. Spahr's entire way of playing greatly resembles that of Sauret, only the American is more youthful, broader and has a much more powerful tone than the Frenchman.

Spahr has done great things, but we expect of him still greater ones. We perfectly agree with *THE MUSICAL COURIER*, and do not doubt that America will have cause to feel proud of Fritz Spahr.—*Die Redenden Künste, Leipzig*.

NICKERSON'S

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PHILADELPHIA, January 5, 1896.

LAST Tuesday the habitués of our opera received a truly royal gift in the performance of Halévy's *Jewess*. If the stage sprites at times indulge in a frolic, make everything go wrong, let people forget their lines, make a singer late on the stage, keep a gauze curtain on the scene until the actors have to walk through it, or let the domesticated feline Thomas appear ex improviso, or show the head of a scene shifter swimming through mid-ocean, &c., they seem also to know when to behave themselves, and at such times it seems as if they have just as much power over the artists, scenery, properties and the whole opera in the way of making a performance prolific with dash, and go, and precision, and warmth, and fervor.

For such a lucky performance no money can pay; it must be accepted as a regium donum of art, deserved by the audience only as an atonement for past little mishaps, the real cause of which no one knows, except those same stage sprites. Mme. Koert-Kronold, as *Recha*, transcended all her past efforts, and considering the number of genuine gems in the crown of her repertoire this means indeed a great deal. Mons. Prevost's *Eleazar*, too, was a wonder of both vocal art and stagecraft; the same must be said of Mons. Maizac as *Cardinal*. Eudoxia-Loventz and Leopold-Piroia were splendid too, and the small part of *Ruggiero* was probably never before in such hands as De Backer's. Extended criticism of each one of the artists is hardly necessary, because their ability was a priori believed in; nevertheless it was gratifying to see them bloom out and grow to such heights as on that night. We know now who constitutes our "first cast," whatever the manager's contracts or the pay rolls may have to say on the subject.

At the end of the week was *Rigoletto*, with De Backer in the title rôle. Again he showed a complete and well rounded character study, as he always does; so far he has not once appeared without evincing analytical study, careful preparation and a perfect concealment of both. Madame Nevada sang the part of *Gilda* very well, her lack of power being less apparent than in *Mignon* (Wednesday), which part is too low for her, dwelling mostly in that region where her voice is feeblest. Mademoiselle Loventz was not as felicitous as usual in the part of *Philine*, probably because she was unaccustomed to sing the rôle in Italian.

Frederic (Miss Fleming) scored a well earned encore with the quaint gavotte, and *Laertes* (Signor Rosa) enlivened the performance in a most welcome manner by his clever acting. *Lothario* (Mons. Lorrain, and not Del Puente, as the program stated, and as some of our dailies religiously repeated) was very fine; the authors of the book, Carré and Barbier, have so thoroughly botched up that poetic figure of Goethe's Harfner that I cannot but wonder if any opera singer can find his way through the character. The few poetic moments left to him in the opera were well given by Mons. Lorrain, barring a little more tremor in the voice than was strictly necessary.

In *Trovatore*, on Friday, Mlle. Dassi at least appeared as *Acusena*; she had been expected with much anxiety.

and expectations ran high. Well, let me cover this first (and I hope to goodness last) appearance with the mantle of Christian, neighborly love. May she be successful in her career, and may it lead her into far distant lands! Vive, vale!

CONSTANTIN V. STERNBERG.

Materna.

THE great prima donna and interpreter of Wagner rôles, Amalia Materna, is again with us; this time, however, not to appear in opera, but solely for the purpose of making a brief farewell tour through the country in concerts only.

Few, if any, among living singers have had so phenomenal a career or established so superb an artistic record as has this remarkable woman, the singer elected and exulted in by Wagner himself as the exponent of his leading rôles. Her history is one of continued triumphs. From the lips of Wagner himself Materna has had the traditions, and under the shadow of his authority and glowing encouragement she created the heroine rôles which have since moved the world of music so profoundly and in which she can never be surpassed.

Materna was Wagner's acknowledged ideal in his principal creations, as *Isolde*, *Elizabeth*, the *Brünnhildes*, and, most tragic of all, as the malignant *Ortrud*. In *Ortrud* her marvelously realistic portrayal in its diabolic force will never be forgotten, and has up to the present day not been equaled.

The great prima donna will give excerpts from the Wagner operas in her concert programs, and her tour will extend as far as the Pacific Coast. She sings in Cincinnati on the 12th and 19th of this month. Later on she will sing with the Theodore Thomas Orchestra in Chicago, and afterward in Milwaukee, Cleveland, Omaha, Kansas City and a number of other Western cities.

In the spring she will be heard in New York, the one and last appearance she will make in this city. A large contingent will welcome her with such a welcome as is reserved for no other singer. With Materna there is associated a revelation of the beauty and power of Wagner's music which has endeared her lastingly to the musical and musicianly populace of this country. The breadth and authority of her delivery and the matchless volume and splendor of her tone are hard to be duplicated in the minds of those who turned to her in the first instance as Wagner's own elected exponent of his music. Materna, by her superlative gifts and development made a home for herself in the musical heart of America, which has remained open for her among artists, connoisseurs and a cultivated public in a way which thus far has admitted no other occupant.

She is an artist of marvelous genius and achievement, whose work in the field of the creator of the great music drama, Richard Wagner, will become a matter of history to be read in future days by lovers of music the world over. To have heard her is an event. Every syllable she sings is as Wagner would have it sung, faithful to the master's idea, even to ideality.

Her old friends will rally to her standard; but those who have never heard this wonderful artist will grasp their one opportunity in America for the experience, and will lay by the fruitful memory of having heard Materna.

Materna's farewell tour is managed by the Wolfsohn Musical Bureau.

J. Hofmann.—This young pianist has had great success in Russia. The receipts of his second concert at St. Petersburg, 6,000 marks, were presented by him as his contribution to the funds of the Rubinstein foundation.

Haydn-Mozart-Beethoven.—The negotiations about the proposed Haydn-Mozart-Beethoven monument at Berlin are not yet completed. The choice of the site will in all likelihood be left to the Emperor. Some years ago the sculptors Hildebrand, Hundrieser, Schaper and Siemering were requested to send in designs, and the committee is at present, it is reported, in communication with Professor Siemering.

PADEREWSKI

—TO—

WILLIAM MASON.



(TRANSLATION.)

It is with the liveliest attention and an ever-increasing interest that I have examined your admirable work "Touch and Technic." Without going into details—for I should have to make a eulogy of each page—I simply tell you that it is the best Piano Method which I know, and congratulate you heartily on being the author of so masterly a work.

Mr. Mason,
13 November
1895

C'est avec la plus vive attention et un intérêt à plus en plus croissant que j'ai examiné votre admirable ouvrage: "Touch and Technic." Sans entrer dans les détails—car j'aurais à faire l'éloge de chaque page—je vous dirai simplement que c'est la meilleure méthode de piano que j'aie connue et que je vous félicite de tout coeur, d'être l'auteur d'une oeuvre aussi magistrale.

J. Paderewski



ST. LOUIS, January 4, 1896.

OUR annual Christmas treat, Händel's Messiah, was performed December 28 at the Exposition Hall, and attracted a crowded house. With few exceptions the performance was very good. The orchestration was Robert Franz's, and while I admire the clever polyphonic additions made by him, yet in many instances, especially in the solos, I think they obscure the vocal parts, and I would rather hear the Händel-Mozart orchestration, even if it lacks at times a little fullness.

According to the program there were seventy-two sopranos, sixty-five altos, twenty-five tenors and forty-seven basses in the chorus; although the tenors were numerically the weakest, yet, vocally speaking, they were far ahead of the other voices and deserve a crown of glory. It is a pity that with so much musical talent in the city an organization like the Choral Symphony Society should lack in male voices. It seems as soon as a young man can sing an insignificant solo, or warble little serenades with guitar accompaniment, or furthermore, when he has a little church engagement in a choir, he thinks himself too good to take part in a chorus where he would have an opportunity of improving his taste and learn to read from notes.

Well, the chorus did excellent work; precision, perfect intonation, careful attention to light and shade, as well as good enunciation, characterized their singing, which on two occasions was loudly applauded. Mrs. Corinne Moore-Lawson, of Cincinnati, was engaged to sing the soprano parts, but owing to the serious sickness of her son was prevented, and Mrs. A. D. Cunningham was called upon at a moment's notice to fill her place, which she did in a most satisfactory manner. The recitatives, as well as the two great arias, Rejoice Greatly and I Know that My Redeemer Liveth, were exquisitely sung; the difficult *fioriture* of the first were artistic gems, and a deep religious feeling distinguished the latter aria.

The applause was hearty and spontaneous. Miss Ruth Thayer, a St. Louis lady, sang the alto parts very acceptably, although a certain timidity manifested itself in the first air, O Thou That Tellect. She sang the second one, He Shall Feed His Flocks, very satisfactorily, and best of all He Was Despised. Mr. Charles Clark, of Chicago, proved himself an excellent basso, possessing a voice of great compass, musical quality and perfect training. His pathetic delivery of But Who May Abide revealed a depth of feeling which, with the subsequent allegro, left no doubt in the mind of the audience of Mr. Clark's artistic abilities. The ovation which he received at the conclusion of Why Do the Nations was fully deserved; the distinct enunciation, the perfect vocalization of the difficult passages, and the fire

with which he delivered this aria will long be remembered. In painful contrast with the basso stood the tenor, Mr. W. A. Wegener, of Chicago, who in the very first solo, Comfort Ye, created a most unfavorable impression, not only by a constant tremolo, which struck sensitive ears as singing out of tune, but on several occasions he missed his part. The recitative Thy Rebuke lacked sympathetic expression, but he appeared better in the air Behold and See, while the dashing solo Thou Shalt Break Them may be designated as his best effort, although it did not come up by any means to the requirements of a first-class artist.

Some of the innovations, which may be accredited to Robert Franz I believe, although I have not his score before me, are the subdivision of choruses, such as For Unto Us and His Yoke Is Easy, between soloists and chorus singers. I think the outburst of joyful tidings For Unto Us a Child Is Born is entirely lost by hearing but a single soprano voice give utterance to this proclamation. This, of course, is but my own individual opinion, but in my opinion this is one of the most magnificent choruses which Händel has written, and the greater the number of voices the more effective would it sound. In the solo quartet opening, His Yoke Is Easy, the singers did not seem to know their parts very well; at least it did not sound very easy to them.

The orchestra deserves highest praise. Due regard to all the marks of expression, especially in the accompaniment of the solos, which never overpowered the singers, showed the painstaking effort of Mr. Alfred Ernst, the musical director, to whom the credit of the general success is of course due and whose labors are fully recognized by the public at large.

Our Sunday Popular Concerts begin gradually to be appreciated more and more. The Oberon overture opened the concert December 29, and was never played better by any local orchestra; the beautiful opening phrase of the French horn acted like a magic spell of what was to follow, and with riveted attention was every new theme of this brilliant overture followed and the performance was greeted with the utmost enthusiasm. The second and third movement of a serenade by R. Fuchs for stringed instruments were delicious in the extreme; the clever polyphonic treatment of the melodic phrases, following each other like "question" and "answer" in a fugato style, transporting the mind to scenes which a vivid imagination might paint in connection with a serenade—all these were delicately brought out by the orchestra. Miss Marie Kern is possessed of a good alto voice, which had an excellent opportunity of being heard in two selections; she was duly applauded. Her singing would be greatly improved if she would control her chest notes and not indulge in a tremolo; her sustained upper notes were excellent, pure and bell-like. Of the other orchestral works it was Massenet's overture Phèdre which attracted the utmost attention and applause, which was not appeased until Mr. A. Ernst acknowledged the compliment by bowing his thanks in behalf of himself and orchestra, for it was their united efforts which made the composition so effective. Mr. Groffman is the possessor of a good bass voice which was heard in two selections, neither of which was very new. Wagner's Huldigungsmarsch was given as a finale.

Two college concerts in one week are quite a strain upon a sensitive musical ear, but such it has been to some of our society people who out of courtesy are compelled to patronize these entertainments. On Tuesday I attended the one given by the Cornell Glee, Banjo and Mandolin

clubs. The program only mentioned thirteen selections, but by the persistent demands for encores and double encores the number was increased to thirty. The tinkling of the banjos is yet ringing in my ears, as are also the loud claps of the encore fiends. The vocal element was pleasing as far as humor, clear enunciation and harmony were concerned, but the solo voices did not present anything out of the common, and the tremolo of Mr. Ramsburg was no particular attraction, although his fair admirers insisted upon an encore. One of the most pleasing features of the concert was the beautiful harmonization of 'Way Down Upon the Suwanee River, which the Glee Club sang very tastefully.

On Thursday, January 2, the Vanderbilt University sent us a contingent of its musical aspirants, which gave a concert in the entertainment hall, which was well attended, according to newspaper accounts.

A society amateur entertainment was given last night at the Pickwick Theatre, which was crowded, to enjoy The Gallant Garroter. Although the bills called it an operetta, it might more appropriately be called a musical comedy, as all the solos, duets and ensemble singing were old familiar airs, to which words fitting the different scenes had been adapted. The dialogue is bright and catchy; the plot deals with a young man of family, who, unsuccessful in business, attempts burglary. The following cast, specifying the different characters, will give an idea of the comical part of the plot: *Augustus Montmorency*, the hero and virtuous villain, Granville Ward; *Timothy Tustac*, a collector of curiosities, James Robertson; *Hardcake Highflier*, a cruel parent, Clifford Owen; *Angelina*, his daughter, a charming creature, Helen Newell Beebe; *Mrs. Soapsuds*, a washerlady of culture, Florence Wethington; *Sally Soapsuds*, the washerlady's lovely daughter, also cultured, Alice Helmers. Accompanist, Roberta Newell.

All the participants are well-known local church singers, except Mrs. Beebe, who is a Chicago soprano of reputation. Both their acting and singing deserve praise, which the audience bestowed in a liberal manner by several recalls and floral offerings. The performance was for the benefit of the Normandy Industrial School.

The advance sale for Paderewski's recitals, which will be the 16th and 18th inst., began on Thursday with very encouraging prospects.

W. MALMENE.

Fischer.—Conrad Joseph Fischer, the teacher of Aug. Wilhelmj, died at Wiesbaden December 6, aged sixty-eight.

Adventures of a Libretto.—Signor Mancinelli's *Ero e Leandro*, which will be the only novelty at next year's Norwich Musical Festival (England), is now being composed to a libretto by Dr. Boito, which, curiously enough, has already twice before been set to music. Boito himself originally adapted it to an opera rather more than twenty years ago; but he was dissatisfied with the music, and after playing it over to some friends destroyed almost all of it. Only four melodies of Boito's *Ero e Leandro* are left, two being utilized in the revised edition of his *Mefistofele*, a third serving for an ode written at the opening of the Turin Exhibition of 1882, and the other being rewritten as a barcarolle for vocal quartet. Dr. Boito next had, but subsequently abandoned, an idea to utilize the book as a cantata of the *Athalie* kind, the poetry being recited and the music consisting of orchestral intermezzi and choruses. Boito next presented the libretto to the late Giovanni Bottesini, who wrote to it an opera, which was produced with some degree of success at Turin in 1879.

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BOSTON, Mass., January 5, 1896.

WHY does not some American composer write a cyclis of symphonic poems in praise of America, after the manner of Smetana's *My Fatherland*? Subjects advance in battalions. The Pilgrims, the Brooklyn Bridge, Electric Street Cars (scherzo), Niagara, The Presidential Election (adagio con malinconia)—how they rush into the mind! But the finale should be *The Dismal Swamp*. I know of one or two composers who could treat this last subject faithfully and lovingly.

December 30 Little Christopher began an engagement of two weeks at the Tremont Theatre. I was there; and I sat the show through, probably because it was raining outside. I do not propose to bore you with an account of the piece or the performance. When the *Bey* sat on his throne in the second act, one of the characters was requested to look at the *bey* and not at the river. You may have heard the *jest* before. For the sake of record I add that Fannie Johnston, Louise Allen, Bertha Waring, Mabel Clark, Willie Collier, Harry MacDonough, Alexander Clark were in the company. Then there was John Wilson, who danced remarkably in acrobatic fashion in the third act. And there was the impassioned baritone Henry Leone from the *Isles of Greece* or thereabouts. Many people have since told me that the burlesque was funny. But one with God is a majority, as Frederick Douglass once remarked.

There's very little to write about this week. There are new books, as *La Musique à Paris, 1894-1895*, by Gustave Robert, Paris, Fischbacher, 1895. I had intended to send you a long review of the book, with space-filling digressions; but I found on page 71 this astonishing statement: "We noticed also a new suite for orchestra, *Esquisse sur les steppes de la Russie centrale*, by Borodine." Ohé, Monsieur Robert! This suite has been frequently given in Paris. It was played as long ago as 1884. Then on page 39 is this statement: "Beethoven attached a meaning to certain of his works. He himself wrote on the manuscript of the C minor symphony: 'Fate knocks at the door.'" No, I fear it would be hardly worth while to spend much time over this book.

And yet decadents—especially the brilliant Vance Thompson—might be interested in the pages that discuss Gabriel Fabre's singular setting of *L'Archet*, by Cros. You know the poem. It begins:

Elle avait de beaux cheveux, blondes
Comme une moisson d'août, si longs
Qu'ils lui tombaient jusqu'aux talons.

And the last two verses are:

Et dans ses dernières caresses:
Fais un archet avec mes tresses,
Pour charmer tes autres maîtresses.

Puis, dans un long baiser nerveux,
Elle mourut * * * Suivant ses vœux,
Il fit l'archet de ses cheveux.

Mr. Robert devotes five pages to an analysis of this music, "built entirely on a figure of three notes exposed

in the bass of the first measure." The analysis would make any writer of analytical program books green with envy. Mr. Robert is lost in Paris. He should live in Boston.

He gives his reasons for making "a heavy analysis of a song light in character and easy to enjoy." Why? "To show that in works truly written, there is a real unity under an apparent diversity. In music, as in speech, there is logic. Works of rhetoric, or of prattle, we do not want. But we admire those that in their detail have real cohesion." I have sent for the song, and when you come over to hear Walter Damrosch's *Scarlet Letter* in February I'll sing it to you."

There is also an analysis of Fabre's setting of Verlaine's *Colloque Sentimental*; also of Charpentier's musical treatment of Verlaine's *Impressions fausses*.

Perhaps the most entertaining feature of the book is the preface, in which articles by Alfred Mortier and Hirsch are discussed. The articles themselves are well worth reading. The first, *La Musique et les Dilettantes*, appeared in the *Mercur de France*, April, 1895; the second, *Essai sur le Sens de la Musique*, in the *Mercur*, May, 1895.

The article of Mortier is divided into two distinct parts. In one he combats the strong tendency of to-day to be interested in the action that music exercises on the hearer in place of the consideration of the music itself. In the other he claims that the true comprehension of music is not to find in it a commotion of the heart and the senses, but it is to find in music "a genuine satisfaction of the intelligence in full possession of itself."

Mortier divides ordinary amateur music lovers into three classes according to their condition of receptivity. These are the conditions: The confused, the sentimental, the imaginative.

The confused condition is that of the amateur, "ignorant of the technic of art," who, when he hears music, feels himself plunged into a half-unconsciousness full of charm." This is the most rudimentary condition. As a traveler lets himself be intoxicated gently by the effluvia of the country in spring, so is the hearer lulled by rhythmic caresses. Music is thus enjoyed by the senses alone.

The sentimental condition is a degree higher. The senses still play the greatest part in the enjoyment of the hearer; but instead of abandoning himself solely to the joys of hearing he follows with some attention the rhythmic undulations of the piece, and at each change of rhythm he welcomes changing images. That is to say, he uses a musical phrase as a vehicle of emotional souvenirs, reminiscences of his own life, or his reading. This revival of previous emotions, added to nervous commotion, explains the "spasmodic agitation" which is observed frequently in this class of amateurs.

The imaginative condition is that of the bulk of people who, without having practiced the details of musical technique, are, nevertheless, rich in attendance of concerts or knowledge by repeated readings. This species of amateur believes that he grasps in perfect correspondence every intention of a composer, everything that the composer has realized. A figure given to the brass represents the breathing of *Mephisto* in the *Damnation of Faust*. Ascending violin passages in the *Vorspiel* to *Tristan* depict "the victorious flow of the love potion."

Now Robert here adds a statement to this effect: We do not seek a quarrel with amateurs who enjoy music in any of these fashions. Let young people, especially hysterical young girls, seek an irritation of the nerves at a concert; I see no objection so long as their enthusiasm does not inconvenience their neighbors. Nor am I shocked when subtle souls tell me they find all the wonders of the universe in twenty or thirty pages of music paper. I go further: music is the art of all others that evokes. Whenever we listen there are hints at images. If trained critics tell in enthusiastic phrases the emotions and the visions suggested to them by a work, why should you complain? Their comments will serve to arouse lazy sensibilities and aid them in discovering what the composer has poured from his soul into rhythms or harmonies. But when the imaginative as-

sert that their manner is the only and legitimate one of hearing music—then I cry "Halt!"

Mortier finds among the imaginative a good number of "littérateurs-critiques." "Now, the literary man who writes articles on music," says Mortier, "is one who outside of his copy does not care a straw for any positive or scientific idea. * * * He is not disquieted by the how or why of phenomena, nor even by any phenomenon itself, but only by the impression which he received and the manner in which he should translate it into fine words."

Here we come to an interesting point. Let us return to it next week. Meantime, sweet madam, examine yourself as a hearer of music, and see to which one of the three classes you belong.

The Kneisel Quartet, assisted by Miss Marie Geselschap, pianist, and Messrs. Loeffler, Kraft and Keller, gave its third concert of the season in Association Hall December 30. The program included Tchaikowsky's quartet in E flat, minor, op. 30; Arensky's D minor piano trio, and Bachrich's arrangement of Händel's *Concerto Grosso* for strings. Unfortunately I could not be present. The great quartet of Tchaikowsky made a profound impression; but as you will hear it soon in New York played by the Kneisel Club I shall not quote from the appreciative criticisms that appeared in the *Journal* and the *Transcript*. Mr. Currier in the *Journal* wrote as follows of the trio by Arensky: "It certainly has many of the elements of popularity, and will be welcomed by those in search of new works of its kind. Its characteristic is brilliancy, though it is not wanting in melody. The scherzo is unusually bright and something of its fascination may be traced to the resemblance it bears in one part to the scherzo of Saint-Saëns' G minor concerto." All the numbers of the program were played for the first time in Boston.

The program of the tenth Symphony concert was as follows:

Symphony No. 2, in D minor, op. 70.....Dvorák
Aria, Parto, parto, from *La Clemenza di Tito*.....Mozart
(Cornet obligato by Mr. Leon Pourtau.)
Suite, Noumanian (first time).....Lalo
Arioso, Ah! My Son, from *The Prophet*.....Meyerbeer
Overture, Patrie (first time).....Bizet

Miss Rosa Olitzka was the singer. Of course she was subjected to interviews before her appearance, and she submitted gracefully and with intelligence. She, too, asked questions. She first, however, paid the customary tribute to the proficiency of the orchestra and incidentally spoke kindly of Mr. Paur. The orchestra is simply wonderful. More sublime than towering statue in Grecian temple stands the heroic leader beating time sonorously with alternate feet.

Miss Olitzka "wanted to know with some anxiety if the musical set liked Mozart." He is respected here, but he does not go much into society of late. An estimable old gentleman, they say, but his manners are too 1780 and he is so infernally cheerful that he exasperates at times. A gloomy man with thick boots named Brahms is more in favor. He is apt to monopolize the conversation and he really has no manners at all—but some patron or patroness introduced him as an undoubted genius, and so you find him sprawling in easy chairs or making a dreadful noise with his soup at the tables of the rich.

Miss Olitzka was "curious to know whether or not the immense temporary opera house here was often full or not." Well, that depends entirely on the singer. If it is Jean, the only, the god-like Jean, no matter what the opera may be, there is a crush, like unto that in which poor Iky was killed. But if the angel Israfil, who, according to the Koran, has the most melodious voice of all God's creatures, should make his debut in a new opera, the ushers would stand in the aisles as solitary as the city in Lamentations.

The program was again an instance of the singular ability of Mr. Paur to blunder in arranging selections. You

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saw what the program of the ninth concert was. Mr. Apthorp in the *Transcript* of the 30th ult. did not hesitate to speak of it as "one of the most astonishing programs on record. * * * It is like a five course dinner of nothing but beef cooked in five different ways." For this text and the admirable sermon he preached from it he was taken to task last week by estimable correspondents, whose letters of remonstrance, or rather glorification of Mr. Paur, were published in the *Transcript*. I suspect that the chief irritant was Mr. Apthorp's description of the Händel largo, for which I thank him from the bottom of my heart.

"That this unspeakable piece of vulgarity," says Mr. Apthorp "should be exceeding popular is nothing surprising; what is more surprising is that conductors of symphony concerts should care to cater to the worst phase of popular taste in performing it. Hellmesberger has here taken an essentially charming little quasi-pastoral air by Händel—in its original shape it is a perfect musical expression of elegant dolce far niente, you can almost imagine Xerxes yawning while singing it—transposed it to a more brilliant key, changed its tempo from easily flowing larghetto to a portentous largo, and so dressed it up in impressive modern orchestration that it sounds for all the world like another Matthias Keller's American Hymn.

Rescoring Beethoven's first symphony for full Nibelungen orchestra with all Meyerbeer's instruments of percussion and playing it half as slow again as it was written (to enable the contrabass-tuba to keep up with the 'celli and basses) would be no worse offense against musical common sense and good taste. If this deplorable piece is ever played again here we heartily recommend having four cornets play parallel with the violins on the melody; then the audience may at last feel for itself how vulgar it is!" I envy Mr. Apthorp this roast and love him for the enemies he has made.

Now the program last night was just as jejune and futile. There was no central point; there were no contrasts. The symphony of Dvorák is loose and rambling, abounding in halts where you see the composer meditating some experiment in instrumentation. There are charming passages in the adagio, and the scherzo is pleasing throughout.

(By the way, did you ever notice in the finale the singular resemblance between a passage and the appeal of Gounod's *Mephistopheles* in the prison scene to *Faust* to make haste, as the horses were impatient?) But the symphony as a whole is garrulous and tiresome. It lacks distinction, authority.

The audience received the symphony in a cool manner, and it gave Miss Olitzka a chillier reception when she appeared. I do not think the rudeness of the audience was intentional; the hall was cold and the symphony had bored many. The audience thawed, however, after the dreary, hopelessly antiquated air of Mozart, and showed a more kindly disposition. Miss Olitzka has a voice of liberal compass; the tones are for the most part full and agreeable in quality. Her voice is more to be praised than her vocal art. But she is a dramatic singer, evidently chock full of temperament, and I should prefer to hear her in opera than in concert. Her Ah! mon fils was more satisfactory than her Parto, parto.

Admit the disadvantages under which Lalo wrote when he composed the ballet *Noumanina*, from which the suite is taken; yet it is easy to see why the ballet failed. While you admire the ingenuity of the instrumentation and the sincerity of the man, even when he is attempting to be trivial, you miss the sensuous, harmonic charm and the piquancy of rhythm displayed by Delibes or Gounod or Goldmark in writing for the ballet. There are remarkable effects in the suite, but these effects pass unnoticed by the crowd, alert only for dance tunes. The beauties of the "theme and variations," which in the ballet is a "divertissement des fleurs," are not on the surface. The flowing melody in the first section of the finale and the furious jig that leaps to the end are the passages that appeal strongly

to an audience. Yet there are tonal pictures in the prelude and a haunting monotony in the otherwise undistinguished but clever serenade that I prefer greatly.

* * *

I am sorry I heard Bizet's *Patrie*. Whether he had France or Poland in mind, for some say Poland was his theme, is little to the purpose. The overture is without depth, nobility or even brilliancy. It is labored and dull from A to Izzard. And at times it seems deliberately vulgar.

I have before this referred to the Symphony program books. The Bostonian addicted to Symphony concerts, as soon as he enters Music Hall provides himself with a program book, and, bearing it held to his breast, enters the family pew. He reads it before the appearance of Mr. Paur, he reads it while the orchestra plays, and it is more than likely that the following Sunday sees a rigid examination of his household on the statements of fact and opinion contained in the law and the gospel according to Mr. Apthorp.

I furthermore call your attention to the fact that "bound copies of the Program for the entire season, price \$2, can be had by applying" at Music Hall before May 1.

I now call your attention to inaccurate statements and unaccountable omissions in the program book of January 3-4.

Bizet died at Bougival, not at Paris, as stated by the program book.

"On his return from Rome he (Bizet) brought out an opera, *Vasco de Gama*, in 1893, but with little success." Bizet never wrote an opera with such a title. He did write a symphony with choruses, entitled *Vasco de Gama*. It was his second envoi de Rome. It was played at a concert of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts. After his death this *Ode Symphonique* was published by Choudens.

The program book speaks of the "immediate and overwhelming success" of *Carmen*. The fact is that *Carmen* was almost a failure when it was first brought out in Paris. It was condemned by sleek bourgeois as "immoral." Its lack of success hastened the death of Bizet. Produced March 3, 1875, it was performed only forty-seven times that year, and not until it had triumphed throughout Germany was it appreciated in Paris.

There is no mention of Bizet's opera *Don Procopio*, opera bouffe in two acts sent to the Academy from Rome in 1859. The manuscript was found only a year or two ago.

No one would infer from the biographical sketch of Lalo in the program book that the French composer died April 23, 1892, at Paris. There is no mention of his opera *La Jacquerie*, which, finished after his death by Arthur Coquard, was produced at Monte Carlo, March 8, 1895, with Mrs. Deschamps, Miss Loventz, Bouvet and Jehin as the chief singers.

"A serenade and a Fantaisie Norvegienne, for violin and orchestra, were first played in Berlin." The serenade is for violin. The *Rhapsodie Norvegienne*, not *Fantaisie*, &c., is for orchestra. It was produced in Berlin, October 26, 1879. The concerto for 'cello was produced in Berlin, not in Paris. There is no mention of the singular music written by Lalo for Nero, produced at the Hippodrome, March 28, 1891, or of the piano concerto, played by Diemer at the Châtelet.

"Noumanina * * * was given only fifteen times." It was given sixteen times according to Noel and Stoullig.

There is on page 341 a list of operas entitled *La Clemenza di Tito*. Instead of Jommelli (Stuttgart, about 1758), read Jommelli (Ludwigsburg, 1765). Nor is the list complete. There should be added: *Caldara* (Vienna 1734); *Mazzoni* (Lisbon, 1755); *Grau* (Mannheim, 1748); *Galuppi*, about 1780.

La Clemenza di Tito, by Mozart, was not called a "dramma serio"; it was called "opera seria."

Mr. Apthorp the compiler of the program book, says: "The air (Parto, parto) has not been heard in Boston. I be-

lieve, for many years." But this air was sung February 20, 1890, at a Baermann concert in Union Hall by Miss Franklin, and Mr. Strasser played the clarinet obligato.

PHILIP HALE.

Boston Music Notes.

BOSTON, January 2, 1896.

In looking through a lot of programs at Mr. Charles R. Adams' studio the other morning several interesting items were discovered. It is Mr. Adams' custom to give a musical each spring, when his pupils sing scenes from operas. In the program for May 9, 1888, Ellen Beach Yaw made her first appearance in public, singing an aria from *Roberto il Diavolo*.

Mary Howe-Lavin, who is making such a success this season in Europe, was also one of Mr. Adams' pupils.

Mrs. Inez Sprague, at present studying in Paris, is another of Mr. Adams' pupils, and she cannot say enough in praise of what he did for her. She wonders that people go abroad to study when there is such a teacher as Mr. Adams right here in America.

When Mr. Adams was singing in Vienna some years ago Richard Wagner gave him a photograph, on the back of which is written, in German, "In memory of Tannhäuser, at Vienna, R. Wagner." It is a profile and has on the well-known cap. Mr. Adams was fortunate enough last month to hear of a very large, extra fine photograph, of almost the same pose, which he secured, had handsomely framed, and now Mrs. Adams looks upon it as one of her most treasured Christmas gifts. It is said to be the only one of the kind in this country, and there have already been many requests to have it exhibited publicly.

A New Bedford paper says:

To those who were fortunate enough to attend the midnight service in the St. James Church on Christmas Eve a rare pleasure was afforded by the playing of Miss Laura Webster, 'cellist. Miss Webster's playing of Händel's *Largo* and the *Bach-Gounod Ave Maria* was beautiful in the extreme. No 'cellist visiting our city gives greater pleasure or such genuine satisfaction. Her tones are ever rich and vibrant, and the grace and charm of her playing are unexcelled.

One of the most charming affairs of the season was the reception given by Mrs. S. B. Field, for Miss Hosford, last Sunday afternoon, from 4 to 6, in one of the large music studios in the Pierce Building. Miss Hosford sang three groups of songs in the most perfect and artistic manner, everyone being delighted with her style and method. Mr. Eliot Hubbard, who was at his best, sang one group of songs, the second one of which was a great success, several musicians pronouncing it "stunning." Miss Carolyn Belcher played violin, Mrs. Field accompanying her. Mrs. Field also played one or two solos, *Clair de Lune* being rendered in an almost faultless manner. All the music was of such a high order that it seems to have made a marked impression upon everyone present. There were about a hundred people there, among them being Mr. and Mrs. Wheelwright, Mr. and Mrs. Causten Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Albert B. Merrill, Mrs. James Jackson, Mrs. George Stoddard, Mr. Arthur Pickering, Miss Austin, Mr. Arthur Austin, Mrs. Root, the Misses Manning, Mrs. Henry M. Whitney, Mrs. Eliot Pratt, Mr. and Mrs. Eliot Hubbard, Mrs. Wm. Otis Johnson, Mrs. A. H. Latham, Miss Alice Ward (sister of Mr. Reginald Ward, of New York), Mrs. H. P. Lovering, Mrs. C. R. Hayden, Miss Faulkner, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gair Macomber.

Mr. Albert D. Jewett announces that he has returned from a course of study with Mrs. A. K. Virgil, of the Virgil Piano School, of New York, and will be associated with the Virgil Clavier School, of Boston.

Last Sunday at the Arlington Street Church, Noël, by Saint-Saëns, was given, with solos by Mrs. Jennie Patrick Walker, Miss Gertrude Edmonds, Mr. Sullivan Sargent, and Mr. Ricketson. Mr. Schücker, of the Symphony Orchestra, played the harp accompaniment to the trio *Thou art from first to last*. This is counted by the musi-

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cians who were present as one of the finest performances ever given in a church service. There was a selected chorus.

Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke sang at Mrs. Francis Lawrence's with the Trio Club on January 1. The club was assisted by Mr. Schulz and Mr. Kunts, of the Symphony Orchestra, with Mr. Safford at the organ. All the swell four hundred were present.

On January 6 Miss Gertrude Edmonds will sing in Music Hall, in the Star course, songs by Nevin and Chadwick.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer A. Norris gave a reception on the afternoon and evening of January 2, when a large number of musicians were present. Miss Wood, Mr. S. S. Townsend, Miss Minniebel Smith, Miss Bertha Cushing, Miss Clarke and Miss Woodbury sang, and the whole affair was most enjoyable. Miss Cushing sang *There, Little Girl*, written for her by Mr. Norris. Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick, Mr. and Mrs. Heinrich, Miss Gertrude Franklin, Mr. Salisbury, Mrs. Homer Sawyer, Mr. and Mrs. Eliot Hubbard, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Reed, Mr. F. W. Wodell were among the musical people present.

Mr. Herbert I. James, of Brockton, who is studying with Mr. Lyman Wheeler, has a remarkable bass voice, and bids fair to make a pronounced success when he appears in public.

Mr. Arthur Whiting plays at the Newton Club House next week, when he will give his own fantasia for the first time.

Mr. Fred Field Bullard has just written a lovely song for Miss Bertha Cushing. It is not yet published. Miss Cushing has resigned from her position in the Central Church, although she was urged by the music committee to stay another year. But she has decided to go abroad next fall, so thought it best to resign. Miss Katherine Ricker, of Portland, has taken her place. Miss Cushing has gone over to New York for a week's holiday, and will attend the Opera and other musical events while there.

The Boston String Quartet, a new organization, will give their first concert on January 7 at Association Hall. This is the first of the series of three concerts they will give during the season.

In accordance with their annual custom Rev. Samuel Herrick, pastor of the Mt. Vernon Church, on Beacon street, and Mrs. Herrick held a New Year's reception.

There was a delightful, though informal, musical program. The regular quartet, composed of Miss Rose Stewart, soprano; Miss Minnie Hayden, contralto; Mr. J. E. Tippet, tenor, and Mr. Wm. H. Clarke, bass, with Arthur Raymond, organist, sang several glees, while Miss Stewart rendered solo selections.

A most enjoyable musicale was given New Year's Eve at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. William E. Worcester. The program was arranged and performed by Mrs. L. F. C. Richardson, with her pupils, Miss Ellen Sears, Miss Elizabeth Baker, Mr. W. H. W. Bicknell, Mr. A. M. Dow and Mr. W. J. Flanagan, assisted by Mr. Fred E. Hahn, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and Mr. H. M. Dow, accompanist.

Amesbury, January 3, 1896.—The Dartmouth Glee and Banjo Club gave a concert at the Opera House to-night. Directly after the concert the club was invited to the rooms of the swell club of Amesbury, the Wonesquam Boat Club, where an informal reception was held. The club also had as invited guests the Amesbury students of Dartmouth and the old Amesbury alumni. Judge Cate, a graduate of Dartmouth, presided. The glee club rendered some excellent selections, as did the Glee and Banjo Club. The Cantabrigia Club, Mr. Frank Lynes director, gave

a concert at Brattle Hall, Cambridge, last evening, January 3.

Star Course patrons are to have an opportunity to enjoy an excellent entertainment next Monday night. Mrs. Jennie Patrick Walker, Miss Gertrude Edmonds, Mr. George J. Parker, Mr. D. M. Babcock, and Mr. Frank O. Nash are the names that appear on the program. They are all popular Boston soloists.

Mr. Harry Fay announces a concert for Friday evening, at 8:15, in Bumstead Hall. Mr. Leopold Lichtenberg and Mr. Leo Schultz will assist. The program will include: Sonata, op. 69, No. 1, piano and violin, Dussek; Unruhe-Zweifel, op. 22, Nicode; Barcarolle, op. 50, Rubinstein; Thème Varié, op. 16, Paderevski; Dumky, op. 90, piano, violin and cello, Dvorák (first time in Boston).

Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, January 4, 1896.

MR. A. HOWARD HINKLE and his associates are working hard to secure the two hundred subscribers necessary to form the Opera Festival Association. But the association is not yet a certainty.

There is apparently a deadlock between the trustees of Music Hall and the directors of the May Festival Association over the question of remodeling the great organ. The trustees are spending \$100,000 in remodeling the hall, and ask that the Festival Association contribute the \$4,000 necessary to modernize the organ from their accumulated surplus of \$15,000. The directors of the latter held a special meeting and voted to pay one-half of the expense, but their offer was refused.

But to return to the Opera Festival. One reason the committee finds difficulty in filling the list of subscribers is that no one has a clear idea of the objects of the association. The following announcement, which was recently sent to intending subscribers, is as indefinite as a sermon on faith, but it is the only official document that has made its appearance:

We, the undersigned, hereby associate ourselves together and become a corporate body under the laws of Ohio, for the purpose of giving opera festivals and other musical entertainments, as hereinafter more specifically mentioned, and we declare:

I. The name of said association shall be "Cincinnati Opera Festival Association."

II. The property of said association shall be in Hamilton County, Ohio.

III. The capital stock of said organization shall be \$30,000, divided into 300 shares of \$100 each; and no dividend or profit shall be ever made or accrue to any holder of stock of said association. No associate, or his successor, shall ever have, or have an interest in, more than one share of stock of said association, and, in case, during his life, he wishes to sell said share, he shall first offer it at par to the said association, and may only sell it otherwise after refusal of the association to buy it at par, and then only to a person approved by the trustees of the association; and in case of the death of any holder of stock his share shall revert to and become the property of the association.

The association shall at all times keep placed in the ownership of proper persons the full number of 300 shares, and to that end shall, within one month after becoming in any way the owner of a share of stock, sell or dispose of it to such person as the trustees may select.

IV. The annual meeting of said association shall be held on the first Monday in February. At the first election the shareholders shall select ten of themselves as trustees; five of them for one year and five of them for two years, from the first Monday in February, 1896, or until their successors are elected; and said shareholders shall, on the first Monday in February, 1897, and annually thereafter, select five trustees for the term of two years, or until their successors are elected. Vacancies occurring in the board shall be filled by the trustees until the next ensuing

meeting, and shall then be filled by the shareholders. No trustee shall ever receive any compensation for his services.

V. The objects of the association are for the encouragement of musical art, the giving of opera festivals and other musical entertainments, as the board of trustees may elect, for which purpose the trustees shall have the power to secure such property and scenery as may be necessary.

Apropos of this paper a gentleman who has been prominently identified with all the great musical enterprises of the past twenty years said to me last night: "I signed the paper because in a general way I think anybody who tries to do anything for Cincinnati ought to be supported, but if it develops that the plan amounts to nothing but a scheme to guarantee a season of opera for Damrosch or Abbey & Grau, I for one shall enter a lively protest."

It is rather a new state of affairs for New York to send to Cincinnati for an orchestral conductor. Mr. Van der Stucken since his arrival here has had no less than fourteen different offers to conduct concerts in your city. The last New York Symphony concert is the only one he has accepted. Mr. Van der Stucken will return from New York Monday morning and start in with Symphony rehearsals on the same day. Marsick will be the soloist at the next concert.

Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler gives a recital before the members of the Ladies' Musical Club this afternoon. There is talk of engaging her for a symphony concert supplementary to the regular season.

There seems to be a dearth of chamber concerts here this winter. None of the regular string quartets have made their appearance, and the piano recital, strange to say, is a rarity.

The situation at the College of Music is growing serious. For three months the trustees have searched the highways for a president. Everyone approached was "highly flattered," but — (he had visions perhaps of a possible repetition of the quarrels between Col. George Ward Nichols and Theodore Thomas, the last musical director). They forget that Mr. Van der Stucken is a man of tact and something of a diplomat.

President Peter Rudolph Neff's resignation takes effect on the 18th inst., and he tells me that nothing can induce him to reconsider his resignation a second time. I think, however, he can be prevailed upon to finish out the academic year, providing the trustees definitely appoint some one to succeed him in the fall.

I wrote you something last week of a canvass of the leading musicians as to their choice of four names to be placed over the new proscenium arch of the Music Hall. The final result was as follows: Beethoven, 33; Wagner, 27; Bach, 22; Mozart, 13; Schumann, 5; Händel, 5; Palestrina, 4; Schubert, 3; Verdi, 3; Brahms, 2; Haydn, 2, and one vote for each of the following: Mendelssohn, Gounod, Gluck, Dvorák, Rubinstein, Weber and Berlioz.

ROBT. I. CARTER.

Bohemian String Quartet.—This hard-working organization gave concerts in November in the Baltic provinces of Russia, then returned to Vienna, Prague and Graz, and began a new Russian tour December 11, which is to end with its twenty-first concert at Odessa January 31. In February they begin a tour in Germany, playing in Berlin on the 18th. On February 20 begins a three weeks' tour in France, with twenty concerts. In March they play in Italy, Vienna and Pesth; in April in Belgium and in May in England.

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EMMA THURSBY also testifies to the "inestimable value of my dear master's system, 'The Ten Commandments of Music.'"

CHRISTINE NILSSON acknowledges the priceless worth of her instructor's (Maurice Strakosch) system.

LOUISE NIKITA writes: "To the simple, common sense system employed by my late master, Maurice Strakosch and his successor, M. Le Roy, I shall ever be grateful for whatever success I have obtained in the many countries I have visited."

Review by the late Dr. HUEFFER, Musical Critic of the "Times," London: "Brief, singularly clear and absolutely free from padding, physiological or otherwise. The hints for voice cultivation and the system of daily practice comprising the 'Ten Commandments of Music' must be regarded as the concentrated extract of the teachings of a phenomenally successful master. The result of many years' careful observation, they are designed not only for developing, but also for keeping the vocal organs in the highest state of efficiency possible to them."

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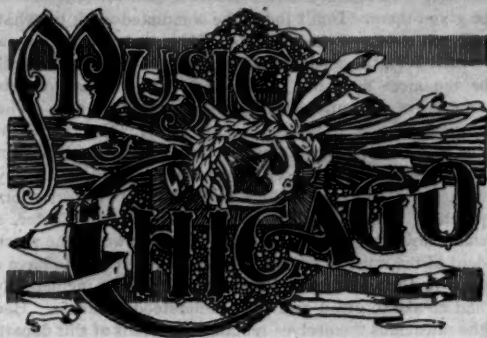
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CHICAGO, January 4, 1896.

WHAT a happy combination of pianist, lecturer, writer and conversationalist is Emil Liebling! Speaking to me the other day he said: "What you do not find in *THE MUSICAL COURIER* regarding musical matters and events you will not find anywhere else. It is the greatest paper of its kind in the world and exercises an enormous influence over the entire musical community. Yes, it is a great paper, a very great paper, and unquestionably it stands immeasurably in front of all musical journals published to-day. Music in America owes much of its advance to the position taken and strictly adhered to by *THE MUSICAL COURIER*."

When referring to the progress made in this city in musical art he paid a high compliment to the work done by Theodore Thomas, to whose indefatigable energy much of the good result was, he declared, plainly attributable. "Mr. Thomas is not satisfied with the endless repetition of well-worn classics, but is constantly introducing new works; and," he continued, "there is as good music written to-day as ever there was." To mark his thorough appreciation Mr. Liebling invariably includes some modern selections in his recitals, and expresses unbounded faith in the powers of the American composer. The stereotyped program as usually arranged has no charm for Liebling.

"Why commence with the inevitable Bach fugue?" he asks; for himself he has sufficient confidence in his own judgment to avoid the too well beaten tracks. As an example, the recital he will give at the teachers' convention at Pittsburgh, Pa., on Wednesday will commence with a theme and variations by Oscar Klein, following this with Schumann's *Fantaisiestücke*, after which comes the Moszkowski valse. To conservative minds the measure would appear to be somewhat drastic, but he is certain that the upheaval is bound to come in time, and that there will be more cosmopolitanism about piano recitals than is evinced generally at present, especially by the local artist. The latter, he maintains, labors under peculiar disadvantages, as the familiarity which breeds contempt leaves sensation wanting and causes variety to be a necessity. Local art is not fostered as it ought to be, although there is plenty of talent here of the highest order.

Emil Liebling always parallels the pianist and the painter, and says that upon the principle that a painter is not expected to depict all the various styles, ideas and subjects of other painters, then why expect the pianist to chameleonize himself and give all composers with equal veracity? "How is it possible for one man to embody in himself and play with the same perfection of detail all the different individualities? A comprehensive program he may perform, but not equally well. For instance, Bach has to be played with awe and respect, Beethoven with depth, Chopin rubato, Liszt volcanically, Schumann with German humor, and so on each composer with his own distinctiveness."

Possibly or not, Liebling is famed far and near for an extraordinary repertory and a prodigious memory, and he is without doubt the best known and busiest of all Western musicians. He understands exactly the *suaviter in modo* and *fortiter in re* which many artists overlook, and it may be that the possession of geniality has done not a little toward gaining for him that goal of all men—success.

That Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler is a wonderful woman

is beyond all question. Where can be found another great artist ready and willing to attack a piano recital at the unearthly hour, from an artistic standpoint, of 10:30 A. M.? This entirely original pianist of marvelous power not only attacked but played through a heavy program splendidly for the entertainment and instruction of the Amateur Musical Club on Monday morning. This ultra-smart coterie takes its music educationally and, like children with lessons, early in the day, so getting it over and done with. However, the club is doing good work when it affords to the general public still another opportunity of hearing Madame Zeisler. Beginning with Beethoven's sonata, op. 57, the artist scored tremendously. The first movement was played superbly clear, yet with wonderful power, and served to reveal the great height to which Madame Zeisler attains as a Beethoven player. Her versatility and genius are well shown when it is said that Chopin, Schumann, Liszt, Chaminade and Tchaikowsky were all represented, each example evidencing great musical sensibility and sentiment. Delightful purity of tone and brilliant clearness are always apparent, no matter what the difficulties of the selection in which she is heard. Great enthusiasm was aroused and many were the demands for encores made upon the good nature of this eminent pianist, who can draw a crowd severely taxing the capacity of Steinway Hall, notwithstanding most unfavorable conditions of time and weather.

It was unfortunate that Marsick, the violinist, should have paid a return visit at the season when all Chicago is martyring itself upon the altar of duty and completely devoting the days and nights to the entertainment of the future leaders of the Windy City. Consequently there was not a large audience in the Central Music Hall on Monday night when M. Marsick and the Thomas Orchestra played. These two attractions, and particularly Marsick's playing, were received with genuine delight by the few who were present. The little dilettantism Pizzicato, from Delibes' ballet music *Sylvia*, was the most appreciated selection, although the artist's best effort was undoubtedly the Max Bruch concerto No. 3.

M. Marsick's share of the program also included the first movement of the Beethoven concerto with cadenza, an original song of his own and two numbers dedicated to him by Lalo and Wormser. He plays in a correct and refined manner, which is pleasing.

The orchestra, under the direction of Theodore Thomas, contributed much to the enjoyment by playing with its accustomed unanimity Schubert's march, op. 40; a Schumann overture; the scherzo, op. 45, of Goldmark, and for the second time this season Reznicek's overture, *Donna Diane*, and Smetana's symphonic poem, *Sarka*. Speaking of the last named selection, surely my esteemed confrère of the critical cult of the *Chicago Chronicle* had his ideas somewhat tangled up, and it would be interesting to know in what capacity Marsick took part in the performance of the aforesaid symphonic poem and how it was that "he was kept busy quite a few moments acknowledging the ovation."

If men of the order of Clayton F. Summy were more general the cause of music would live better and flourish. Quietly, unostentatiously, but surely and well, Mr. Summy is doing as much as anyone could do in the interest and for the advancement of musical art in this city. Himself a musician, broad minded and of liberal idea, he realizes that though there are many talented and deserving in the vast army of piano players, but few obtain recognition. To such as these possessing ability, but lacking opportunity, his latest innovation comes as a boon and a blessing, for it enables an aspirant for musical honors to make a bid for public favor through the medium of the Summy recital hall, of which he gives the use. Twice a month recitals are held, and so popular have the two first proved that many applications are being received for them to take place weekly instead of fortnightly. Teachers and students are highly appreciative of this unique departure in musical enterprise, and it unquestionably tends to encourage to earnest work. The recitals are intended for those who cannot yet be classed as belonging to the professional ranks, although those who have attained some position are not barred out, and who are anxious to make an introductory

appearance under exceptionally good auspices. The only condition imposed is that the executant must be able to play a complete program of a high-class character. There is no expense attached to the entertainment, and invitations are sent out to all interested in musical matters. In addition to these recitals Mr. Summy inaugurated the chamber music concerts in Central Music Hall, for which artists of the highest calibre have been engaged, and which so far have been eminently successful.

FLORENCE FRENCH.

George W. Fergusson.

MR. GEORGE W. FERGUSON, the eminent baritone, whose hold on public favor increases at each appearance, has been singing with immense success in the Eastern States and the West during the past month. This baritone has won himself an enviable position, and on versatile ground, for he is not only an admirable artist in oratorio, but he has established himself a lyric artist of the most sympathetic and finished order.

The notices here appended are taken from among a number all similar in the commendatory tone of their criticisms:

Mr. George W. Fergusson as the *High Priest of Dagon* (Samson and Delilah) gave great satisfaction. His beautiful baritone voice seems to have gained in breadth since he sang here last and lost nothing of its charming timbre and phenomenal range. His delivery of his music was highly intelligent and artistic, and he deserved all the plaudits he received and more.—*Providence (R. I.) Journal*, December 4, 1895.

Mr. Fergusson is one of the most popular oratorio artists who ever visits this city. He came a stranger a few years ago, but by the very potency of his accomplishments he won his way to public favor at once, and ever since he has occupied a lofty position in the praises of local connoisseurs. He has a voice that is rich in expressiveness and noble beauty, and in his contributions of last night he brought its power to bear in a way that instilled admiration of the deepest kind into the feelings of his auditors.—*Providence (R. I.) Evening Telegram*, December 4, 1895.

Mr. G. W. Fergusson proved himself a baritone singer of unusual gift of voice and talent of expression. He sang the aria *O casto fior*, from Massenet's *Il re di Lahore*, splendidly, but it was with his encore, *Chadwick's Thou Art so Like a Flower*, and the four songs in the second part that he won the hearts of the hearers.—*Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette*, December 6, 1895.

His register is as even as a scale on a cello; his method admirable.—*Times-Star*, Cincinnati, Ohio, December 6, 1895.

Mr. Geo. W. Fergusson, baritone, has a strong and well cultivated voice of great dramatic force, combined with an agreeable stage presence. He was recalled, and finally forced to sing again.—*Tribune*, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mr. Fergusson sang a number of Gounod songs admirably, and distinguished himself by neat phrasing, clear enunciation and vocal sonority.—*Chicago Record*, December 12, 1895.

Mr. Fergusson was in excellent voice, and heard to unusual advantage in Gounod's *Biancina* song.—*Chicago Tribune*, December 12, 1895.

Mr. Fergusson gave a song recital in Dayton, Ohio, with tremendous success, and also managed to get in a song recital in Chicago with his other work, which was equally successful. He is extremely energetic, and in addition to his consistent activity in the concert world likes also to teach, and has several promising pupils under his tuition.

Two days each week Mr. Fergusson is in New York, where he receives pupils, in whom he shows a keen, watchful interest. Mr. Fergusson likes to sing, but, unlike a good many artists, he enjoys almost equally well teaching others how to sing, and is very successful in his instruction.

Mr. Fergusson's career has been marked and rapid, and he has a long and brilliant future before him.

Dresden.—The twenty-fifth musical performance of the Royal Conservatory of Dresden took place December 14, when the pupils performed numbers by Mozart, F. Mendelssohn, Bunge, Carl Götz, F. Doppler, Rheinberger, Schumann, Jacques Mendelssohn, a pupil of the institution, and the *Raff-Joachim* op. 188, *Sinfonietta*, F major, for wind instruments. The vocalists were Fräulein von Kanitz and Henrici.



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BROOKLYN, January 6, 1896.

EMBOLDENED by success on his former visit, Mr. Anton Seidl returned to us last Tuesday night, and gave us a show that was in all ways better than his first. It was *Lohengrin*, with a cast of singers who could and did sing. Mr. Seidl was so confident of his immunity from eggs and oburgations that he was quite jaunty when he came out, and as he has been forgiven, if not altogether forgotten, the Brooklyn public welcomed him with loud acclaim. It was said to be the largest house that the town has turned out for opera this season, but for the honor of the burg, if not from sympathy with art and managers, it is to be wished that it was a trifle bigger. It takes folks over here a long time to wake up to their advantages.

They get opera cheaper on this side than you do, yet on every opera night they go to New York in scores and hundreds and pay the extra price, and all they get for the difference is a little more scenery and more talk in the boxes. Except sometimes, for I confess that prima donnas and primo tenores have an oftener trick of discovering things the matter with their throats over here than they dare to do with you, albeit there is nothing to complain of on that score so far this season. *Lohengrin* was sung here with the same cast that gave it on the New York side at least once, and there was little fault to find. I suppose we must abandon the idea of ever having Jean de Resseke on this side of the river. We did want him to come over just once, that he might see the bridge and the new post office, so that he would not go back to Poland with wrong ideas about Brooklyn, but as it is not to be we must leave our fame in the hands of the next British tourist who comes to study us and write us down.

I never hear *Lohengrin*—of all the operas of Wagner—without a fresh amazement at the crassitudinous Philistinism which announced that this was not music. Ye gods! To think that little hand organ grinders and word mountebanks should have the audacity to peep aloud in such a presence! But the sublimities of ignorance are immeasurable. Mr. Mark Twain is no musician and no critic of music, yet when he solemnly and securely announced from Bayreuth that the only music in the piece was the wedding march he was believed, and thousands eagerly hailed him as an advocate and mouthpiece. This strong, high, heavenly work is still, perhaps, a little way above the many heads of the populace, but none of them of our day dare to criticise or carp. And it seems to me that if the worst of the anti-Wagnerites had heard the performance in our Academy on Tuesday he would have been won to a partial enlightenment.

Our Academy is better than your Opera House in that it does not embrace too much of outdoors. You can see the people even from the last seat in the gallery, and make out who most of them are, whereas the once that I sat in a top seat in the Metropolitan convinced me that while, so far as sound is concerned, there was no cause for fault finding, as a place for the study of acting and personality it was, in fact, poor. So we were all at sufficiently short range to know that in Nordica we have found an *Elsa* who lives the part for us, and, better, elevates it into the region of the ideal and beautiful. I don't suppose that the real *Elsa* was like her. I believe that the women of to-day are more beautiful than they used to be—it would be a pity if we did not know the world was progressing a little

after centuries of effort—and we know from history that even the high people of court failed in those little duties of the toilet that are now regarded as essential to communion with good society. Washing, for example. But after a lapse of centuries we, fortunately, remember only excellence, and the material and ignorant and superstitious people who never owned forks or toothbrushes are exalted into men and women who are all strength and virtue. And Nordica's *Elsa* was composed of all light and sweetness.

She never looked, sang or acted the character better. Perhaps there was a trifling excess of demureness, but it lent simplicity and charm to the work, and the voice was managed beautifully to accord with the part—it was pure, soft, and altogether musical. The character was either felt, or pretended to be felt, so vividly that the audience was impressed, and the rapport was established in which consists the prosperity of art.

Marie Brema, the *Ortrud*, worked harder than Nordica, but her effort was more palpable; it lacked composure and weight, both of voice and action; still, it was a creditable and measurably convincing performance, and in the long, difficult and risky scene in the dark, in the second act, nobody went to sleep. Mr. Cremonini as *Lohengrin* was conscientious, proper and tuneful, but I now and then wondered how he would look in checks behind a silk counter calling "Ca-a-sh!" His bearing was as perfect as a man of his inches could make it, and his acting was well considered, if not stirring. Plançon's *Henry* and Ancona's *Frederic* were worthy to rank with Nordica's *Elsa* in force and self submergence, and their singing was good, solid and sensible. Mr. De Vaschetti as the *Herald* deserves a word, too, and he sang as one who likes it. The chorus was in good spirits and the magnificent crescendos seemed to evoke from both voices and instruments all the power not alone of lung but of nerve, and the great waves of sound made the blood tingle as they swept through the spaces of the building. After living in a city and being jarred by its sights and sounds and smells and unholy incidents, a night like this is as medicine to sick souls. One leaves the house lifted and purified. Behind the curtain is another world. Never mind. We do not wish to enter it. Our world is in our own minds, and it is good enough.

Charles M. Skinner gave a lecture on American music before the Manhasset Club on Saturday night. There was an attendance limited only by the size of the club rooms. Specimens of Indian and Eskimo music seemed to be taken with especial favor, and supported by modern and scientific harmonies they were not merely odd but charming. Later music, in songs, piano and string pieces, was represented in the work of Stephen C. Foster, Gottschalk, Millard, Nevin, Buck, Foote, Shelley, De Koven, Thallon and MacDowell. The review was historical, and the promise with which it closed was optimistic.

A private musical of more than usual worth and interest was given by Mrs. Fred. Pratt, at the Pratt home, on Clinton avenue, on Friday. Emma Juch was the soprano, Martina Johnstone the violinist, Adolf Glöse, pianist, J. Armour Galloway, basso, and Victor Harris, accompanist. The program was composed of things by Schumann, Wagner, Elliott, Svendsen, Wieniawski, Liszt, Horrocks, Niedlinger, Bizet, Nevin, Chopin and Bach. It is a compliment to be invited to that kind of a concert. Too often the invitation to a private musical is intended as a favor, but is practically the opposite. Yet the Philistine who likes Sally in Our Alley and the Battle of Prague thinks that everyone else must like them, too.

As you will surmise, the week was pretty lean in musical interest. This week we are to have Faust, which will introduce the Saville to us, and there will be a chorus concert under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute. The walls of the new Institute building are slowly rising on the park slope, and when completed I believe the structure is to contain a fine music hall. It is needed here, and by the time the great Institute building is completed it will be in the heart of the city, and the best and biggest concerts will

be given there. Don't judge the completed work by what you see rising on the slope to-day, for that is to be only a twentieth of the entire building. When completed it will be the most imposing house erected in any part of this country in the interest of the sciences and arts. The musical section, it is pleasing to know, is the largest in the whole body, and comprises nearly all the Brooklyn citizens of note who are or have been identified not merely with the patronage of music and interest in concerts, but practical musicians and teachers. Mr. Walter Carter, a smart lawyer, who does business in your town, is the president of the musical section. It was deemed best to have a man in that place who liked music but who incidentally had no axe to grind and who understood business. Had the musicians themselves remained as heads of this department it is doubtful if their concerts this winter would have been as important and numerous as they have been, and it is quite sure that they would not have had the audacity and foresight to employ Paderewski and back the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Speaking of this orchestra does not in the least remind me that we are having some brass music, but as a matter of history it ought, of course, to be recorded. Sousa and Innes are engaged for several of their popular entertainments on Sunday nights at the Montauk Theatre, and there is no doubt that they will have to face large audiences. When the men put down their implements and sing or whistle a chorus the audience that likes brass band concerts lifts its eyes to the roof and dilates with genuine joy. I like brass marches out of doors, with a lot of blue soldiers in their wake, and all the glitter and rhythm of the military about them, but as indoor entertainments I can, by the exercise of severe self-control, refrain from attendance. Some people can't.

In the record of coming events I must not omit to mention Mr. Albert Gerard-Thiers, the new leader of the Cantata Club, of women. In the concert he promises for the 16th inst., in Association Hall, he will do something different. He will bring out a cantata by Rolando Morgan, entitled *Zitella*, in which occur an anvil chorus and a storm scene. It has not been given out whether the women are to smite the anvils or some trovatore blacksmiths are to be hired for the occasion, but I'll bet the number goes with great éclat. If he will put up a forge in the corner and burn real paper in it, it will go still better. And if the women are to hit the anvils wagers will be freely offered among the men in the audience as to whether two or three succeed in hitting the anvils. Perhaps the choirsters are practicing at home, with nails! C. S. MONTGOMERY.

Lavello.—An opera, *Mary Stuart*, by R. Lavello, was produced for the first time on November 27 at Rouen, and had a very favorable reception.

Sembrich.—St. Petersburg telegrams report a great success for Marcella Sembrich at her first appearance in La Traviata. The house was sold out.

Leoncavallo.—The first performance of Leoncavallo's opera *Chatterton* will take place at Rome at the end of February, or latest the beginning of March. Afterward it will be produced at Florence and Milan.

Decorations.—Professors Julius Epstein, Anton Door and Adolf Prosniz, on the occasion of their twenty-fifth anniversary as teachers in the Conservatory of the Friends of Music, Vienna, received the Golden Cross of Merit with the crown.

A Good Appointment.—Fritz Spahr has been offered a position in the celebrated Leipzig Gewandhaus orchestra. Spahr has accepted and will play in the Gewandhaus as long as it does not interfere with his solo work.

Kienzl.—Of new operas Kienzl's *Evangelimann* has been the most attractive. It was first produced in Berlin in May and repeated seventeen times; since then it has been given in Prague, Breslau, Cologne, Mannheim, Strasbourg, Basel, Mülhausen and Frankfurt, and will soon be presented on eighteen other stages.

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CHRISTMAS ORGAN RECITAL.

Mr. William C. Carl gave a Christmastide organ recital on Monday evening, December 30, at the First Presbyterian Church, Fifth avenue and Twelfth street, when he was assisted by Miss Mary H. Mansfield, soprano; Mrs. Julie L. Wyman, contralto, and Mr. Luther Gail Allen, baritone. In response to various requests Mr. Carl some few weeks ago gave an evening recital which gathered a large and most appreciative audience. This second evening recital, based upon the success of the first and given in response to continued urgent request, was also extremely successful, largely attended and of particular artistic interest. The following is the program:

Allegro Appassionato (new).....Alexandre Guilmant
(From the fifth organ sonata.)
Pastorale.....Paul Wachs
Fugue in A minor.....J. S. Bach
Aria, Ave Maria.....Bach-Gounod
Mrs. Julie L. Wyman.
Wedding Music (Messe de Mariage).....Th. Dubois
(Composed for a wedding ceremony at La Madeleine, Paris.)
Song, The Christ Child.....Ch. Whitney Coombs
Miss Mary H. Mansfield.
Christmas Musette.....Alphonse Maillly
Toccata in E minor.....Baron F. de la Tombelle
Songs.....
Mrs. Julie L. Wyman.

Intermezzo.....Theodore Salomé
Home, Sweet Home (variations).....Plagier
Duo, Calm Is the Night.....Goetze
Miss Mansfield and Mr. Allen.

Grand fantasia, The Storm.....Jacques Lemmens
Hallelujah Chorus (Messiah).....G. F. Handel

Mr. Carl tuned himself up with vigor to the expectancy of the occasion, as the audience which convenes at these special evening recitals is an audience thirsty for music and usually expectant of a full feast. He played the Guilmant allegro in especial most brillantly. It is an excerpt from a work in which Mr. Carl has won primary distinction, and in which the sympathy and spirit of his performance show plainly his devotion to the composition and its composer, who was his master.

Miss Mansfield is a pure, mellow soprano, with a great deal of deep feeling in her voice, and Mrs. Wyman, who is in better form than she has been heard for some time, sings particularly well just now. Altogether this recital was a success, and will no doubt be the means of initiating a fresh round of requests for another evening performance in the early future.

AVERILL-BRADLEY RECITALS.

The Averill-Bradley recitals are becoming features of serious musical interest, and it is only to be regretted that but three of these interesting musicales have so far been projected, the third and last taking place on Thursday afternoon, February 13.

On Thursday afternoon last, January 2, the second recital took place in Chamber Music Hall, when Perry Averill had the assistance also of Whitney Coombs, who accompanied the baritone in a new song of Coombs' own, Ships that Pass, a sort of song which easily passes the memory, and was principally dignified by Mr. Averill's very good singing.

A pronounced change to be noticed with pleasure was marked throughout the baritone's interesting program on Thursday. His use of the pianissimo is much better controlled than it has been in his recent appearances, and his diminuendo and piano passages on Thursday were invariably carrying and effective. This was the one change necessary to make Perry Averill's lyric power wholly artistic and symmetric. He has abundant voice and of pure

musical vibrant quality; he uses it intelligently, phrases well, and sings with immense fervor and feeling and with plenty of fire, while his delivery is dignified and impressive. Until lately he slipped ordinarily on the inability to make a true diminuendo and he miscalculated the volume of his pianissimo, which was frequently inaudible.

A remarkable change was evidenced on Thursday, with the result that the baritone gave consistent pleasure in his work and gave forth no syllables which were not distinctly clear to the whole community. He sang Schubert's Serenade; Franz's fine song, too seldom heard, Im Herbst; a group of old-fashioned English and Irish songs, which he gave with faithful, sincere feeling; Gounod's Worker and a couple of Neapolitan songs by Mario Costa. The Serenade was most musical and had impassioned feeling, but the baritone's best effort was in the most difficult song, Im Herbst, in which he reached a powerful and vibrant climax. He has the right idea about this song, which he sang with a splendid volume of well controlled tone and with stirring dramatic energy and fire. Too rarely is this lyric heard in the concert room. It is not easy to sing, but we do not remember to have heard it sung with more fervent meaning and fine spontaneity than by Perry Averill. His program in all took a versatile range, and he fitted to its moods a flexible, sympathetic talent.

Mr. Orton Bradley, a pianist of refined calibre, who steadily grows in public favor, played the Bach prelude and fugue in C minor with firmness and clarity. He also played Henselt's "C'est la Jeunesse qui a des ailes dorees" delightfully and with finish. A group of pieces by Sterndale Bennett, the Chopin G minor ballade, a short piece of Rheinberger and the B minor rhapsodie of Brahms were also in his program.

The Brahms rhapsodie was a clear, firm, vigorous performance, marked by judgment and musicianly taste and executed with ease and decision. Mr. Bradley found himself very much at home here and did intelligent justice to the Brahms mood. He is a quiet, unaggressive pianist, but he plays with discretion, a clear finger and invariably good taste.

More of these recitals would be welcome, particularly as these two artists seem to do a little better at each appearance.

MOLLENHAUER VIOLIN CONCERT.

The Messrs. Edward and William F. T. Mollenhauer, two violinists of old established reputation in New York, played on Friday evening last, the 3d inst., in the concert hall of the German Conservatory of Music, 37 West Forty-second street, assisted by Miss Elizabeth Putnam, soprano.

The violin program included two Mollenhauer compositions—a Duo Concertante for two violins and a solo Rhapsodie Dramatique by W. F. T. Mollenhauer—together with Vieuxtemps' Fantaisie Caprice, played by Mr. Edward Mollenhauer, and Neuman's Syrenen Märchen for two violins, played by both artists. Miss Putnam sang fluently and rather brilliantly the Jewel Song from Faust—a mistaken choice for a concert number, unless in the case of a genuine operatic prima donna's undertaking it in the concert room—and Massenet's Ouvre tes yeux bleus, which loses sadly by being sung in English. "Open now thy blue eyes" is a forlorn-sounding translation, which should really not be used.

The Mollenhauer brothers are capable, conscientious artists, with a similarity in style which enables them to be considered mutually. A tone pure and firm and a conception and phrasing of intelligence and taste characterize their performance. Spirit and enthusiasm mark their efforts, and in the field of composition W. F. T. Mollenhauer has shown skill and tact in writing for his instrument, the Dramatic Rhapsodie being well considered for the genius of the violin, if not of peculiarly striking originality in invention.

Both these artists betray good musicianship and an easy control of technic of their instrument. In the rhapsodie Mr. W. F. T. Mollenhauer's playing was more firm and authoritative than showy, or what is commonly called brilliant. In the concerted numbers the ensemble was smooth and precise, and the performance of the entire program called forth cordial applause for its even, artistic merit.

VICTOR MAUREL'S SONG RECITAL.

M. Victor Maurel gave the first of his series of three song recitals on Thursday evening last in Chickering Hall. The program, which was entirely French, was made up of songs

of Gounod, Massenet, Widor, Marechal, Hess, Tagliafico, and Augusta Holmès.

M. Maurel, after a unique and rather pretty custom of his own, did not leave the stage between numbers, but disposed himself easily and with a genial smile, which seemed to take the audience into his social confidence, in an armchair, from which he rose impromptu fashion for each song. The effect was graceful and informal, and diffused a salon atmosphere about things, which was readily given a further aspect of vraisemblance by the fashionable character of the audience, which was daintily toiletted and principally unbonnetted.

Maurel's efforts, however, were artistically serious; he was in fresh, resonant voice and availed to earnest purpose of the individual opportunities afforded him in a solo evening and the comparatively unexacting demands of the lyric school. Here he can linger and color ad libitum without a shade of sentiment or nuance of tone being missed. To realize the full value of Maurel's subtle art it is really essential to see him in a setting such as this, where the beauty in detail and finely considered finish of his work are not swallowed up by greedy space or heavy orchestral accompaniment. Each little song that he sings is a tragedy or comedy as may be in itself. The dramatic meaning is conveyed by a delicate art, such as no other singer of songs before the public possesses in any such degree as this great French baritone. A smile, a shrug, an ironic lifting of the eyebrows, a coloring of tone most potent in its expression, and the story is convincingly told. The power of suggestion in the nobility of expression united to Maurel's control of vocal nuance is literally unsurpassed.

He in no way transgresses the restrictions of the concert stage, but his dramatic coloring of tone, the impressiveness of his clear diction and the volume of meaning in every movement of lip and eye complete a drama as effectively as though it were in vivid enactment before you.

He sang the Dis moi que tu m'aime, by Hess, an old favorite, with infinite fervor and pathos, and Gounod's Prière was given with such true beauty of tone, such exquisite feeling and harmonious diction, that for pure vocal effect Maurel should seek to be heard more often in lyrics such as this. Massenet's minuet, a piquant Danse Chantee, was given with a charming love-making finesse, a faithful etching of gallant wooing in the old brocade, high-heeled, patched and powdered drawing rooms of the haute noblesse. And then there was a striking song, Pauvres Fous, by an Italian composer, Tagliafico, with a mocking refrain which glibed at the follies of three-fourths of humanity, into which Maurel threw himself with telling ironic effect.

Owing probably to courtesy toward a Parisian contemporary, Augusta Holmès figured with over-frequent prominence on the program. It was an artistic mistake, as some weakly ambitious, ineffective songs, notably a Hymn to Eros, were unworthy the artistic effort expended on them by Maurel. Widor's A toi is a good song, and was sung with spontaneity and pure musical volume, and Marechal's Grand Mère was a delightful little bit of comedy.

Mr. Joseph Pizzarello was the accompanist, and played deliciously. His style is most expressive and finished. The third recital will be a German one, Schumann principally, then Schubert and Grieg, and will take place on Tuesday evening next, January 11.

BAGBY MUSICAL MORNING.

The first of Mr. Bagby's January musical mornings took place on Monday at the Waldorf. Cold weather or early hours did not deter the large fashionable element convening at these musicales from mustering in force. The ballroom was thronged with men and women from the world of arts and letters as well as fashion—an interesting, characteristic gathering.

Owing to the sudden news of the death of her husband, Madame Mantelli, who was to have sung, was unable to appear, and her place was taken by Signora Kaeschmann, the wife of our Hamlet tenor. The Signora has a soprano voice and gave some Spanish and other songs with a good deal of expressive pantomime and an intelligent dramatic touch. She was accompanied by her husband, who plays rather better than his wife sings.

Miss Clara Hunt, the timid young page of Romeo and Juliet, had not a big stock of confidence on hand on Monday morning either, and sang a French song of Guy d'Hardelet with shaky intonation, in which she was accompanied by the composer.

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in its quality, was done by M. Maurice Farkoa, of The Artist's Model company. Le Fou Rire, by Farkoa, and a Watson-Farkoa song, Un jeune homme dans l' mouvement, were both chic, clever songs sung with finesse and a dash.

Miss Laura Danziger, a vigorous, decisive young pianist, played among other numbers the Auber-Liszt tarantelle from Masaniello, and played it with clear force and a steady regard for rhythm. A little pruning down and a softening touch here and there would improve a performance which, however, has a majority of sterling enduring qualities to recommend it.

Mr. Orton Bradley and Mr. Frank Lambert were at the piano, and Mr. Orton Bradley, accompanying with the same taste and finish as usual, managed also to do some of his rapid-sight transpositions with perfect success. But what a morning for accompanists, and distinguished ones at that—Kaschmann and Guy d'Hardelot in addition to the regular ones.

It was a delightful musicale, and after a liberal supply of encores everybody went away happy.

Second Symphony Concert.

THE second concert of the New York Symphony Society took place at Carnegie Hall last Saturday night. The usual afternoon concert occurred on Friday. Mr. Frank Van der Stucken conducted in the absence of Mr. Walter Damrosch. This was the program:

Symphony No. 4, in D minor, op. 120.....	R. Schumann
Concerto, in E flat major.....	F. Liszt
Interlude, Ingweide.....	M. Paderewski.
Overture, Russian and Ludmilla.....	Max Schillings
Barcarolle.....	M. J. Glinka
Mazurka, op. 23, No. 4.....	Chopin
Ständchen, Hark, Hark, the Lark.....	Schubert-Liszt
Erlkönig.....	M. Paderewski.
Kaisermarsch.....	R. Wagner

It was a Symphony Society concert in name only, for the orchestra of the New York Symphony Society is on the road with Mr. Damrosch's German Opera Company. Mr. Van der Stucken had but three rehearsals with a hastily collected band, and, while he worked very hard, results were far from satisfactory. He is a conductor who knows exactly what he wishes and has the technical ability to get under circumstances more favorable, but he is not a wonder worker.

The D minor symphony—a charming mosaic—was read with a certain dryness, primness indeed, as if the composer feared to let his men out of the leash of his exact beat. Rhythmically, little was left to be desired. Musically, there was much lacking, although the romance went smoothly. But as a whole it was a rough and ready performance, although the conception was refined and portee. One could easily detect Mr. Van der Stucken's finesse in his handling of the voices. Elasticity there was in abundance; mellowness, none.

The orchestra warmed up in the Schillings' Interlude. It is good, promising music, rather than febrile, despite its breadth of cantilena, and above all the composer has the faculty of expression. He says things very well. He feels his orchestral idiom more naturally than Richard Strauss. There is less hysteria, but the influence of Wagner is almost burlesque in its effect. The chief subject of this intermezzo is in the Tristan mood, and the muted questionings at the beginning are resolved into a frankly sensuous theme which convinces because of its sincerity. The composer, we learn by the analytical program, is a young

German, born in 1868. This prelude is to the second act of Ingweide, a music drama recently performed. Its close suggests Lohengrin; indeed the form is typical of that prelude. The poetic content is supposed to be this:

"At the joyous banquet of the sons of Thorstein the noisy bustle has been hushed, for Braw has risen to sing the praises of Ingweide, his brother's bride. A wondrous charm, fascinating, bewildering, is exerted upon the young skald by the sorrowful glance of Ingweide, which publishes her longing for happiness and peace. A feeling of tender sympathy inspires him with a melody which carries him to the loftiest heights of enthusiasm, and when a smile of gratitude transfigures the face of the bride purest joy rewards the singer; his song dies away in dreamy ecstasy."

It is richly and sonorously scored and in color hints at Goldmark's Oriental scheme. Mr. Van der Stucken read its pages with genuine passion.

The Glinka overture to his Russian and Ludmilla sounds a bit antiquated. It was first heard in 1849. Its innocent and rude merry making reminds one of the bustling Smetana overture to the Bartered Bride.

Mr. Paderewski repeated his exciting and sensational performance of the Liszt E flat concerto. Would that the A major concerto be heard again. The E flat is growing stale from usage. The accompaniment was not all we wished for. It was very uneven at times. Nor was Paderewski in his happiest mood when he played the barcarolle. The climaxes were too drastic and altogether it was rather rough water for such a sweetly frail melodic craft to rock in.

He played the B minor mazurka with infinite caprice, and lovely was the performance of the Shakespeare-Schubert-Liszt serenade Hark, Hark the Lark. Paderewski's name should be added to the above syndicate, for anything more ethereal we never heard. It seemed to be no longer a piano that he played upon, but an exquisitely fashioned instrument woven of dreams and of the ribbons of blue in a cloud swept sky.

Then this new Thaddeus of Warsaw, from the Fair Land of Poland (plowed, as we all know, by the hoof of the ruthless invader, to quote Mr. Balfe), played the Erl King, and it was tremendous. He had to respond with numerous encores. Paderewski will not be heard in New York for some time, as he goes on his long expected Western tour.

The third afternoon and evening concerts of the Symphony Society will take place February 28 and 29. Rafael Joseffy will make his reëntree and play Brahms' B flat concerto. It will be the musical event of the season. Walter Damrosch will conduct, and the band will not be a "scratch" one, but the regular Symphony Society.

Bloomfield Zeisler's Triumphs

FANNIE BLOOMFIELD ZEISLER, the celebrated piano virtuoso, has been enjoying triumphs of late in the West. Public and critical enthusiasm has been at a fever heat wherever she plays. This remarkable artist must feel a peculiar satisfaction in the fact that she is a prophet in her own country and that America has more than heartily indorsed the opinion of Europe of her gifted playing. In Milwaukee the *Sentinel* had this to say:

Mme. Bloomfield Zeisler is one of the favored few who possess the qualifications for the successful performance of the sonata op. 111, and she played it superbly, too, with artistic finish and poetic fervor, though, owing to the size of the theatre, the audience failed to catch the full meaning of the exquisite arietta, in which Beethoven apparently takes leave of his terrestrial environments and roams free and unrestrained in the realms of idealism, which finds its culminating point in the chain of trills in the finale—an ecstatic apotheosis of the ballet of sylphs. The pianist

exhibited an intensity of feeling, a sympathy, a magnetism which demonstrates the possession of talent of the highest order. In fact, her position at the instrument, her style, her conception, all remind of Mme. Annetta Esipoff, the Russian virtuoso, fifteen to twenty years ago. In addition to the sonata named, Mme. Bloomfield Zeisler played Beethoven's E minor minuet, his bagatelle in C, the Rubinstein transcription of the Dance of Dervishes and the Saint-Saëns ditto of the Turkish March from The Ruins of Athens overture. The Schubert-Liszt Erl King closed the program for her. The delicacy and the brilliancy of the former and the tremendous power of the latter exhibited the pianist as an artist of the first rank.

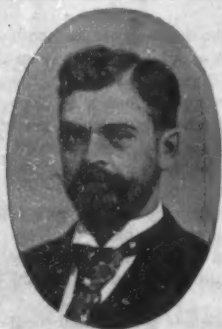
The Cincinnati *Enquirer*, under date of December 28, 1895, writes:

It is stating it too mildly to say that the audience was immensely pleased with Mrs. Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, calling her out repeatedly after each number; it was simply struck with amazement and admiration at the proportions of her artistic character. In her virtuosity and musical quality are perfectly balanced; one never gains the advantage over the other. In the Rubinstein concerto the singing quality of her tone was marvelous. The ensemble which she held with the orchestra could not have been better had she been a division of it herself. She was never below nor above it. In the most impetuous phrases of the final allegro, with the orchestra in full force, there was not a note which she did not assert to all its meaning and dignity. And such nobility and breadth of conception! One could sit and listen to her and forget all about the identity of the instrument she was playing, and become lost in the inspiration of the musical thought, stripped of all mechanical conveyance. With all her virtuosity, how much delicacy she commands! Her playing of the scherzo from the Litoff concerto was ample proof of this rare combination. Her phrasing in it was as near absolute perfection as can be expected from human hands. As an encore she played a delightful transcription on a Paganini air by Schumann.

This is what the *Commercial Gazette*, of the same city, says of Mrs. Zeisler's performance:

"Genius triumphs!" What a great and glorious thing the evolution of genius is! Whoever had the pleasure to hear Mrs. Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler twelve years ago, when she made her debut at Central Music Hall in Chicago, fresh from her studies in Europe will appreciate this apostrophe. Then the insignificant looking, girlish débutante, with thin arms and an extremely nervous temperament, created surprise, it is true, but who would have thought at that time that the débutante, although her talent was unmistakable, would develop into an artist as great and famous as Mrs. Zeisler is now? At the first glance her appearance is still insignificant, although closer observation will materially change this first impression; her arms are still thin, but what phenomenal strength do they not possess? The wrists and fingers seem to be of steel, supple, yet strong, and even rigid, when when necessity requires it.

It would be vain to enter upon a detailed criticism of her technic. Only marvelous talent, further developed by years of incessant practice, can ever reach the stage of virtuosity Mrs. Zeisler has acquired. It is not her wonderful technic, however, but her musical genius, which calls forth undivided admiration—the thorough understanding with which the artist interprets every subtle thought of the composer. It requires genius to do that, and even genius cannot do justice to difficult compositions like those Mrs. Zeisler had chosen for this concert, unless it stands above the trammels of technical difficulties. The dynamic power displayed by the artist in the first movement of the D minor concerto by Rubinstein was marvelous, and her octave playing a perfect puzzle. One of the most remarkable features of her execution, however, is the absolute control of touch, which enables her to give expression to the most delicate shading in tone color. Probably on account of insufficient ensemble rehearsing the orchestra did not support Mrs. Zeisler as would have been desirable. But to-night a more finished ensemble may be expected. After the immensely difficult D minor scherzo, by Litoff, the artist was called out with such enthusiasm that she had to respond with an encore, a charming caprice, by Paganini-Schumann.



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Another Lambert Pupil.—Miss Florence Terrel, a very prominent young pianist, who is finishing her musical education under Mr. Alexander Lambert, will appear at a concert at Music Hall on January 14.

Marsick Will Not Leave.—Marsick, the violinist, who has been incidentally reported as preparing to leave America, has no intention whatever of returning to Europe for some time. His stay here is thus far indefinitely postponed.

A Courtney Pupil's Continued Popularity.—Miss Jessamine Hallenbeck, the charming light voiced soprano pupil of Mr. Wm. E. Courtney, has been engaged for the fourth season as soloist for the prominent artistic musicales of Mr. Daniel Butterfield. This graceful young artist is justly a pronounced favorite.

Royer's Violin Success.—Mr. Clarence de Vaux Royer gave a concert recently in Fulton Opera House, Lancaster, Pa., where his violin performance was of such excellence as to evoke the most cordial enthusiasm from all sides. The local press is profuse in its commendation of the playing of Mr. Royer, who has but lately returned from a prolonged course of study abroad. The violinist had vocal and instrumental assistance of a high order.

Mulligan Organ Recitals.—The third of the invitation Sunday organ recitals by Mr. William Edward Mulligan was given on last Sunday evening in St. Mark's Church, Tenth street and Second avenue. The organist was assisted in a well arranged program by Miss Caroline Mahr, soprano; Mrs. Chapman-Lindau, contralto; Mr. Harry Pepper, tenor, and Mr. J. C. Dempsey, bass.

Redpath Concert Company.—The Redpath concert Company closed their engagement of sixty nights at Richmond December 22, and will open again at Rochester, N. Y., on January 13, giving three weeks to the East. The company, which has met with pronounced success, is composed of Geneva Johnstone-Bishop, soprano; Miss Clara Murray, harpist; Mr. Rudolph von Scarpa, pianist, and Miss Maud Powell, violinist.

Miss Hirsch's Concert.—Miss Esther Hirsch, contralto, will give a concert on Tuesday evening, January 14, at Mendelssohn Glee Club Hall, assisted by Anton Hegner, cello; E. C. Towne, tenor; Miss Bernice James, soprano, and Leon Rains, basso. Sig. Seismit Doda will be the accompanist. This concert on the part of Miss Hirsch will be in the nature of a professional debut, and the personality of the young artist being unusually intelligent and with much refined sympathetic charm she has much in her favor to assist her in winning popular success.

Heinrich Meyn Sings.—On December 27 in Pittsburgh, Pa., Mr. Heinrich Meyn took the place of Dr. Carl Dufft in The Elijah, the latter baritone being ill. The satisfaction given by Mr. Meyn was universally acknowledged. The Pittsburgh Post writes the following:

The rugged old prophet Elijah, whose dire predictions of drought, whose mocking cries for the followers of Baal, and sturdy demeanor in the trying times following, came out with striking clearness in the singing of Mr. Heinrich Meyn.

Sherwood Concert and Operatic Company.—The Sherwood Concert and Operatic Company, composed of Wm. H. Sherwood, pianist; Miss Jenny Osborn, soprano; Mr. Frank S. Hannah, tenor; Miss Mabel Crawford, contralto; Mr. Wm. Alton Derrick, basso; Mrs. Grace Plimpton, accompanist; Miss Fay Foster, accompanist, enters upon a season of practically incessant activity, of which dates booked from the 7th inst. to February 1 are appended:

Ottawa, Ill., January 7; Streator, Ill., January 8; Jacksonville, Ill., January 10; Quincy, Ill., January 11; Lincoln, Ill., January 14; Springfield, Ill., January 15; Little Rock, Ark., January 17; Pine Bluff, Ark., January 18; Helena, Ark., January 20; Nashville, Tenn., January 22; Memphis, Tenn., January 23; Huntsville, Ala., January 24; New Decatur, Ala., 27; Anniston, Ala., January 28; Tuscaloosa, Ala., January 29; Montgomery, Ala., January 30; Selma, Ala., January 31; Mobile, Ala., February 1.

A New Soprano.—Henry Wolfsohn has discovered a new soprano whom, because of her quadron nativity and rare voice, he has baptized "The Creole Nightingale." She is Miss Rachel Walker, a pale faced young woman showing plainly her colored strain, but withal graceful and refined. Her voice is declared to be lovely, fresh, pure, full of charm and feeling, lyric and coloratura in its power. Mr. Wolfsohn has immediately closed for her a six weeks' contract in San Francisco, where she opens on the 20th inst. Later she will doubtless be heard in New York. For a number of years Miss Walker was one of the leading

church sopranos in Cleveland, Ohio, and at one time substituted for Mrs. Ford, when the latter was in Europe. Miss Walker is accomplished and refined, well educated, and with abundant personal charm. She has a future.

Miss Hurry Omitted.—In the article last week on the concert to be given on January 8 by Mr. Lambert's College of Music the full name of Miss Katharine Hurry was omitted by accident in the mention of pupils who have already appeared in public with success in the piano field.

Julia Wyman's Engagements.—Mme. Julia Wyman, the well-known contralto, will sing on January 16 at Mrs. Rice's, on Irving place, and on January 17 at one of Victor Harris' musicales. Mme. Wyman is unquestionably one of the most accomplished concert singers in this country.

Death of the Senior Pizzarello.—M. Joseph Pizzarello, the accomplished pianist, has received word from Nice of the death there of his father. M. Pizzarello's loss, however, will not deter him in the fulfillment of his numerous duties.

Their Seventy-fifth Recital.—The seventy-fifth recital of the Galloway College of Music, Searcy, Ark., was given on Tuesday, December 10, by the piano pupils of Miss Burmeister, assisted by Mrs. Carter, soprano, and Mrs. Hoffmann, pianist. The program was most interesting.

Materna Will Sing.—Materna has closed a number of engagements for concerts in the East before she sings with the Thomas Orchestra in February. After her engagement with Theodore Thomas she will make a tour to San Francisco with the renowned Bohemian violinist Ondricek, under the management of Wolfsohn.

Jaroslav de Zielinski.—Mr. de Zielinski, of Buffalo, gave on the 20th of December a lecture recital before the Ladies' Morning Musical Club, of Fort Wayne, Ind., meeting with a very warm reception. The club is known as one of the best organizations of its kind in the United States. Mr. de Zielinski's piano illustrations included works of Chopin, Rubinstein, Cui, Bach, several not generally known composers of the Russian school, and some short compositions of his own.

Szumowska.—Mlle. Antoinette Szumowska will give her first piano recital of the present season in the Mendelssohn Glee Club Hall on the afternoon of January 14.

Third Philharmonic.—The Philharmonic Society of New York will give its third public rehearsal and concert at Carnegie Hall on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. M. Emile Sauret, the French violinist, will be the soloist. He will play Mendelssohn's concerto for violin in E minor and Saint-Saëns' introduction and rondo capriccioso in A minor. The orchestral numbers on the program are Chadwick's dramatic overture Melpomene, the dream pantomime from Hänsel und Gretel, and Dvorák's symphony No. 4, in G major.

Keeping Step to the Music.—To the Editor of the Sun.—There was a hand organ on my block this morning playing a two-step; good hand organ and good two-step. There was a horse going along the block putting down its iron-shod hoofs in perfect time with the music, and a pleasing accompaniment the ringing hoofs made, too. Men keep step with the music of the hand organ often. I have never before known a horse to do so. Did it do so or did it just happen so?
UP TOWN.—Sun.

The German Jubilee.—On the 10th of this month the twenty-fifth anniversary of the re-establishment of the German empire will be celebrated at Carnegie Music Hall by a grand festival concert. Some of our most prominent German citizens, such as Messrs. Carl Schurz, William Steinway, Oswald Ottendorfer, Gustav Schwab, Hugo Wesendonk, Richard Adams, Hubert Gillis, Julius Hoffman, F. A. Ringler and others, have prevailed upon Mr. Heinrich Zollner, the musical director of the German Liederkreis, to produce his opera At Sedan for the first time in this country. At Sedan is the first part of an opera duology, the first part being In the Year 1870, and the second part The Attack. The following excellent artists have been engaged to appear: Mme. Lillian Blauvelt, Plunkett Greene, Carl Naeser, Heinrich Meyn, Emil Senger and Hans Seitz.

Gustav Hille Was Soloist.—At the ninety-fifth concert of the Germania Orchestra on December 27, in Musical Fund Hall, Philadelphia, Mr. Gustav Hille, violinist, was the soloist, playing with immense success a concerto in A major of his own composition, which made a firm, musicianly impression. The concerto movements are allegro moderato, andante and allegro, and the violinist lent himself to the performance of his own work with remarkable force and feeling, scoring an emphatic success. The Philadelphia Record had this to say:

Friday's Germania Orchestra concert in Musical Fund Hall was particularly interesting on account of the playing of Gustav Hille's violin concerto, op. 61, by the composer himself. Hille thoroughly masters the art of composition, and is equally perfect in the mastery of the technique of his instrument; yet his devotion to the violin never leads him to make it too prominent at the expense of the orchestra. He gives both an equal share in the development of the "motives" upon which the concerto is built. Professor Hille played with wonderful perfection. His tone is warm and brilliant, his execution faultless. His technique, while

astonishing the layman, impresses one mainly on account of the apparent ease with which he masters the most difficult passages.

Helene von Doenhoff.—Mme. Helene von Doenhoff, the contralto, has been engaged by the Hinrichs Grand Opera Company, of Philadelphia, Pa., to sing in several special performances of Hänsel and Gretel in German.

Parcello Recital.—Miss Marie Parcello, contralto, and Mr. Edwin H. Douglass, tenor, announce a recital at the Waldorf on next Friday afternoon, January 10, assisted by Camilla Urso, violin; Harriette Cady, pianist, and Victor Harris.

Third Scognamiglio Afternoon.—Sig. Enrico Scognamiglio held the third of his pleasant musical afternoons on Sunday last at his studio, which proved a great success. Signor and Madame Kaschmann sang together and separately. Mrs. Carhart sang, and other artists were: Signor Volpe, Mr. Walshe, Miss Inman and Marshall P. Wilder. Signor Scognamiglio himself gave some delightful cello solos.

Myrta French.—Myrta French, the soprano whose marked success is a fair reward to her excellent talents, leaves this week to sing with Sousa's Band in Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia. Her success with this organization is remarkable, this being the third tour for which she has been engaged. Eventually the band will take a three months' tour to San Francisco, taking in all the principal cities en route.

Plunket Greene.—Mr. Plunket Greene, the well-known basso, is expected to arrive on the Majestic, which is due here to-day. His first appearance in New York will be at the concert given by Heinrich Zollner in Carnegie Hall the 19th of this month, and his first song recital will take place on January 28. Mr. Greene seems to be more popular this season than ever, judging by his numerous engagements all over the States. Mr. Greene achieved his latest triumphs in Berlin, Germany, when he made a huge success at a concert at the Philharmonie, conducted by Villiers Stanford, on December 20.

Gerard-Thiers Song Recitals.—Mr. Albert Gerard-Thiers, the popular and artistic tenor, announces a series of three song recitals to take place early. This young artist deserves well the prominent and active success which has attended him. Commencing with what he himself esteems only a fair voice, he has shown the remarkable results which may be accomplished by a perfectly sure method supplemented by hard work and intelligence. No singer before the New York public to-day stands higher in the artistic esteem of both public and profession than Mr. Thiers, and his reputation for musicianship is as well established in Paris and London as in New York. His recitals will attract attention and are certain to be artistically conceived and sung.

Eva Hawkes' Success.—The following are two of the many notices concerning Miss Eva Hawkes work in The Messiah at Goshen, N. Y., December 30, 1895:

Miss Eva Hawkes, the contralto soloist, has a full, deep voice, over which she exercises excellent control, and which was heard with pleasure in the solo He Was Despised. Miss Hawkes came as a stranger to a Goshen audience, but her first solo established her claim as a singer of unusual merit. She sang exquisitely the recitative Then Shall the Eyes of the Blind. Although suffering from a severe cold Miss Hawkes' work throughout was of the highest order, and it is to be hoped that she may again be heard in Goshen.—Independent Republican, Goshen, N. Y.

Miss Eva Hawkes received much applause for her delivery of the melodious solo O Thou That Tellest Good Tidings to Zion. She sang charmingly, with great earnestness and with perfect shading and expression. Miss Hawkes is an ideal contralto, conscientious in her work to a degree, and almost faultless in her execution of it. Monday night she was not at her best, as she had not yet recovered from the effects of an illness which last week compelled her to cancel several engagements. It will be a pleasure to have Miss Hawkes at Goshen again. She is an artist of no mean repute, and one whom we all feel proud to have heard. Her rendering of He Shall Feed His Flock was as near perfection as possible.—Goshen Correspondence, Middletown (N. Y.) Daily Times.

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DAYTON.

DAYTON, Ohio, December 27, 1895.

HERE is our record for the month: December 3—First evening concert by members of the Mozart Ladies' Club. December 5—Concert of the Welsh Choir. The chorus work was excellent. Clychau Aberdyfi lovely. December 6—First Peirce chamber concert, G. W. Fergusson assisting (in three languages) with his fine voice. Dvorák Trio, op. 65, Beethoven Trio, op. 1, No. 2, were the instrumental numbers played by Messrs. Peirce, Marsteller (violin) and Zwisler (cello). December 8—The Wilek Concert Company at Y. M. C. A. Hall. December 18—Mr. Harold B. Adams, of Heidelberg University Conservatory, Tiffin, Ohio, gave a grand piano recital at Trinity Reformed Church, Mrs. W. M. Hunter and Mr. G. M. Herbst assisting. A recital by my pupils—the 1833—prevented my attending Mr. Adams' recital. December 20—Philharmonic Society's seventy-first concert in a program of modern English composition. December 21—Peirce pupils' recital, the first in his new studio. December 22—Christmas music in our churches, with programs more or less elaborate. The only services I could attend presented the following selections: The Birthday of a King, Neidlinger; O'er the Hills of Bethlehem, Shelley; Christmas Bells (alto solo), Blumenschein; While Shepherds Watched, Hamer; reading of the Scripture text of Messiah; Rejoice Greatly (soprano solo with violin obligato), Handel; Hark! What Mean those Holy Voices? Whiting; Child of Bethlehem (soprano solo), Salter; andante religioso for violin, Thomé; remarks on the Christmas hymns of the Bible; Ring out in Joy (tenor solo), Blumenschein; The Christ-Child, Coombs; violin solo, Abendlied, Schumann. The quartet was assisted by Miss Margaret Reibold, soprano, and Prof. G. H. Marsteller, violinist. Mrs. Ella B. Williams, soprano; Miss Mollie Spindler, alto; Dr. G. Hochwalt, tenor, and Mr. Clement Herchelrode, basso, constitute the regular quartet, aided and abetted by your correspondent at the organ.

Messrs. Pierce, Marsteller and Zwisler play before the O. M. T. A. in session at Columbus, Ohio, the Brahms Trio, op. 8 (revised version) to-day.

The Boston Concert Company (from Dayton, Ohio) gave a concert at Batavia, Ohio, recently.

Mrs. Bloomfield Zeisler plays here January 2. W. L. B.

COLUMBUS.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, December 30, 1895.

THE Ohio State Music Teachers' Association convened in annual session Thursday afternoon, December 26. President Blakeslee, of Delaware, presided. After disposing of the usual routine business the association listened to the address of welcome delivered by Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden, which proved to be (as one of our local papers puts it) "an eulogy on music."

The program of the afternoon consisted of a piano recital by Harold B. Adams and Kattie M. Arnold, of Tiffin, assisted by Arabella H. Holman, of Circleville. This was followed by an organ recital by Mr. George Andrews, of Oberlin, given at Wesley Chapel.

The Strum brothers, of Cleveland, opened the evening session with a trio for piano, violin and cello. Mr. Hemstreet, of Springfield, sang a baritone solo, Because I Love Thee. Miss Parrott, of Dayton, sang four selections instead of three as announced, and Mr. and Mrs. Amor Sharp, of Columbus, delighted all with their duet from Elijah. The program was completed by the selection of the Dayton Trio, composed of Howard F. Pierce, piano, Emil Zwisler, cello, and G. H. Marsteller, violin.

The Friday morning session opened with a discussion on music in the public schools, which proved to be very interesting—to some. The musical program consisted of selections by Mr. Bernard Strum, violinist; Mr. Pierce, of Dayton, piano, and Mr. Hemstreet, baritone; Messrs. Wilson G. Smith and James H. Rogers, pianists, and W. C. Howell, basso. The afternoon session opened with a piano recital by Mr. Werner, of Akron, assisted by Mr. Willett, baritone, of Toledo, after which Prof. Arthur Powell, superintendent of schools of Marion, read a paper on The Relation of Music to Public School Education, and Rev. J. W. Bashford, president of the Ohio Wesleyan University, read one on The Relation of Music to Collegiate Education. These were followed by selections by Miss Marion E. Harter, violinist, and Mr. Charles M. Jacobus, pianist, both of Delaware.

The Arion Club, of this city, were first on the program for the evening entertainment, giving two selections, Moonlight, by Spicker, and Sunshine, by Schilling. They were followed by Miss Gardner, of Delaware, who sang Calm as the Night, by Bohm. The Arions followed with Reveries. Mr. Engwerson sang three songs, Merry, Merry Lark, Slumber Song and Homeland. Then followed a selection by the Eberling Quintet. After a number each by Mr. Oley Speaks and Miss Gardner the program was brought to a close by the Arion Club, their number being The Nun of Nidaros.

The attendance in so far as the association was concerned was all that could be desired, but the public was not so generous in its support of the concerts. Considerable fault was found on this account by several of the visiting members, and several spoke freely in open session. A local musician made himself very un-

popular by announcing in his defense of our people that Columbus concert goers were accustomed to hearing the best in the land.

The election resulted in the election of the following officers for the coming year: President, S. H. Blakeslee, Delaware; vice-president, N. L. Glover, Akron; corresponding secretary, J. B. Rogers, Delaware; recording secretary, Julia Ackerman, Lima; auditor, David Reimer, London; and C. S. Morrison, Fayette, and James Bird, Marietta, members of executive committee. The next convention will be held in Delaware the last week in December, 1896. C. B. DUFFY.

MINNEAPOLIS.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., December 26, 1895.

CHRISTMAS, with its exceeding good cheer, introduced some exceptionally fine musical programs in the various churches where special Christmas services were held. At Gethsemane (P. E.) the music deserves special mention, inasmuch as part of the oratorio of The Messiah (The Nativity) was given by the boy vested choir, assisted by a tenor and basso (adults). Although it was an ambitious program for a boy choir, it was splendidly done. The soprano and alto, Masters Stegner and Meader, are worthy a more extended notice than I am able to give, for they are unusually competent to sing the solos given them. I am not inclined to gush in praise of any musical performance, although sufficiently enthusiastic to do so, but it was simply glorious to hear those heaven inspired solos sung by such fresh young voices, and with such marvelous skill of execution. They are mere lads, to be sure, but they possess a deeper understanding of such works than one finds among even music students of a general class. That they do understand is evinced in the kindling eye and heightened color upon the cheek. All this is due of course to the direct personal influence as well as instruction of the organist and choirmaster at Gethsemane, G. H. Worthington.

At St. Mark's Church (P. E.) A. M. Shuey, organist and director, the musical program was magnificent. Several numbers were composed by Mr. Shuey, among which were the Te Deum and the hymn anthem, Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem. Our friend Mr. Shuey has no time for the boy choir, but has a finely trained chorus of mixed voices, led by a professional quartet. Of course he always has good music, for he spends a great deal of time in preparing his programs.

Frank Dans, Jr., has inaugurated his season of Sunday concerts with his well trained orchestra, and Harmonia Hall is taxed to its utmost by the throngs which attend these popular concerts. As I have many times stated in these columns, Mr. Dans is one of the noble army of workers in the cause of music in our city, and success crowns his arduous labors.

In Minneapolis the music in the churches on the Sabbath is equal to that in the older cities of the Union, and is constantly improving. J. Warren Andrews, a very scholarly organist, works assiduously in the cause of sacred music, and his share in the church service is enjoyed by a very large audience, who always listen to his Sunday evening programs.

S. Woodruff, organist at the First Baptist Church, has a well trained chorus and quartet whom he directs, and for whom he is a very prince of accompanists.

Emil Oberhafer, organist and director at the Church of the Immaculate Conception (R. C.), gives some of the most elaborate programs ever given in Minneapolis, and they are all well chosen, well prepared and well executed.

Of course we had Melba, and I made prompt record of her successful concert and the enthusiastic greeting by music lovers in Minneapolis. But my letter did not appear, and so it is but fair to our city that I mention it again. Melba received a very warm greeting in the "Flour City," and the immense audience of between 6,000 and 7,000 people were by no means chary of their recognition of the world-renowned artist. Enthusiastic applause, showers of roses and the very emphatic cry of the university, "Ski U. Mah," with Melba for the tiger, could not have been given by a more musically enthusiastic audience anywhere. And she enjoyed it, too, acknowledging with grace the hearty plaudits of her thousands of gratified listeners. I must not neglect the little woman to whom we owe this great musical feast. To Miss Anna Schone-René is due the bringing of Melba and her talented company to our Western metropolis. With unflagging energy she managed every detail inside and outside the immense "Exposition" Music Hall, and when she appeared as directress of the University Choral Union she was greeted with a hearty applause. The "Union" aided her in every way to the carrying out of her cherished plan to bring the great artist to Minneapolis.

DECEMBER 28, 1895.

Among the guests in the city is Miss Abbie Warendorph, formerly a resident, but who for the past five years has been studying in Germany, the pupil of Fäulein Von Ertsehe, of Dresden. As Miss Warendorph is an old resident of Minneapolis and still calls this city her home, a great deal of interest has centered around her and her studies.

She came before a Minneapolis audience on the evening of December 27, on which occasion the Lyceum Theatre was well filled. She was enthusiastically greeted, and made a most favorable impression. It is three years since she sang here before, and she has vastly improved in every way. Her colorature work is beautiful, and although her voice is not large, still it has gained in color since last she sang here. Personally she is very attractive, and has a pleasing stage presence. Miss Warendorph was assisted by Prof. Gustavus Johnson (pianist) and Mr. Dans's fine orchestra, Mr. Dans directing. The fair singer was the recipient of many floral offerings, for Minneapolis is always appreciative of her own.

The Ladies' Thursday Musical Club gave another of its instructive entertainments in the way of a lecture on Indian Music. Miss Denamore, of Redwing, Minn., gave a very interesting account of the native music of the American Indian. Illustrations were furnished by members of the club. Unfortunately I was unable to attend, much to my deep regret, for it is a subject in

which I am interested. I know that the arts in painting and sculpture have some wonderful talent among some of the tribes of the Northwest, and I was and am curious to know if the soul stirring art of music has a home in the stolid breast of an Indian. ACTON HORTON.

TORONTO.

TORONTO, December 30, 1895.

THE Canadian Society of Musicians met for the eleventh annual convention on the 26th, 27th and 28th inst. at the Normal School here. The attendance was very good, and the society seems to have been successful in enlisting the sympathies of most of the prominent musicians of the Province.

Three interesting recitals were given, in which those participating were Mr. Archibald G. Alexander, pianist; Mr. Rechab Tandy, tenor; Miss Lillian Littlehales, 'cellist; Miss Mary H. Smart, soprano; the Klingensfeld String Quartet, Mr. H. M. Field, pianist; Mr. J. E. Jaques, baritone; Mr. W. F. Robinson, clarinetist; a vocal quartet comprising Miss Mabel de Geer, soprano; Miss M. F. Hessin, contralto; Mr. Walter H. Robinson, tenor, and Mr. F. W. Lee, basso; Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, pianist; Mr. W. H. Robinson, tenor; Mrs. H. W. Parker, soprano, and Dr. C. E. Saunders, flautist.

Except as to second recital I am unable to make comment, but all have been well reported. In the exception referred to the Klingensfeld String Quartet was in good form in Haydn's D minor quartet, and with Mr. W. F. Robinson as clarinetist they made a most favorable impression in a Mozart quintet.

Mr. Harry M. Field, Toronto's popular pianist, gave most musicianly and artistic interpretations of compositions by Chopin, Brassin, Sapellnikoff and Liszt. I doubt if Mr. Field has ever been heard to greater advantage than on this occasion.

Mr. J. Edmund Jaques, an excellent baritone, was heard in G. H. Fairclough's To Possess Thee.

Mr. Heinrich Klingensfeld, our leading violin soloist, gave Svendsen's Romance in G with masterly skill and effectiveness. Taking this recital as a fair sample, the series may be considered as highly successful.

Several lectures and essays were given during the session, and an elaborate banquet was a bright feature. The president of the society, Mr. J. Humfrey Anger, Mus. Bac., and other officers gave addresses and presented reports of a very satisfactory nature. One distinct object sought is protective legislation for the profession, about on the same plan, I understand, as some English musicians want in their much talked of "Registration" act.

Another desideratum is a musical paper to be published in the interests of the C. S. M.

The following were elected officers for the ensuing year: President, Mr. J. Humfrey Anger; vice-president, Mr. J. D. A. Tripp; secretary, Mr. W. H. Robinson; treasurer, Mr. W. E. Fairclough.

Representatives of cities—Toronto, Mr. Harry M. Field; Hamilton, Mr. J. E. P. Aldous; London, Mr. W. H. Hewlett; Ottawa, Miss Christie; St. Catharines, Mr. Angelo M. Read; Brantford, Mr. J. E. Jaques; Stratford, Mrs. Prendergast. General representatives—Messrs. Edward Fisher, A. S. Vogt, J. W. Harrison, and W. H. Robinson. EDMOND L. ROBERTS.

NEW ORLEANS.

NEW ORLEANS, December 25, 1895.

THE Damrosch Opera Company has gone, and only the memory of that week in which we were able to enjoy good music remains, with Brunnhilde, Gutruene, Wotan, Siegfried and the Rhine Maidens singing their songs in memory's ears. Siegfried was presented last Wednesday.

The performance was superb, although to the average listener saturated with Verdi, Rossini, Meyerbeer and Gounod the real essence of Wagner was lost. Alvary disappointed many, including myself; for, while his conception of the part is magnificent and his acting and posing all that the most æsthetic art student would demand, his singing was far from being equal to the demands of the score. Paul Lange as Mime made the hit of the evening, as his delineation of that character was perfect. The dragon which Walter Damrosch had brought all the way from the Black Forest, into whose recesses he and his satellites went for it, caused somewhat of a sensation, being exceedingly realistic. Frl. Mulder made a very pleasing Brunnhilde, and Frl. Schilling sang the pretty Forest Bird part with delightful freshness and sweet voice.

Thursday Die Götterdämmerung was presented to a good house.

This performance was one of the best given in the week, and if I liked Gruenning as Lohengrin I enjoyed him much more as Siegfried. His voice is so clear, so sweet and sympathetic, and he sings with such elegance, that one can forget his mediocrity as an actor and allow the singer to come forth. He was passionate as a lover, and his solo commencing Brunnhilde heilige braut was sung with such delicacy of expression that Alvary's previous delineation of the character was forgotten.

There is no doubt that Gruenning captured the house last night, and he shared with Brunnhilde the evening's honors. Frl. Riza Eibenschwetz, who made such a delightful impression in other rôles, sang the part of Gutruene very well, as also did the ladies to whom were allotted the part of the Rhine Maidens. This chorus was very prettily rendered. The male chorus, however, seemed to be devoid of life, and sang in a perfunctory manner, the time being often dragging.

I have saved Frau Klafsky's notice for the last, for in her departure we have lost one of the most talented artists that have ever come to this city. No matter where she was placed she is always the perfect singer, the true artist. Her opening number, Zu neuen Thaten, was given with all the passionate sweetness of a woman loving as the Valkyrie loved her Siegfried, and all the beauty of the music and the magnetic effect of the scoring were admirably brought out by Frau Klafsky. Her doubts, her sufferings, her despair at seeing the change in Siegfried were

stamped on her voice, and it would have needed nothing but the singer's voice and acting to have made clear to the audience what was passing. There was no necessity for the libretto or the words.

Herr Stehmann made a creditable *Hagen* and Mertens also acquitted himself of his task with credit. Herr Lohse led the orchestra.

Tannhäuser was presented last Friday to a house which packed every seat from the dome to the aisles, and the S. R. O. sign could have been properly displayed. This is the opera, with the exception of Lohengrin, which is most liked here, and as a result society turned out, and by the presence of the fair sex added much to the beautiful ensemble. The performance was perfect in many respects.

Tristan and Isolde was given at the matinée Saturday, and Gruening continued his success, again receiving an ovation as *Tristan*. At the evening performance Meistersinger was given, and Fischer made the hit of the season in his character of *Hans Sachs*.

At Sunday's farewell matinée Fidelio was presented. Frau Klafsky was the heroine of the day, and the audience called and recalled her, appearing never to tire of her presence. She sang superbly. Her *Leonore* was better than anything she has sung, and if she was great in the Wagner rôles she was superlatively greatest in Fidelio. Berthold, who had not made such an impression here, was very good as *Florestan*, and scored a success.

During the intermission of the second and third acts Walter Damrosch gave a treat to the audience, playing the *Leonore* symphony, and it is needless to say that it was admirably well rendered, the ensemble, finish and tempo being perfect.

I had the pleasure last Monday of being a guest of the Orpheus Coterie and enjoyed some good singing, especially so the singing of Mme. Bertran, a beautiful contralto voice, and Mr. Sarrazin, a good bass. This coterie gives little informals, where the true spirit of the bohemian reigns and the hurrying world with its cares and its troubles is shut out, and only the Goddess of Music and her votaries enter. J. NELSON POLHAMUS.

SYRACUSE.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., December 25, 1895.

THE Beethoven Trio Club gave the first of a series of three concerts December 2. Dr. Geo. A. Parker, pianist, Mr. Conrad L. Becker, violinist, and Mr. Emil K. Winkler, cellist, gave a successful interpretation of Beethoven's Op. 1, No. 1, and the C minor trio, op. 27, by Schuette. Miss Lund, the vocalist at this concert, did the same conscientious artistic work that she may always be relied upon for. Mr. Harry L. Vibbard was an acceptable accompanist. Mr. Winkler was the member of the club who appeared in solo. The next concert takes place January 27, when Mrs. Alta Pease Crouse and Mr. Becker will be the soloists.

Director Kuenslin's Symphony Society gave a concert at the Hasbale December 5. They were assisted by Miss Marion Manning, soprano, and the Marsh Ladies' Quartet. This is a new or-

ganization and they are doing good work and making a decided hit. Mr. Kuenslin has a fine band of strings, and with as experienced men in the wind contingent he would have an ideal orchestra.

The newly organized Madrigal Society, Mr. Tom Ward director, gave a concert in the Wieting Opera House December 2. Mr. Ward, as a master of details in enunciation, shading, &c., stands unequalled. He is ever artistic. I wish that he had better and more experienced singers to deal with. But Syracuse chorus singers are very apathetic just now. But under Mr. Ward's careful training the new Madrigal Club will ere long rival the old one. The society was assisted by Mr. Fellows, baritone, of New York; Mr. Streeter, violinist, of Rochester; Harold S. Yale, boy soprano, of New York; Miss Florence Colton, contralto; and Miss Elizabeth M. Pitken, pianist, both of this city. Miss Cora Pierce and Mr. A. L. Jones, members of the club, also appeared in special musical work.

Mr. Grove L. Marsh has been indulging his Oswego constituency in comic opera, *The Mikado* being the work produced. To make matters doubly attractive he took along Mr. Geo. A. Roß as *Poh-Poh*, and Mr. Will A. Daniels as *Ko-Ko*. Of course they made a hit—if the Oswego papers are to be relied upon in point of veracity.

When the present agitated condition in local choir circles becomes more settled I will record some notable changes.

HENRY W. DAVIS.

RICHMOND.

RICHMOND, Va., December 14, 1895.

NO stronger argument could be adduced in support of the assertion that there is a distinct revival of interest in musical matters in this city than a comparison between the concert given by Paderewski last Tuesday and that given by Joseffy ten years ago, and the receptions accorded the two artists. Paderewski played here to one of the largest and most demonstrative audiences that has ever been seen in the Academy of Music, while Joseffy, whose playing was a revelation to those who heard him, drew a mere "corporal's guard."

Even several years later, when Carreno played here, the audience was so unappreciative and talked so much while she was at the piano that her manager came upon the stage and requested them to be quiet.

Paderewski was listened to with the closest attention, and while his reception may not have been as demonstrative as it has been in other cities where musical intelligence is of a higher order than it is here, he may fairly consider this as one of his greatest triumphs.

Richmond is one of the greatest church-going cities in this county, country probably, and is particularly a Baptist stronghold. This denomination has not, until very recent years, been favorable to the introduction of an elaborate musical service, and the example has undoubtedly exercised a deleterious effect on the services of the other denominations, for, with the exception of one or two of the leading Episcopal churches, the choirs are mainly composed of amateurs, under the direction of amateurs,

and the results have been all that could be expected under these circumstances.

There has been a decided change for the better, however; all the good singers are at a premium now, and a good natured rivalry exists between the choirs that has the effect of stimulating them all to their best efforts. There is a demand for good singers, and such a city of churches should attract cultivated vocalists within her walls.

The Wednesday Club are hard at work for their May festival. The directors hope to make arrangements for the appearance of Melba as one of the soloists on that occasion.

Mr. Thomas Whitney Surette has been delivering a series of lectures here on the development of music, under the auspices of the above club, and they are now negotiating with the Rev. Hudson Shaw, of England, to give one of his courses here.

The Mozart Association, which gives concerts every fortnight, is having a boom, and the membership has increased considerably within the last two months. It has now reached the 600 notch. The season is in full swing at our theatres, and though *A Trip to the Rockies* has been the only opera presented here so far, several of the leading operatic organizations are booked for the latter part of the season.

HERBERT C. DUCE.

BALTIMORE.

BALTIMORE, December 20, 1895.

THE concerts of the Kneisel Quartet, assisted by Harold Randolph and the Boston Symphony Orchestra, on December 17 and 18 attracted large and appreciative audiences.

The opportunity of hearing such an organization as the Kneisel Quartet is not afforded this community any too often. The work of this body of musicians is of the most satisfying character. There is a finish to their performances that has never been equaled by any quartet that I have ever heard.

In the Dvorák piano quintet the quartet was ably assisted by Harold Randolph, whose performance of the difficult piano work proved him worthy of being associated with America's best quartet. Such an organization as the Boston Symphony Orchestra cannot but play well. They have the talent, and with the result of constant rehearsing they have attained a certain perfection that ranks them as the foremost of all orchestras.

It has ceased to be a question in this city as to the relative ability of the various directors under whom this orchestra has played. The concert goes appreciate the fact that whatever the interpretation or reading of the director, they will be very apt to hear a finished performance of whatever number appears on the program. Of course we suffer some disappointment in the way of program and interpretation, but it is a delight to hear this orchestra play.

I hope the management of the Peabody Institute will act on my recent suggestion, and engage the Boston Orchestra to celebrate Mr. Hamerik's silver jubilee.

There appears to be something wrong this season at the Peabody. Even the lecture course has been discontinued. People ask, What is the trouble? But the public is unenlightened. No symphony concerts is the result of a misunderstanding that



CORINNE MOORE-LAWSON,
Soprano.



HEINRICH MEYN,
Baritone.



MARGUERITE HALL,
Mezzo Soprano.



GERALDINE MORGAN,
Violinist.



CARL NAESER,
Tenor.



Mrs. FREDERIC DEAN,
Contralto.

DIRECTION: LEON MARGULIES' CONCERT BUREAU, C. L. GRAFF, Business Manager,

CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK.

might be righted if taken up vigorously. Mr. Hamerik and Mr. Uhler are not responsible for this. The trouble evidently lies with the board of trustees. I have no desire to be abusive, but there is and has been something radically wrong in the management of the affairs of the Peabody Institute. This is a fact that is generally recognized. The question naturally arises, What can be done to correct this apparent lack of management? I am sure that neither Mr. Hamerik as the director nor Mr. Uhler as the provost will interpose any objection to the successful accomplishment of the wishes of the board of trustees.

George Peabody endowed this institute with a purpose. That purpose has not been successfully carried out, and the responsibility devolves upon the trustees.

There is no city in the Union that possesses more local pride in its institutions than Baltimore. Any suggestion from the trustees of the Peabody Institute looking to the placing of the Conservatory of Music at the front rank, where it should always have been, would meet with the hearty encouragement of every music loving citizen of this city.

Why these trustees are so inactive is a mystery. The members are among our most intelligent and cultured citizens, and in matters of general enterprise and business never appear slow to act. It has always appeared to me that they required a few men among them who knew something about musical matters. It would be an advantage, I think, to have certain men that I could name, even if their main requisite was that of thinking they knew something about music. An infusion of new blood is required, and this cannot be done too soon.

Why not have the trustees select a music committee outside of its members to take up the matter intelligently and ascertain what is required to place the Peabody Conservatory of Music on a par with those of other cities and make it worthy of George Peabody's liberal endowment? I appeal to our local press to take up this matter.

There are many suggestions to offer, but an intelligent committee of practical business men with musical understanding and appreciation will soon know how to correct and suggest.

XX.

Fantasia—Paderewski's Minuet.

IT is one of those still, hot, dry, sultry days, when everything is burning up, grass yellow, flowers wilted, your breath comes in labored gasps, your lips parched, your throat so dry that it seems to crackle, out of doors hardly a breath is stirring; it is noon of day, but so hot it is that you cannot hear the leaves move—so hot that the butterflies have not the courage to look for flowers. After a little while you notice a cloud coming up; it is getting that peculiar feeling just before a thunder storm. A damp stillness is in the air. Suddenly a low rumble of distant thunder is heard. It gets louder, then sinks away, and for a few minutes it becomes close and hot again, and you think that your promised rain was all an illusion. But no; after a little while it recommences again; it is a little louder than before, but very little, and the heat is such that you think you cannot stand it.

But just as you think you cannot hold out any longer your lips, parched and dry, a few big drops of rain fall. How the withered flowers drink them up! The yellow grass—why, it seems that you can see it grow green, as they fall! See how the rain dries as it falls on the hot stone pavements! Oh, how soft the rain is! It is falling regularly now, in a steady crescendo; now the thunder is commencing to roll out its loud, angry tones. Gradually it grows in volume until the storm has reached its height. The thunder is distant no longer, but roars out; at the same time the lightning flashes its great crooked forks of light over the sky.

Look! What do you see? One great flash of light seeming to cover the whole sky. It is a sight for a lifetime. Gradually it dies out, and the thunder, which for the time had stopped, recommences, though not so loud as before. It dies down to a soft rain again, and the thunder is so low that you can hear the rain as it falls in steady, little drops on the roof.

The storm is becoming wilder and stronger again; one or two flashes of lightning; it strikes a tree so near you that you can see it as it burns, adding its wild glare to the oddity of the scene. Again the thunder falls lower; now it has stopped, but not so with the rain, which goes on with unabated fury. But see! behind the clouds is the sun still shining, and now, as it stops raining, the birds in the trees commence to sing. The rain is softer, softer, softer, but now again it commences to thunder, louder, louder, louder; the storm is becoming fiercer again, and again the thunder peals out its mighty tones. Some few sharp shocks of lightning, when it strikes a short distance off; but the storm is spent, and soon it stops.

The grass is green again, the flowers have all picked up, the birds are singing. And see! Off in the east it is forming a great rainbow, God's covenant with the earth. Everything is thanking our great Father above for the rain, but for which all must have died.

Listen! All nature is joining in a great song of praise. Now, one soft, sad farewell, and all is over.

LILLIAN C. LUTES.

Grieg.—A report is current in some foreign papers that Edouard Grieg is seriously indisposed, and that the doctors have forbidden all work, and ordered him to pass the winter at Leipzig.

Hastreiter Talks.

HELENE HASTREITER, remembered as one of the principal features of the American Opera Company that sang at the Academy of Music some years ago, has been for two months in New York on a visit to friends. Her home now is in Genoa. Since she sang here she has appeared from time to time in Europe, principally in Italy, and oftenest as *Orfeo*, the rôle in which her greatest success was made here. So little news about her has come back to her own country that it was supposed she had retired from the stage. But she has sung *Orfeo* forty times in Rome, and is as popular a singer in the Italian cities as she was when New York was admiring her *Ortrud*, *Senta* and *Orfeo*. Mme. Hastreiter has escaped the customary fate of the prima donna, and flesh has not overtaken her. One of the friends that went to the steamer to meet the singer failed to recognize her, because she had made up her mind that Mme. Hastreiter must be fat by this time. But she retains the graceful, lithe figure that was displayed in the costume of *Orfeo* on the stage of the Academy ten years ago. Judging from appearances, it would be just as becoming to her now.

"There is no great reward for a singer in Italy now," she said to a *Sun* reporter, "unless she is satisfied with merely going on and singing her own rôle and letting the rest of the opera take care of itself. I have sung a great deal with Sonzogno, and he is making some effort to improve the condition of affairs, but operatic productions have sunk to a dreadfully low level. I became so tired of singing under circumstances which were awful for anybody who had any idea of what an artistic production was that I never make an appearance now unless I am certain that the performance will be properly looked after. Even at La Scala, San Carlo, and the Costanze Theatre, in Rome, the productions are wretched. When a new work by Verdi is given the productions are as good as they ever were, but for the ordinary repertory there is not the slightest effort made. The choruses are all bad. There are one or two good orchestras. Some of the companies travel from place to place, but, as a general rule, the visiting singers are supported by the local companies. It's the old star system, and as long as audiences come to hear one person the managers don't care what the rest of the company is like. I used to remonstrate with Sonzogno, and he would always answer, 'But as long as the house is full when you sing, what do you care about the rest of the people?' But I did care, and I became so tired of it that I never sing now unless I am sure that I shall not have to bear the whole burden of the production on my shoulders."

"Most of the Italian singers go away as soon as they have made a reputation, because they are more appreciated in other countries and get better salaries. But I don't think that's true only of Italy. It's the case in every country in the world. Why didn't we, for instance, support that American Opera Company which was struggling to give us an opera of our own? The Italians think that the Metropolitan Opera House is a great institution, and they believe that the Americans are a great nation of music loving people. But there are funny little paragraphs that creep into the newspapers from time to time, like this: 'We are pleased to observe that Signor So-and-So, who was never very highly thought of in Italy, has made a profound impression in New York.' Sounds just a little satirical, doesn't it?"

Mme. Hastreiter's husband is a writer, and she has met during her residence in Italy many of the writers and musicians of the country.

"Verdi is not writing an opera on Shakespeare's *Tempest* or any other subject," she said. "He lately adapted to the old scale an *Ave Maria* arranged for four voices, and just before I left Italy I went to his house to hear it sung. It is a remarkable work. From time to time he writes and composes in a fugitive way, but he is not at work on any great undertaking. There is the greatest demand in Italy for operatic novelties. Ricordi owns the copyright of most of the popular works, and Sonzogno is compelled to give new works or the few for which he has the copyrights. But when new works are written there is the greatest difficulty in getting them produced. The morbid operas, such as *Samara's I Martire*, in which the heroine commits suicide by inhaling charcoal fumes, have made no real success, and managers are afraid of the new works, although they want them."

"There was Mascagni's *Ratcliffe*. Now, I had the greatest confidence in that. He told me that he had commenced work on it and stopped to compose the *Cavalleria* for the prize. After he had won the Sonzogno prize and made a great deal of money out of *Cavalleria*, he went back to *Ratcliffe*, and I supposed that he would be able to put his best work into it. But it fared no better than *Silvano* and *L'Amico Frits*, and everybody is wondering whether or not he is ever going to write another *Cavalleria*."

"That was a big chance," he said to me once. 'I staked everything on it and I won.'

"I heard that he had made \$80,000 out of the opera, but they are saying in Italy that he lost most of it at Monte Carlo in one week. I saw him a year ago, and he was as modest and unaffected as he ever was before he became

famous, when he was supporting his wife and six children on his salary as the leader of an orchestra.

"I got a letter from Mme. Mancinelli telling me that her husband was to conduct *Die Walküre* at Naples on Christmas night. Miss Susie Strong was to be the *Sieglinde*. I could not help smiling when I heard it, for Mme. Mancinelli had written me only a short time before that Luigi was going to spend the winter finishing his opera *Hero and Leander*. Then the first thing she knew he was off to Milan trying to make arrangements for the performance of *Die Walküre* at Naples. All that, too, after he had made up his mind to do nothing but devote himself to composition this winter. I have heard that the music of this new opera is remarkably fine. He is the only man in Italy that could have led *Die Walküre*."

"Italian audiences are really fond of Lohengrin, and the other Wagner operas are becoming popular. The managers do more to produce these well than they do for any of the other operas. But even that isn't much. Before I came away Sonzogno wanted me to sign a contract to sing in *Samson* and *Delila*. But I couldn't be sure of my *Samson*. It would have needed Tamagno, and he has been ill. I thought of my last *Euridice*, and told Signor Sonzogno I thought I'd rather come over to America and see my friends."

"Poor old Gluck; wouldn't he have turned over in his grave, if there's anything left to turn over, if he had seen his opera cut all to pieces as it was at the Metropolitan last week? Only the skeleton of it left! I felt sorry for the old man, personally. He had his troubles in life, but I don't believe any of them would have worried him more than to see his masterpiece cut to pieces like that. I remember when I suggested to Sonzogno that we sing it in Rome."

"What! That old thing?" he said. Then I went over the score with the man who tries his music, and he would play some of it and say, 'Now, listen to that. It will never do.'

"But listen to it this way," I would say and sing it to him. We decided to give it, and I saw to it that the production was a good one. On the night we sang it in Rome musicians came from all over Italy to hear it, because they said it would never be heard a second time. But I sang it for forty nights in Rome."

"I shouldn't ever advise a girl to go on the stage unless she feels the desire so uncontrollable that she can't do anything else. There are more troubles than joys in every artist's life. But if she feels she must be a singer, there's no probability that she will be good for anything else until she has tried it. I should advise her to go to Europe to study. I have studied everywhere, and the greatest teacher I ever knew is the younger Lamperti, if one can understand his method and follow his instructions. It was not until long after I became a professional and was singing in opera here that I fully realized the value of his method. I studied with his father, too, but found the younger Lamperti the greater teacher of the two. But the Italian who taught his father gave me the best advice I ever had about the use of the voice."

"You have a voice," he said, 'and don't let anybody meddle with it now that it has been placed. Use it as you would in talking, coloring its tonality in the same way. Do that and your singing will be all right.' I did it, and it's a safe principle for any young singer."

"One of the most promising of the composers of Italy is a young Venetian named Alberti, who had several orchestral pieces played while he was at the Conservatory at Milan. He has written an opera called *Violante*, and the orchestration is not yet completed. It is regarded as a remarkable work by people who have heard it, and if the orchestration is equal to the melodic gifts that the work shows it ought to be a great success. Little *Samara* is there, but he will write music that nobody can understand. Lots of them seem to do that now. There, La Navarraise, for instance."—*Sun*.

Paris.—In confirmation of its remarks on the preference shown by the present managers of the Opera for foreign works, *Le Ménestrel* states that during the fifteen years 1876 to 1891, only two foreign works, *Aida* and *Rigoletto*, were given, while in the four years 1891 to 1895 four were produced, *Lohengrin*, *Walküre*, *Othello* and *Tannhäuser*. The management has at last received the lyric drama *Lancelot*, by Victorin Joncières, which will be played at the end of this season or the beginning of next.

Mrs. Pierre Noel's Debut.—LONDON, January 4. —Mrs. Pierre Noel, formerly the wife of a well-known New Yorker of Washington square and the step-daughter of the late Abraham Wakeman, once postmaster of New York, is to make her debut here in concert January 14, under the management of Colonel Mapleson, and with the patronage of Ambassador Bayard, Princess Christian, Princess Mary of Teck, Princess Frederic of Hanover, Sir John and Lady Paleston and others.

Her voice is said to be so exceptional that she already has an offer to sing at Monte Carlo for the season and to become one of Colonel Mapleson's opera company to the United States.—*World Cable*.



THE past week has been far from an exciting one. The novelties were two trusty and tried ones—Lucia and Rigoletto—yet there is no escaping the fact that, from the box office point of view, business has been most satisfactory. The biggest house of the week was naturally on New Year's evening, but Thursday night Lohengrin followed a near second. Saturday night there was an excellent house, and Sunday night came dangerously near beating the record.

This was the cast of last Wednesday evening.

DONIZETTI'S OPERA, LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.
(Ending with the Mad Scene.)

Lucia.....	Mme. Melba
Alice.....	Mlle. Bauermeister
Enrico Ashton.....	Sig. Campanari
Arturo.....	Sig. Vanni
Raimondo.....	Sig. Arimondi
Normanno.....	Sig. Rinaldini
Edgardo.....	Sig. Russitano

Followed by Mascagni's Opera CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA.

Santuzza.....	Mme. Calvé
Lucia.....	Mlle. Bauermeister
Lola.....	Mme. Marie Engle
Alfo.....	Sig. Ancona
Turiddu.....	Sig. Cremonini

Conductor, Sig. Bevnigani.

The fine old breezy and fiercely dramatic work of Donizetti was adequately interpreted. Melba was chary of her voice in the rondo, in fact until the sextet, and then she sang so brilliantly that the number was repeated. Her voice was marvelously clear and crystalline, her trills almost ferocious in their intensity and endurance, and her staccati beautiful.

She had to repeat the final cadenza. It was five minutes before the hand clapping and cheering stopped, and there were plenty of curtain calls.

Campanari returns to us, his voice more brilliant than ever, and he sings in a much more finished manner. He was very artistic as Enrico. Russitano sang well and earnestly, but looked more than ever like Puss in Boots. He is a painstaking singer, and no doubt would have enjoyed his death scene, but the act was cut. The chorus in this opera always suggests a writ "de lunatico inquirendo" on legs; it stands around and jeers so inquisitorially at poor flute-stricken Lucia, mad with coloratura and other strange musical maladies. It sang in tune, but revenged itself for this temporary departure from ancient traditions by singing wofully off key in the Cavalleria Rusticana.

Calvé was given a hot welcome. She has been indisposed, but she showed no traces of it. She was again the strong, thrilling Santuzza we know so well. Cremonini's Turiddu is a most promising impersonation.

Thursday evening, the fifth night of the German series, Lohengrin was given. It was throughout a superb performance. Nordica, Brema, the two De Reszkes and Kaschmann comprised the cast. Mr. Seidl conducted.

Friday night a double bill, La Traviata and La Navarraise. Saville, Cremonini and Ancona, Calvé, Plançon, and Lubert participated. Bevnigani conducted.

At the matinee Aida was repeated, with the De Reszkes, Nordica, Brema, Kaschmann and Arimondi.

Saturday night Rigoletto was sung for the first time this season, with the following cast:

Gilda.....	Mme. Melba
Giovanna.....	Mlle. Bauermeister
La Contessa.....	Mme. Van Cauteren
Maddalena.....	Mme. Scalchi
Il Duca.....	Sig. Russitano
Sparafucile.....	M. Castelmary
Marullo.....	Sig. De Vaschetti
Monterone.....	Sig. Viviani
Borsa.....	Sig. Rinaldini
Conte di Cesprano.....	Sig. Cernusco
Rigoletto.....	M. Maurel

Conductor, Sig. Bevnigani.

The occasion was the seventh popular priced performance and it was a strong and interesting presentation. The cast was substantially the same as at the star performance last season, with the exception that Signor Arimondi was substituted for M. Castelmary, who was sick. The house was full and the enthusiasm—say rather the rudeness of the audience—prevented Melba from being heard in the closing bars of Caro Nome. She persisted, however, in singing, and went her way candle in hand and trill in throat

while the wicked band of ruffians hovered in the rear and muttered. It was extremely difficult to tell what they did mutter, as the "excursionists" at the side of the house hung over the bulwarks and yelled deliriously as if at a passing steamboat. However, it was popular night and even if tin horns were brought Mr. Grau should not complain.

Melba sang her familiar cavatina charmingly, and was forced to leave her trill and candle upstairs, trip to the footlights and garner a neat floral harvest. She is much thinner and almost looked ingenue.

Maurel's Rigoletto is a fine piece of work. The great baritone was in good voice and acted with his usual intensity. Arimondi was the sinister and sepulchral Sparafucile we expect, and Russitano sang out of tune in the second act, but pulled himself together and gave the Donna e Mobile effectively. Bevnigani conducted and the chorus was well in the foreground. It always is in the conventional Italian operatic repertory.

You had to fight your way to your seat in the Metropolitan Opera House last Sunday night. It was Melba's only appearance at these concerts and the musical public took advantage of the opportunity. There was in consequence an uncomfortable jam, the ushers being powerless to keep the aisles clear. Melba sang the mad scene from Lucia and had to repeat the final cadenza. Then she made Mr. Stoekert, who played the flute obligato, bow in company with her. There were flowers and all the conventional apertenances of a prima donna's triumph. Melba was in brilliant voice, but there was hardly enough of her, for she did not sing again until the quartet from Rigoletto.

The audience was therefore forced to spend its enthusiasm on Plançon, who sang an air from The Creation. Then for encore he gave Les Rameaux. Later this artist was heard in the Calumny air from Barbier de Seville, and was forced to sing two encores—The Golden Calf from Faust, and The Two Grenadiers of Schumann. Scalchi got an encore, too, after her two numbers and sang in English Annie Laurie. Cremonini was not in good form and sang his air flat. He did better latter. Campanari gave us Eri Tu in a superb manner. He is a model artist. He had to acknowledge the applause and responded with the Largo al Factotum.

Mr. Seidl directed the orchestral numbers by Grieg, Thomas, Gillet, Mozskowski and Rubinstein, and also the accompaniment for Madame Melba. Signor Seppilli conducted for the other singers. It is said that Berlioz's Damnation of Faust is to be given next Sunday night, and on Sunday, the 19th inst., Yvette Guilbert will appear.

Monday night last Carmen was sung with Calvé, Saville, Lubert, De Vries and Maurel. To-night, Les Huguenots; Nordica, Scalchi and Melba, Jean and Edouard de Reszke, Plançon, and Maurel and others. Thursday evening, Die Walküre (in German); Mmes. Lola Beeth, Traubman, Oltzka, Marie Engel, Clara Hunt, Kitzu, Bauermeister, Van Cauteren, Bach and Marie Brema; Messrs. Wallnofer, Bucha and Kaschmann; conductor, Seidl. Friday evening, Gounod's opera, Faust; Melba, Scalchi, Jean and Edouard de Reszke, Maurel. Saturday matinee, Calvé in two operas; Pêcheurs de Perles and Navarraise—Calvé, Plançon, Lubert, Ancona, Arimondi, De Vries, Mauguère, Castelmary and Cremonini. Saturday evening, Aida; Nordica, Brema, Kaschmann, Arimondi, Russitano.

Certain Immense Fiddles.

THE beauty and sweetness of Sarasate's tone are often commented on by people who never think of the tone being in any way due to the fineness of his instrument. As a matter of fact Sarasate has two Strads. One is the renowned "Boissier" Strad, which he managed to secure in Paris for £1,000 an hour or two before Hill of London sent an offer for it; the other is one that had been used by Paganini, which came to him through his son Achille. Of course the latter instrument has an additional value from the circumstance of its former ownership.

Paganini had several valuable violins, and the instrument which he used in his later years—a Guarnerius, dated 1743—would probably command something like £5,000 if it could be put in the market now; indeed, the sum of £3,400 has already been offered for it and refused, and a report was lately circulated that £10,000 had been tried. But the instrument cannot be sold. Paganini himself bequeathed it to the city of Genoa, and the municipal authorities there are keenly alive to the value of the treasure. They have it bestowed in a glass-case in the recess of a wall, which is again incased in heavy French plate glass, the whole being closed by a massive door. Every two months the seals are broken and the violin is played upon for about half an hour in the presence of city officials, and then it is replaced and put under municipal seal. This, of course, is done to keep the instrument in good condition.

Paganini came by the violin in a curious way. A French merchant lent him the instrument to play upon at a concert at Leghorn. After the concert Paganini brought it back to its owner, when the latter exclaimed, to the delighted astonishment of the player: "Never more will I profane the strings which your fingers have touched; that instrument is yours." The Genoa people have been in luck in the matter of violins. Sivori, who died last year, was a

pupil of Paganini, and Paganini presented him when a youth with a very fine Guarnerius instrument. It was therefore but natural that Sivori should wish his violin to rest beside Paganini's, and so to-day, for a small fee, you can see both instruments in the municipal niche at Genoa. —Cornhill Magazine.

Notice.

MAIL matter awaits the following at THE MUSICAL COURIER office:

Mrs. Antoinette Sterling.
E. Jakobowski.
Lilian Fitzhugh Cross.
Julia Ettie Crane.

An Historical Event.

A JUBILEE celebration, in commemoration of the 181st year of the organization of the First Presbyterian Church, of New York, at Fifth avenue and Twelfth street, and the fiftieth anniversary of the completion of the present edifice, will be celebrated with elaborate ceremonies next Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, January 12, 13, 14 and 15, the musical program being under Mr. William C. Carl's direction.

On Monday evening, January 13, Mr. Carl will give an organ recital and conduct Harry Rowe Shelley's new oratorio, The Inheritance Divine, to be sung by the Boston Club. The soloists for this concert and the succeeding services of Tuesday and Wednesday evenings will be Miss Mary H. Mansfield, soprano; Mrs. Antonio H. Sawyer, contralto; M. Elmer E. Giles, tenor; Mr. Luther Gail Allen, baritone, and Mrs. Laura Crawford, the assistant organist of the church.

No cards of admission will be required for any of the services.

Training the Human Voice.

WEBSTER says: "Resonance is a prolongation or increase of sound, by reflection, as in a cavern or apartment, the walls of which are not distant enough to produce a distinct echo."

In order to scientifically train the human voice the teacher must be able to fully understand and apply this definition to the building up or guidance of a voice. Tones without resonance are of no value musically, and there can be no vocal resonance in singing unless the voice is so "placed" as not to be throaty or breathy.

One should look upon the voice as the most perfect musical instrument conceivable, and one which must be "played upon" by the singer, not only artistically but sympathetically, in order to produce the music which all the world reveres. Any voice can be brought to that state when it is musical and capable of being handled artistically, but the sympathetic "playing" depends wholly on the singer.

A throaty, breathy or nasal voice can be so guided that all these faults will disappear, and this can only be done when the pupil has learned the mastery of the breath, both in controlling the flow of the air from the lungs and in guiding this flow to the hard palate just back of the teeth.

When this is accomplished resonance will be present in the tones. We learn from Webster that resonance is caused by reflection: conversely, when there is no reflection there is no resonance. Therefore when the breath strikes the soft palate, or the throat it strikes that which is incapable of reflecting it, and the voice is muffled and "throaty"; qualities opposed to resonance. If resonance is the result of reflection, and is essential to singing (both admitted facts), then there must be a reflector for the flow of air after passing through the vocal cords. Nature has provided this in the hard palate.

The tones striking the hard palate back of the teeth are from thence reflected in all directions to all parts of the mouth capable of reflecting, and a large number of tones, or overtones, are thus produced. It is the presence of these overtones which makes the resonance. The reflection from the hard palate direct gives carrying power and that roundness, clearness and smoothness so essential to singing. How aptly Webster's definition fits the human voice, and how few teachers apply it!

The formation of a person's mouth has a great deal to do with the quality of the voice and its resonance. For instance, a person having a smooth and low-arched roof, and full curve to the teeth, will surely have a soft, sweet, but not a strong voice. A high-arched roof, large mouth and sharp curve to the teeth produce a big, dramatic, strong voice.

It will thus be seen that the prime essential of voice training is teaching "breathing," so called, or the guidance and control of the breath. One hears a great deal about "harping on breathing," and I am certain that hundreds of specially fine voices have been ruined for lack of this. If we look on the voice as an instrument, anyone can be taught to play upon it artistically, but to sing depends solely upon the mentality of the "player."

Under proper training mechanical and musical perfection can be reached with any voice. The pupil alone can do the rest, which, however, is by far the larger part.

LILIAN FITZHUGH CROSS.

Belari's Vocal Chit-Chat.

EDUCATION OF THE TENOR VOICE.

No. IV.

IF Rossini said at an epoch vocally quite brilliant that in Italy there existed no longer either singers or schools of singing, what would he say to-day could he hear Italian singers and those educated in Italy? Concerning tenors he would add that voices even do not exist. I will not go so far, however, for there are beautiful voices in Italy, as elsewhere, but we are passing through a transitory period, and Italy, held down by her traditions, has not advanced, and attached to her Lindas, Sonnambulas, Lucretias, Lucias, &c., she is dying of vocal inanition.

What are the singers who to-day pretend to carry the standard of its ancient splendor? They are already insupportable decrepits or unacceptable mediocrities, mimic gods, known and unknown to the American public, who live dreaming of ways to imitate the regretted Gayarré, the last vestige of the representatives of *bel canto*. Vain illusion! Gayarrés, like the Duprez and Garcias, are exceptional natures, which mark an epoch in their art, and those who try to imitate them without also possessing their peculiar gifts follow a false route instead of the one intended by nature.

But the Italian singers have never tried to possess individuality by developing and perfecting their own gifts. At all times (and to-day more than ever) each one has simply copied the singer of his kind who was most successful on account of his real or fictitious talent, and the imitator who cannot better the original never gets beyond the limits of mediocrity.

It is true that Italian virtuosi initiated us into the art of singing, opening to us the doors of the grand operatic art, but the work of the singer is effaced as soon as terminated and is speedily forgotten; and as time takes from us the models to study, the era of vocal prosperity has been effaced almost as soon as begun. On the other side, the musical revolution in Germany, which has invaded the entire world, has annihilated the routine tradition of *bel canto* and rendered the old process of vocal education inefficacious. Not one of the fine arts has progressed in our century as much as music. Germany, France, Italy, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Norway, and even England and America, have progressed enormously. Vocal art only has everywhere been backward because, perhaps, it cannot will its models to posterity as can music, painting, sculpture and architecture for the study, teaching and progress of future generations. But the strongest reason of all is that the art-science of teaching singing has remained *in statu quo*, or nearly so, since its birth, and its formulas, vague and inefficacious on account of the lack of knowledge of vocal mechanism, have become counter-producing in our time of positivism, realism and lyric dramatic truth.

I was about to say a great deal against young Italian tenors, but my daily journal having said so many complimentary things about the young tenor who made his debut in La Favorita I decided to wait until I had heard him and judged for myself, hoping at the same time to find one exception to the general rule. My disappointment was as complete as the lack of vocal faculties in the new tenor at the Metropolitan Opera House. What a poor joke! The musical critic of my daily journal, who sometimes says things quite true regarding singers, often loses his head or stops up his ears, and instead of being the vocal critic he tells me fairy tales. It is to be regretted, for a complimentary article on a parallel tenor, read by those aspiring to the profession of a singer and who believe as an article of faith everything they see printed in a paper, does more harm than all the incompetent teachers put together.

My object is to correct this evil by taking as an example the tenor in question, on whom I will make a vocal autopsy to show the critic of my daily journal how singers should be written about, so that the criticism will be educational both for singers and the public. At the same time it will be a good practical lesson for American tenors who, while there is nothing for them to envy in the hero of La Favorita, remain unknown, content to sing in church, to shout in the chorus of theatres devoted to operettas, in choral societies, or scratch upon paper in offices at from \$12 to \$15 per week.

We haven't much in the way of singers, it is true, but neither are we below those operatic parrots who are applauded only for the reason that they are imported, and the day that a true school of singing is founded under conditions to produce good singers and available for the most modest fortune we shall have an *embarras du choix* to furnish the national lyric theatres, and will not need those importations that teach us nothing and that perturb and deprave good taste. Procure for our young singers the way to fully cultivate their talents at small expense, with a view to an operatic career; give them the oppor-

tunity to be heard in public, and we will have accomplished a patriotic work, one of progress, whose artistic and financial success is undoubted.

EMILIO BELARI.

(To be continued.)

The Legato as Applied to English Text.

BY FLORENZA D'ARONA.

(Read before the Music Teachers' Association, Troy, N. Y.)

"LEGATO singing as applied to English text" is, or should be, the same easy, graceful stringing together of tones that is one of the characteristics of all *finished* singing, no matter what the language. It is a mistaken idea that the voice must necessarily lose much of its beauty, either in the freedom of delivery or the formation of tone, in order to accommodate itself to the exacting demands of the English consonants.

The obstacle to be overcome first of all is the pronunciation.

A student must search farther than elocutionary rules to blend clear enunciation with perfect tone.

The cause of two-thirds of the difficulty in placing the voice (*i. e.*, removing all the obstacles and fetters to free emission) lies in the natural or acquired habits of articulation.

Some of our consonants are so rigid and hard that they do not yield readily in song unless detected and musically treated. There are many who can sing an exercise creditably on an easy vowel sound, or even with words of the Italian and French languages, because each letter has been given special attention. On attempting, however, English text, the result is disastrous, because they sing the words as they pronounce them in speech; and if their speech is defective (and it generally is), English song but magnifies it, especially when the initiative sound inclines toward the letter rather than the tone.

I will add right here that if the English vowels were taught to be pronounced at the dome of the hard palate, and the consonants with the tip of the tongue and lips, especially the upper lip (the neglect of which is a slovenly habit so very general in this country), instead of way back at the tonsils in the throat or with closed nasal passages (habits little known in the Italian language), it would take but half the time *postare la voce* (to place the voice) of the English speaking people.

Now that I have pointed out some of the obstructions to a perfect legato, I will try to explain how it may be cultivated for English text. It is to be supposed that the voice in its entirety has been trained into a confirmed habit, note by note, of producing tone, pure, free, resonant and well *appoggiata* (supported), and the singer is not *obliged*, directly he opens his mouth, to think of every tone's location, form, focus, attack and sustained production (which without such knowledge no voice is ready for finished work, for if the first eight tones are not produced properly, a scale certainly cannot be, and if one cannot sing a plain scale or exercise, he cannot sing a song; and no matter how many pages or books of exercises he has labored over he is still ignorant of the first step in the study of singing. So it is to be presumed that the individual has complete and absolute control over the voice, which has formed the *habits* of singing correctly with each tone's best possible development, without his having to give it special thought, and he is now free to weave it into beauty of execution, rhythm and form.

To settle the question of distinct tone colors, to portray various emotions, and to create and capture as many shades and effective blendings, with legato elegance, is now a matter of temperament and cultured taste. To recognize the necessity of becoming all nationalities is the first duty of an artist, in order that he may render true to life each composition that is added to his repertoire. By this I mean that the character of the composer and his written ideas must be studied to be interpreted, and whether Annie Rooney or *Elsa's* prayer from Lohengrin is to be rendered, it must be sung as though meaning every word that he utters, and loving it with heart and soul.

Of these two selections it will be found that Annie Rooney, and its like in apparent simplicity, needs the greater amount of study to make effective, since as a composition (it being valueless) it would risk the reputation of an artist to sing it and not do it better than the ordinary singer, by bringing out more beauty than had ever been dreamed possible.

As Patti made her art more comprehensive by Home, Sweet Home, and Christine Nilsson by The Swanee River, so must the artist by versatility of perfect work reveal the profoundness of the art of singing in simple, unpretentious renditions. To excel in the conception of the grand old masters, and at the same time take up a little insignificant song, without anything to recommend it, and breathe into it from one's inner soul that which will hold an audience spellbound is the test of a thorough artist. Now legato singing is so subtly beautiful that in English text a strict regard must be given to a crisp ending of the final consonant of a word, or, if having two sounds, ending the vanish,

no matter how pianissimo it may necessarily be, clearly and distinctly. The legato proper is the unbroken presence of the voice throughout the whole phrase.

It is not audible except when expanded into tone upon the notes sung, but you recognize it in a continuous flow throughout, unheard, but felt like the unspoken thought, giving each word a vocabulary of meaning more impressive by far than any amount of emphasis. To preserve this oily beauty of tone unbroken the consonants must not be hammered or swallowed, but caressed; not surreptitiously, but openly and with a free consciousness of breathing forth the meaning of the marriage of English text with the living beauty of tone.

All closed vowels must be adequately opened out and the open vowels appropriately focused for different degrees of resonance, according to the delicacy desired for the style and composition. A beautiful and cultivated voice finds no difference in the ease with which any language may be sung. It is simply musically adjusting unmusical sounds, which from habit and disuse have become great impediments to the study of the singing voice. Once mastered an enormous improvement is at once recognized, making possible for English text all the beauties recognized and so generally appreciated in the more musical tongues.

Perfect articulation must first be acquired for English text in song by the study of intelligible clearness for each vowel and consonant, and knowledge of its most musical resonance. Phrases must have well defined contrasts, inflections, &c., and the poetical sense related to both music and words must be acquired with a truth of expression denoting intense realization of the subject, finding for it a tone, an accent in the voice, and this sign language as a means to portray the soul's ideal.

In the first place let all who want to sing submit to be well taught. "The best singer, other things being equal, is the one who has been the best taught." The world is full of beautiful voices, but the *artists* you can count upon your fingers. "Definite knowledge of the voice is tuitional." It is obtained through sense, perception and a special form of vibratory motion acting upon and exciting the auditory nerves, which is thence conveyed to the brain, producing the sensation called sound. Written words can do little toward the development of intuition regarding the subtleness of the legato. The ear is absolutely indispensable as a medium. In singing we are dealing with the unseen—the eye assists, but it can never take the place of the ear. The science of singing is the theory; the *art* is its practical illustration.

FLORENZA D'ARONA.

124 East Forty-fourth street, New York City.

Vienna.—On New Year's Day began the rehearsals for The Cricket on the Hearth, by Goldmark, who has gone to Vienna to superintend the rehearsals at the Opera House.

Vicomtesse de Barde to Wed.—The Vicomtesse Josephine de Barde is a young, fascinating and wealthy widow. Last summer she met at Trouville the Sar Peladin, poet, novelist and chief priest of the Rosicrucians, and they fell in love with each other at sight. To please his promised bride the Sar sheared his coal-black locks, which far surpassed those of Paderewski and gave him the most prodigious head of hair in Europe. The wedding is set for this winter.

Brussels.—On December 12 the Flemish theatre at Brussels gave a new "lyric drama," *Alvar*, music by Paul Gilson. The piece was written in French by M. Bede and turned into Flemish by M. Emmanuel Hiel. *Alvar* is no other than the Duke of Alva, without whom no Flemish patriotic piece is complete. He is represented by no means as the bloodthirsty tyrant of history, or Sardou, but as the heavy father who brings down the curtain with Bless you, my Children. He is in love with a little woman, by whom, years before, he had had a son. He still visits her, under the pretense of giving to the boy lessons in fencing.

Of course there is a conspiracy and the son is chosen to assassinate the duke. He is arrested and brought before his father—tableau—but all ends well, and the duke gives his paternal benediction to the marriage of his son and his sweetheart, and promises to go away to Spain by the first train of the "great swiftness." The score consists of choruses, preludes which depict "the sentiments of the hero," old tunes vamped up and some learned and curious music remarkably out of place with the simple situations. It is a melodrama and not a "lyric drama."

Col. Fairbanks Arrested.—Col. Elbridge B. Fairbanks, of Everett, who is said to have been at one time a member of the Bostonians and who participated in the great peace jubilee, was arrested yesterday afternoon on the charge of stealing a case of surgical instruments, valued at \$18.75, from Dr. John F. Miner, of No. 86 Dover street.

The larceny is alleged to have been committed May 5, 1895. The story is that a man called at the doctor's office and claimed to be suffering from eczema. The doctor was treating him when he had occasion to step into another room for a few moments, and when he returned the patient had gone, eczema and all; likewise the doctor's case.—*Boston Herald*, January 4, 1896.

Music in Fiction.

TRILBYISM has not yet abated. Here is a book with a diversity of effects: It has created a literary sensation in two continents and monopolized the conversation in the salons and boudoirs and slums; it has been dramatized into half a dozen ill-begotten, but profitable, "versions;" it was analyzed, nay, dissected, until its last fibre was laid bare; it was commented upon under a variety of "points of view;" literary, psychological, moral, hypnotic, religious, ethnographic problems were raised in connection with it; it had more light shed upon it than any book of commanding scientific interest could have boasted of.

All critical possibilities seem to have been exhausted, when—lo!—there strode forward the learned musical critic, with a serious shake of his head and a heavy axe wherewith to strike a stunning blow against Du Maurier's musical conceptions as laid down in Trilby. Here we are confronted with a new aspect of the much aspected book. We are invited to rivet our attention more especially upon the musical features of Trilby, which, as everybody knows, form a very important part of the plot. Well, what do you think of the Englishman's musical intelligence? The learned critic snaps his fingers in disdain; and he goes on demonstrating that a man who turns that piano piece par excellence, the Chopin A flat impromptu, into a soprano song, accompanied by a gypsy band (!), must be utterly devoid of the essence musical. And if said learned critic be of a pessimistic turn of mind, he will be sure to add a few bitter remarks upon the fact that music, in general, fares particularly ill at the hands of English novelists.

RADICAL MISCONCEPTIONS.

Yes, this is an indisputable fact, and a fact which is to be regretted, because, from its emotional nature, it lends itself readily to fiction, and has undeveloped capabilities in that direction. The emotional romancer is fond of introducing "gush" about music, and will, after eulogizing it with the regulation terms, "heaven born," "soul thrilling," &c., show on the very next page, by some absurd mistake, which he would not have made about any other subject, that he has not had sufficient interest to master the commonplace details of the art. These writers usually believe that genius and feeling will enable a person to give technical displays of great difficulty through the mere exultation of the moment. In this respect some of our best novelists have been great sinners, showing a carelessness as to musical details that they would certainly not have evinced in their treatment of any other branch of art life.

In the Hand of Ethelberta Mr. Hardy makes his hero, a musical genius, who, by dint of labor and perseverance, has attained the position of a cathedral organist, accept an engagement to go to the house of a provincial magnate, and, accompanied by his sister on the harp, play dance music at a ball. Conceive the outraged dignity of an English Mus. Bac. or F. C. O. on being offered a fee to play at a dancing party! What would the dean and chaplain, the vicars choral, even the boys in his choir, think of such a thing? Such an occurrence is so perfectly impossible that the novel is marred by its introduction, as everything in the plot which centres in it is rendered meaningless.

Another illustrious offender is William Black, who, in one of his weaker novels, causes his heroine to be so greatly affected and overcome by the representation of the storm on the Fribourg organ as to make resolutions which greatly affect her future. There is no doubt that a highly strung person of great sensibility can be so affected by music that in the emotional excitement it arouses he is capable of an intensity of introspection by which his innermost life and motives are revealed to himself with unwonted clearness. In this mental enlightenment things are seen more plainly; the moral side of the nature is abnormally aroused, and instantaneous resolutions may be taken which have a life-long result. But for a novelist to bring on such a supreme moment in the life of so sensible, clear-headed and withal intensely musical a girl as the Beautiful Wretch, merely by listening to such a clatter piece of charlatanism as a representation of a storm on the organ, is an insult to art, and, like the case already cited, causes a weakness of the plot by assigning an inadequate cause for an important result.

MUSICAL NOVELS.

So far as I am aware there are few novels in which music is treated seriously as a rational study and regular vocation of daily life, but there are certain exceptions, foremost among which stands Elizabeth Shepherd's celebrated novel, Charles Auchester. Amid all its faults of "gush" and exaggeration and huddling together of incongruous characters, such as the marriage of Mendelssohn and Jenny Lind, faults which are apt to make the male readers skip largely—amid all these faults shines forth in every page the true artist's feeling; and, what is very unusual in fiction, a knowledge of the canons and details of musical art rarely attained except by well trained musicians. In this work the character of Seraphael (Mendelssohn) is sketched in a masterly manner, while the advice to young musicians put into the mouth of Aronach (Zelter) is worthy of being committed to memory by all students of the art.

Another delightful novel, in which music is treated with truth and ability, is *The First Violin*, by Miss Fothergill. This is a picture of art life in Germany, in which music is treated ideally, as a source of beauty and delight and a purifying factor in the lives of those who practice it earnestly and practically as a profession, whose followers are neither mountebanks nor monkeys, but people who, like any other art workmen, devote their time to an employment which has its very practical and prosaic side.

ASSOCIATIONS NOT ART.

In his *Comet of a Season* Mr. Justin McCarthy has a few remarks on a somewhat subtle phrase of musical feeling, showing himself more at home on the subject than are most novelists when they come in contact with this ill-used art. He says: "To the vast majority of people the feeling music inspires is far more often one of association than of art. Something suggested by the air, some connection that is in our memory with some past time or a lost friend it is, and not the nature of the strain, which touches our heart and strikes 'the electric chain with which we are darkly bound.'"

"The village lad enlists and goes to the war and is killed, and his sweetheart is made melancholy for years after by the first sound of Tommy, Make Room for Your Uncle, on the barrel organ, because he used to whistle it and he is dead. The young wife, who died long ago, used to amuse her husband by rattling off on the piano the inspiring notes of 'Champagne Charley,' and the Charley of that day, now grown a middle-aged man, is made instantly melancholy by the sound of that ridiculous air, although he could hear without any outward sign of emotion the most devotional passage of the sublimest oratorio or the soul-piercing pathos of 'Che faro senza Eurydice.'"

The novelist has here hit the secret of a great deal of fictitious musical sentiment. Cultivated musicians occasionally have the quaint experience of being touched and moved by some air which is musically quite unworthy of attention, simply because of its association with feelings of events long past. He feels curiously annoyed with himself for his inartistic weakness, but cannot, and perhaps would not if he could, rid himself of it. In the musician's mind, however, the music connected with his youthful feelings and early hopes is usually of a higher type by which is attained an emotional effect of the most intense and exalted character, because of its deep feeling aroused by really pure and high art.

The Beethoven quartet, the Mendelssohn trio, which from his earliest childhood he was accustomed to hear in his father's house at the weekly meeting, where they were performed perhaps with more enthusiasm than efficiency by assembled friends—the concerts which he heard at intervals performed in public by great artists—these are his early remembrances, and when, in maturer years, he thinks he has grown tired of Mendelssohn in the rage for modern chromatic vagaries, he is still apt, after periods of silence, to be stirred to his inmost depths by the well-known sounds when awakened by a fine performance, and he finds that he is not yet so modernized as to despise the musical forms he once approached.

POETIC ABERRATION.

Poets ignore artistic facts and possibilities even more than novelists, although possibly poetic license may be taken in this case as some excuse. Still, one cannot help feeling that there could be no reason why the individual who was practicing on an organ with the keyboard out of order ("noisy keys") in Miss Proctor's poem should immediately on discovering an unusually effective chord have forgotten it and been unable to play it again. Perhaps his poetic mind was wanting in the mathematical qualities necessary to a good musician.

Another funny man is the professor in Frances Ridley Havergal's well-known poem. This musician had a refractory pupil, whom he induced, after much exercise of poetic and persuasive eloquence, to learn the so-called Moonlight Sonata instead of a set of waltzes. His artistic exertions were rewarded years afterward by meeting the same pupil in society, and hearing her play the sonata with such feeling and insight as to disclose even to him a deeper meaning than he had previously discovered in it.

As this is perhaps of all sonatas the most hackneyed, a musician fails to be touched by this poem, for his mind begins to speculate on the artistic and social status of this professor, who was so slow of apprehension as to require in middle age one of his own pupils to reveal to him the emotional possibilities of the Sonata quasi Fantasia. Possibly he was one of the noble army of "cheap teachers," to protect itself against whom the musical profession occasionally forms associations, but who nevertheless live and thrive under the sympathetic protection of an appreciative and economical public.

Yet another instance of poetic aberration is a poem in which the duet in Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte* is compared with the well-known picture of the Huguenot Lovers, the maiden being supposed to plead musically with her lover, endeavoring to detain and thereby save him. This poetic conceit loses all its point from the fact that the pleading voice in the piece is the man's, the soprano melody being of a calmer nature. Had the poet treated it as a love song, the man pleading, the woman

denying, and finally both agreeing as they unite in the same air in octaves, some successful poetic use might have been made of it, but, as usual, the writer starts with a preconceived idea to which the poor art must accommodate itself. Music, being beyond all others the emotional art, should be left unfettered, and while to a poetic mind it undoubtedly does present definite images, it may be, within certain limits, very differently interpreted by different minds.

Music without words cannot state an argument or describe a material object, but it can rouse any kind of emotion, and by the emotional effect suggest a material cause, thus calling up a world of material images; but to confine it to any one of these images is to rob it of that vagueness of suggestion which is its chief glory and characteristic.—C. A. Bratton, in *Mail and Express*.

Miss Ella Russell.

BRITISH OFFICE OF THE MUSICAL COURIER,
15 ARGYLL STREET, LONDON, December 21, 1895.

MISS ELLA RUSSELL'S is the magic name that has drawn a uniformly large attendance to the performances of the Carl Rosa Opera Company during the autumn part of their provincial tour. Fortunate were they to secure an artist of such commanding talents, one so bounteously endowed with a beautiful voice, as well as convincing histrionic abilities. Miss Russell's work in every detail is so well done as to give intense pleasure to all lucky enough to hear her, and herein lies the secret of her enormous success. So much does she impress both musicians and amateurs with her acting and singing that whenever her name appears on the boards the house is crowded.

Such a power to command is given only to a few, but with Miss Russell this is a natural gift, and with so charming a personality it is doubly enchanting. From the time their season opened in Dublin, on August 19, to its close last Saturday evening, in Birmingham, she has enjoyed what might be called a triumphal march, winning fresh laurels in each town she visited, including Belfast, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Manchester, Leeds, Hanley and Newcastle.

Whether Miss Russell appears as *Elsa*, as *Elizabeth*, as *Senta*, as *Santuzza*, or as *Rebecca*, she is splendidly equipped and has always proved a great draw. Only originally engaged for two performances a week, she was persuaded by the directors to appear three or four times instead, which is a great test of physical endurance, especially considering that all her representations were so highly satisfactory.

Of course it is the box office receipts that secure highly remunerative engagements for artists, and we doubt not that this brilliant singer will next season be one of the favorites at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, where the greatest galaxy of eminent artists to be found in the world are now appearing. Doubtless Sir Augustus Harris will find it to the advantage of his exchequer to have an artist of such powers in the list of his prime donne at Covent Garden next year.

We take pleasure in giving our readers an opportunity of reading a few of the hundreds of press notices that have appeared concerning Miss Ella Russell during the last four months. It is hoped that Londoners, who have not had an opportunity of hearing Miss Russell in opera for some years, on account of the illness of her mother, will be able to shortly renew their acquaintance with her on the stage.

Of her appearance as *Senta* in the *Flying Dutchman* we read: "*Senta* has been a favorite rôle with operatic singers of the first rank, from Ilma di Murka, who created it, to Albani and Valleria, and Miss Ella Russell ranks with these in a brilliant exposition. She rings out a high C as clear and strong as a trumpet note, and her realization of the part is of the same vigor and commanding tone. Her *Senta* is no puling maid, but full of life and purpose. Dramatically intense, it is vocally superb. The ballad in the second act, with its singularly dramatic descriptive phrases, had a most powerful rendering. The artist's conception was probably best exemplified in the tender melody which follows the *Dutchman's* declaration, and throughout the whole of this duet the skill with which the four principal themes were brought out was very conspicuous. The prima donna revived the traditions of opera by her powerful performance; bursts of cheering greeted her after double recalls."

Yet again "Miss Ella Russell has achieved too much in the past to have much opportunity of adding to her reputation; but if it were possible for her to gain therein, we should be inclined to say that her performance of the stupendous task undertaken by any exponent of the part of *Senta* would give her a claim to even larger fame. The soprano soli in the second act, it will be remembered, constitute an exceptional test not only of vocal quality, but of physical endurance. Miss Russell's singing of the fine ballad in which the legend of the *Dutchman* is related was successful in a remarkable degree, and the whole of the pathetic music which falls to her lot was sung with unusual power and sympathy."

In the notices of Tannhäuser they write: "Miss Ella

Russell thoroughly enters into the spirit of the *Princess*. Her intercession for *Tannhäuser* was full of exquisite touches, and, indeed, her whole impersonation could not well have been improved. "Miss Ella Russell in the part of *Elizabeth* again proved herself a dramatic and vocal artist of rare power. Her prayer in the third act was a singularly impressive performance." "The most interesting feature of last night's representation was the *Elizabeth* of Miss Ella Russell. She undoubtedly attained the ideal of the composer, and gave us an impersonation which, as a work of art, was as complete and many-sided as Wagner himself could have wished. She did not satisfy herself with achieving success in the singing of the more striking airs of her part—the hall song in the second, and the prayer in the third act—but from beginning to end, in tone and look and gesture, she presented an artistic and finely rounded conception of the composer's creation." "But the most prominent feature of the performance was the magnificent singing and acting of Miss Ella Russell, who was superb in the part of *Elizabeth*. Although this opera has been dealt with at length, it is impossible to refrain from observing that in the scene where *Elizabeth*, utterly hopeless, prays for the salvation of her lover at the shrine, and for peace for her own distracted soul, Miss Russell was really sublime."

"In *Ivanhoe* the part of *Rebecca* was taken by Miss Ella Russell, whose fine impersonation was quite the most distinguished feature of the whole performance. In spite of purely Saxon, or at any rate non-Semitic type of face, she succeeded in identifying herself closely with the character. In the great scene with *Sir Brian*, in the touchingly beautiful prayer—surely the high water mark of inspiration in the opera—and in the dramatic dénouement she was equally excellent. From a musical point of view, her utterance in this scene of the appeal for *Jehovah's* protection, which is the only answer to the Templar's offer of a rescue, was as fine as could be. It was musically beautiful, and had besides the ring of sincerity."

Regarding *Lohengrin*, there is the same uniformly high praise. "Miss Ella Russell was the *Elsa*. Her magnificent interpretation of this character adds yet another to her many triumphs. Miss Russell's *Elsa* is a truly beautiful conception. Historically it is nearly perfect; vocally, it passes into the high region of the ideal. So exquisitely is the music sung that we forget the artist and behold the real *Elsa* passing through her trial, her despair the joy of triumph, the sweet influence of pity, and the grief of disappointed hopes." Miss Ella Russell has often been the object of admiring recognition for her beauty and her genius, and her *Elsa* is a part in which her qualities as a gifted vocalist and a graceful and sympathetic actress are made particularly manifest. In the numbers in the first act, and throughout the trying scene with the *King* and *Lohengrin*, she sang splendidly. The pure silvery quality of her voice was never better displayed than in the Song of the Praises, which leads to the close of the opening act. But, indeed, one might go through the score and name everything she sang as having left a delightful impression on the memory. She was dramatically and vocally powerful in the great scene with *Ortrud*, and there was nothing more impressive than her delivery of the air defending the purity and nobility of *Lohengrin*."

We present to our readers this week a beautiful picture of Miss Ella Russell, from a photograph by Mr. Robinson, of Grafton street, Dublin.

Stage People on a Lark.

A SMALL band of musical artists—the party including three ladies and a composer whose names are well known to the world—has instituted a singular tour of the city. They set out every morning with the intention of earning money by singing in the courtyards of houses to which they are successful in obtaining admission. Porters at the gate, however, have stony hearts, and the average concierge, when he chooses to be nasty, is an upish individual and a petty tyrant on the slightest chance. "Is anyone allowed to sing in your court, Mr. Porter," is the opening question put by the advance agent of the concert company, and when the reply is in the affirmative some excellent vocal music is rendered, the singers putting up with the discomforts of having mats shaken in their faces and ignoring the rival performances of young ladies practicing scales at the piano.

Some singular experiences have rewarded these lovers of adventure. They were quitting one courtyard, somewhat disheartened by a meagre collection, when a young girl ran after them, and, addressing one of the party, said: "Mademoiselle, are you not Mlle. Eugénie Buffet?" "Yes, I am," was the answer. "Why do you ask?" "Oh," cried the girl, bursting into tears, "how is it you have fallen so low? I am not rich, mademoiselle, but if I could only assist you!" With some trouble it was explained to the girl that the artist was singing for charity, and not because of her own necessities. "Who is she?" asked the other members of the party. "She was my maid once," replied the singer.

Some trouble to the musicians was caused by an irate

concierge, who indulged in the free use of expletives when the concert began, for the particular benefit of a bevy of milliners. When the porter retired to his box and slammed its door a practical joker turned the key upon him and made off. The prisoner thereupon escaped from his lodge by the window, and ran for a policeman, with the result that all the members of the troupe were brought before the magistrate. At the police station the porter was reprimanded for his want of politeness, and the singers were dismissed, first having obtained permission to troll a ditty in the street. Accordingly, the policemen on duty in the station house were at liberty to enjoy a popular air or two, the French equivalent of *When the burglar is a-burgling*. Apart altogether from their reception at various newspaper offices, which have led to handsome donations, the five singers collected in one day 56 frs., at the rate of 11 frs. apiece, and by the end of the week they will have received some hundreds of francs, which they intend to distribute among the poor and the victims of the Rue Rochecouart conflagration.—*Paris Letter to London Telegraph*.

What Helmholtz Did.

TO appreciate his many-sidedness we have but to follow the development of his life. While his first work was mainly mathematical, his second was in quite a different field. It consisted in the measurement of the velocity of propagation of sensation by the nerves. To accomplish this he must needs have been an anatomist, too.

His labors in the line of psychological optics show that he was also a master of psychology.

But perhaps it is by his achievements in the realms of music that he is best known and most celebrated. In his book, *The Sensations of Tone*, he solved completely the riddle of nature which had puzzled the world since the time of Pythagoras. Thus, to give a rational numerical explanation of the intricacies of harmony and their effect on the ear, there was need not only of a mathematician, an anatomist, a physicist and a psychologist, but also of a musician, all united in one man. Helmholtz was all this, and even more.—*Scribner's Magazine*.

Under the Organ's Spell.

CHURCH music has a strange effect upon the sensibilities of Miss Bessie Ayres, of Evanston. During the service at the First Congregational Church in that suburb Miss Ayres was completely hypnotized by the strains of the organ, and she finally went into a hypnotic trance, from which she was resuscitated with the greatest difficulty. The usual notices had been given out, and then Dr. Loba made the usual matter of fact announcement: "The morning collection will now be taken." Scott Wheeler, who was presiding at the organ, at once started into a particularly powerful selection from one of Dudley Buck's compositions.

As soon as the strains of the organ were heard those sitting near Miss Ayres noticed that she half rose in her seat as if to change her position. Then she seemed to think better of it and sat down again. In a moment those in the same pew noticed that her fingers were twitching nervously, and that her face had become so red as to be nearly purple. It was evident that something was wrong.

A kindly disposed lady sitting in the pew behind asked Miss Ayres if she could give her any assistance. She turned to reply to the well meant inquiry, but no words came from her lips. She seemed to be making a desperate struggle with some emotion, and her whole body was now twitching as if she were the victim of St. Vitus' dance.

Suddenly the blood left Miss Ayres' face as it had come, and left her as pale as death itself. She made an attempt to rise, wavered, tried to catch herself on the pew in front, and fell headlong into the aisle with a jar which startled everyone on that side of the church.

She was carried out of the audience room to the open air, where, it was thought, she would at once recover, but she was still as insensible as when at first picked up. After a few moments of vigorous work she slowly began to revive, much to the relief of her nurses. The usual question of "Where am I?" was asked by Miss Ayres as soon as she recovered consciousness sufficiently to become aware of what was going on about her.

"I have not the first memory," she went on, "of anything that happened after I heard the first strains of the voluntary."

Dr. Loba, the pastor of the church, when questioned about the occurrence, said:

"Miss Ayres has for a long time been suffering with brain trouble, but that does not affect her unless she hears the strains of a church organ. For a long time she stayed away from church on this account, for her spell to-day was but a repetition of former experiences. There appears to be something uncongenial, or else too congenial, between her peculiar nervous temperament and the sound of an organ, and she can never hear that class of music without feeling the effects of it."—*From the Chicago Chronicle*.

Some Effects of Music and Rhythm.

THE human ear is as wonderful a thing as the human eye," said the Sidewalk Philosopher, as he readjusted his gold-bowed spectacles. The Sidewalk Philosopher happened that evening to have "covered" a big banquet. "I couldn't help noticing," he said, "that at that big dinner to-night the 'brainiest' man of the speakers, the man whose remarks contained more information and evinced the deepest erudition, got a 'frost.' Just enough cheers to avoid offense to courtesy—nothing more. How often it happens!"

"I fell to wondering why it was, and this is what I think about it. In the average human there is a love of music and rhythm. It makes us love poetry, and it often brings cheers for speakers of small brain power. They are commonly termed 'smooth talkers.'

"The biggest applause to-night fell to a speaker whose voice is musical, whose sentences were well balanced, almost rhythmical. His ideas were not striking, but the sonorous tones, the measured sentences, made it seem almost like a song."

"The voice of the sycophant gives warning of the character of the man. The voice of music charms even the savage breast, as we are told. The East Indian fakir controls the serpent with the tones of his flute. All through history, mythology and legend this strange fact crops out in countless ways. Orpheus owed his power to music; it gave their magic influence to the sirens who charmed the Greeks to destruction."

Another of the party chimed in, a correspondent for a paper in another city. "You know that I have different telegraph operators sending my 'stuff' out on different nights. At the other end different men will receive on different nights. I can tell them all by the way the keys click, operated by the different men."

"Here is another odd fact," said the Sidewalk Philosopher. "Every morning the peddlers go down my street calling out 'Potatoes!' or 'Rags, old iron!' One day I noticed what key the peddler called out in. It was B flat. I've kept track of him, and have touched B flat on the piano many a time as he passed down the street, calling out his wares. His voice is always pitched in B flat, except—and here's the odd part of it—except on damp days. Then it's A natural or even; in foggy weather, A flat. His vocal cords are affected by the weather. The 'rags-old-iron' man's voice is always pitched at A natural, and varies just as the other man's does. Neither man could call so loudly at any other pitch; the muscles of the throat are trained and strengthened to just that needed and accustomed tension."

Then the other spoke again: "Did you ever notice this peculiarity about men who learn to play by ear—that they play everything in one key? It's not invariably so, but it is generally. The player picks out his first tune, then another tune, and so on. He learns the different chords in that key; he comes to appreciate instantly the different changes in the harmony and how to express them on the piano. He may even learn to play difficult music, requiring ability to execute rapidly, but he cannot play in any other key."

"But another curious thing about men who play by ear is that more than half of them play in the key of F sharp, or G flat, one of the hardest keys on the piano for a trained musician to use. It's because the ear player starts in by learning the black key scale before he does the white keys. The black keys strike his attention when he begins to pick out tunes, and soon he cannot play in any other key."—*Tribune*.

Earnings of a Piper.

THE amount which a champion piper and dancer can earn during the summer months in Scotland is illustrated in the case of Mr. Angus McRae, Callender, who has just concluded the most successful season he has ever had. He has won forty-two first, twenty-two second and eight third prizes, along with three gold medals, representing in all a value of about £135.

Mr. McRae won laurels in Montreal circles while piper to the late Mr. Duncan McIntyre. Before going to Canada his fame as a piper was such that he was induced by friends to return in order that he might enter the competition for the service of the Prince of Wales. The choice of this coveted distinction was made by the time he entered the field. Mr. McRae is a native of Harris, Invernesshire, though now residing in the town of Callender.

A Pupil of Mr. Benham.—Mr. Edgar L. Fulmer, pupil of Mr. Benham, gave a musicale at the residence of Mr. A. Crandall, in Newport, R. I., recently, with the assistance of Miss Pray, soprano. The program contained Schumann's *Etudes Symphoniques* and *Papillons*, Beethoven's sonata, op. 57, and pieces by Chopin, Mendelssohn and Liszt. The *Newport Herald* said:

Mr. Fulmer has a sure and well developed technique that enables him to play with ease and brilliancy.

The Beethoven sonata was the gem of a very enjoyable musicale.

Lohengrin.

IN Hans Andersen's story of The Tinder Box, when the soldier, at the command of the old witch-goes to the room which is filled with copper coins, he stuffs his pockets with copper. Proceeding farther he comes to the room which is filled with silver. He immediately throws away the copper and fills his pockets with silver. When he finally arrives at the room which is filled with gold, however, he casts away the silver, and straightway fills his pockets with gold.

In art we may be offered good art, better art and the best art. Having become accustomed to the best, it would be strange if we could go back with satisfaction to the merely good and maintain that it is the best. Yet this is what we are seeing in all the papers at present, which declare with one consent that Jean de Reszké is the "best exponent we have had of the Wagner operas." How anybody can say that, after the great German artists we have seen and heard in the rôles of *Lohengrin* and *Tristan*, passes my comprehension. I am glad I went to hear Jean de Reszké in *Lohengrin*, for it taught me to appreciate Niemann a thousand times better than I had done before. I always knew that Niemann was an artist of the first rank, but I did not know how immeasurably he distanced other artists until I saw Jean de Reszké in one of his parts.

Lohengrin, as it is being given now at the Metropolitan Opera House, is a good and correct performance, but of inspiration there is absolutely none. The dramatic element is entirely left out, and Jean de Reszké simply walks through his part as if he were afraid of it. His acting is tame and spiritless, and fails utterly in the points which Niemann made.

As for the orchestral accompaniment, although it was smooth and beautiful, there were no climaxes anywhere, in spite of the magnificent opportunities for them in the first act, when *Lohengrin* is about to appear, and all eyes are turned toward the boat, and to the magic swan which is to draw him to the rescue of *Elsa*, and also in the last act, when *Lohengrin* is about to declare before the king who and what he is. In both of these cases the audience ought to be worked up to a whirlwind of excitement, and that is the way the great conductors do it, but the other night there was only a zephyr instead of a whirlwind. It was all as "mild as milk."

The whole performance was a curiously tentative one the first night the opera was given, from the three faltering and very unwarlike blows given by the king (Edouard de Reszké) on the shield, which one feared might come down, to the close. One did not have a sensation from start to finish.

The Italian language, instead of the rugged German, seems to enfeeble the opera, notably, in the place where *Lohengrin* impresses upon *Elsa* that she must not ask his name. "*Nie sollst du mich befragen*" sounds much more virile than its Italian translation, which seems polite but ineffective.

Never was there such a part for the hero of an opera, to give a man an opportunity to shine, as that of *Lohengrin*.

When he appears in his magnificent white and silver costume, with his helmet and mantle on, drawn from afar in his silver boat by a snowy swan, what a magic atmosphere surrounds him! How we all adore him for coming to battle for the friendless maiden, who prays so ardently for her rescuer, and regards him almost as a god! The masterful manner in which Niemann used to stride down to the front and prepare himself for battle with *Heinrich*, the wicked accuser of *Elsa*, filled one with joyful confidence to see. Jean de Reszké walked quietly down, as if he were going to his breakfast. Niemann really *did* fight with *Heinrich*, but Jean de Reszké makes only two or three feeble passes, encumbered by his long mantle, and then holds up the hilt of his sword, which, being in the shape of a cross, causes *Heinrich* by its spiritual power to fall impotently down.

The feeling left on the mind is that there has been no fair fight, and that *Lohengrin* has taken advantage of his adversary.

The first thing a man does when he is going to fight is to take off his coat, and nothing looks more absurd than along mantle dangling round his heels in a duel.

In the second act, when *Lohengrin* finds *Elsa* being tortured with doubt by *Ortrud*, who is bent upon forcing her to ask the fatal question about his name, Niemann used to snatch *Elsa* away as from the clasp of a serpent. It was very dramatic the way in which he did this. With Jean de Reszké you feel as if he just told *Ortrud* to "let *Elsa* alone."

It would take too much space to mention all the wonderful touches given by Niemann throughout this opera, and I will content myself with the scene in the bridal chamber, where *Elsa* is gradually working herself up into a state of frenzy about *Lohengrin's* name. He is trying to calm her down and to prevent the catastrophe, and he opens the casement so that *Elsa* can breathe the perfume of the flowers outside, and asks her tenderly "whether she cannot love him without knowing his name, as she can enjoy the scent of the unseen flowers without knowing theirs?"

This is, or ought to be, the most beautiful scene in the

whole opera, and, as I recall it, with Niemann and Mallinger in the title rôles, it was so Niemann used to draw the lovely, girlish form of Mallinger (*Elsa*) to the window, open the casement and let the moonlight stream over them both in their bridal attire, while he thrillingly sang this most passionate love song about the flowers, of which one seemed to inhale the aroma, so perfect was the illusion. The two lovers, with their arms about each other, gazed into the summer night as they exchanged their first confidences as man and wife. Nothing could have been more poetic.

Jean de Reszké, however, prosaically opened the window and then backed away from it, and, facing the audience, and without any particular reference to *Elsa*, or to the flowers about which he was singing, delivered his part. He might as well have been describing the parquet.

The attempted assassination of *Lohengrin* by *Heinrich* and his followers, just after *Elsa* has asked the forbidden question and shattered her happiness, used to be a tremendous surprise and sensation, but it did not amount to a row of pins the other night. Here I think the orchestra must have been at fault as well as De Reszké, for there was no feeling of terror or awe.

Niemann used to spring like a tiger upon his prey and save himself with lightning rapidity. Jean de Reszké quietly held up the cross-like handle of his sword, and *Heinrich* again tumbled down, this time for good, fortunately.

Well, I must say I was greatly disappointed in Jean de Reszké as the exponent of Wagner, after all the fuss that has been made over him, and I felt no desire to hear him in the part of *Tristan*. It is hardly possible for me to believe that he and Nordica can give the wonderful performance of *Tristan* and *Isolde*, considered from a dramatic standpoint, that Alvary and Sucher did in Bayreuth five years ago. My stars, what acting that was! It was as if the ill fated lovers were actually before you. (Wagner calls his operas *music dramas*.) If we consider it from a purely singing standpoint, who can compare with Materna or Lili Lehmann as *Isolde*? To those who have heard Materna sing that tremendous *finale*, *Isolde's Liebes-Tod*, it will ever remain a deathless memory. No voice can rise above the power of an orchestra let loose, and dominate it, as hers did.

Jean de Reszké has one great merit, though, and that is, he always sings in tune, which the great German artists are often very careless about, even the best of them. In their efforts to attain the necessary dramatic intensity, they sometimes lose sight of the pitch.

While making the above criticisms I do not wish to be understood as saying that the opera of *Lohengrin* was not well done by Nordica and de Reszké. These two splendid artists give the most careful and conscientious study to everything they sing, and it is always a delight to hear them, but when we come to superlatives we must not forget the achievements of the great artists of the past, for that is an injustice to them. On the other hand, let us appreciate a good performance, and not undervalue it.

There is such a thing as nationality in art, and the great works of German art are, and always will be, best interpreted by the great German artists.

AMY FAY.

The Educational Value of Theatre Orchestras.

THERE are thousands of people who are habitual theatre-goers, attending every new play, good or bad; there is also another class which goes merely for the pleasure of a change or for amusement. We are in an age of musical advancement; the progress upward of the people's taste has been marvelous during the past few years. When grand opera failed in New York at one time the main reason was lack of interest; German opera could not be tolerated even in New York, and what little support it received was mainly by the "German element." Now, lo and behold, in about five years the small cities of our West are supporting Wagner's dramas; will the wonders never cease? Then again the opera recently given at the Metropolitan, which was heralded as a triumph for composer and artists and spoken of by some critics as beginning a new epoch, was none other than *Tristan* and *Isolde*.

It is interesting to look for the cause of this musical development, and it certainly requires gradual education to be able to appreciate Wagner. On nearly every program some selections by this composer have been given; anyone attending with regularity these concerts has been brought face to face with this class of music in small but effective portions. The old masters have been heard in some cases almost to perfection, giving an upward tendency to the public mind.

One thing that has done *nothing* in this cause, and if any effect was produced it was a retrograde movement, is our theatre orchestras. Not all, I am pleased to say, but a great majority of them. In this majority it is an abomination to disgrace the name "orchestra" by applying it to such a collection of players, not alone from the fact that each individual cannot even make a pretense to play his instrument, but collectively the effect is excruciating to the listeners. We can appreciate the difficulty of having a well

toned orchestra of such few pieces as is the rule in theatres; then, again, the narrow, long space in which they sit produces a bad effect in the general tone unless one is fortunate enough to be in the foyer.

A long suffering public can excuse these shortcomings, but why can't our leaders engage men who can get the tones true if nothing else? They are called "musicians," by the way. Look in the directory and find how fortunate we are to have so many "musicians" among us. I begin to believe that this word is like "electrician" nowadays. Anyone who can put in an electric bell is an "electrician"; the same anyone who can carry a violin case or a roll of music, or even a roll of newspapers in a music roll, is a "musician"; but when we hear a trombone and cornet playing in octave unison with the trombone at least a half tone "shy," the leader sitting in absolute solitude through it all, we are led to suppose three things: first, the man, even though his age is considerable, cannot play his instrument; second, the leader must be deaf in the ear nearest this instrument; third, he has heard his men do the same thing so often that he thinks the octave is properly sounded.

He is to be pitied, anyway, but the audience—have they any rights? If any are present who have a fine sense of harmonious tone they sit there and suffer; those that never hear anything but this music go through it without a murmur, thinking that is music; but let this class of people hear a good, "well regulated" orchestra, and, invariably, they are "carried away" by the grandeur of the harmonies and the soulfulness of the melody.

I remember an instance of a very musically inclined leader in the — Theatre. At a rehearsal just preceding the initial performance the trombone was, as usual, taking his part in his own key; the leader endured it as long as possible; but when a crescendo chromatic passage was reached, and the instrument started nearly a tone flat, the leader reached forward, grabbed a piece of oily waste which the stage machinist had left on the stage, and with careful aim threw it directly into the bell of the instrument just as the player was about to blaze forth the upper tone of the *ff* passage. After various explanations and discussions the player admitted that he had not noticed his "mistone."

This was rather heroic treatment, but many could correct the gross errors in their orchestras if they wanted to. I guess in about every theatre the brass should be toned down; it is worse than hanging to sit and hear the cornet pumping out an accompaniment, while comparatively very softly the strings are rendering the melody.

About the worst, though, is the choice of music. Catering to the "popular taste" is all right enough, when you keep pace with that taste; but it is cruelty to experiment on the public with such "trash" as is usually played. Imitations of crying babies; trains of cars, fire engines, &c., might be all right if the composers could treat such subjects; but as a rule the better class of people are simply bored and annoyed by this stuff, and a sigh of relief goes up when the thing is finished; perhaps fifty in the house, forty of which are in the upper gallery, delight in this; but the rest—they suffer.

Opera selections are experimented with, but always end in a grand conglomeration of nothing which, even to one acquainted with the opera, is hardly recognizable. The phrasing is so bad and the instruments are so poorly balanced for such music that even the ignorant get fidgety and eagerly await the end.

A good many try their own compositions. Without any criticisms on the composers it is certainly not a good policy. Educate the people with the best, show them what good music is, and they will never crave after the poor kind. There is a course of usefulness for these orchestras; it lies in their power to influence a class that cannot be reached by any other means; they could, if the proper interest were taken, completely revolutionize the musical appetite of the masses.

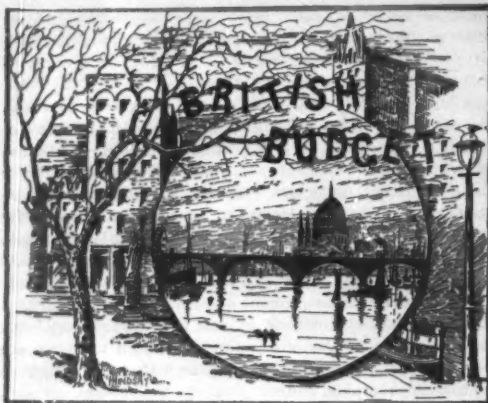
A certain living picture was on exhibition—a female figure standing among thick foliage; water was falling on her in the lightest, finest form of rain, some dripping off the leaves. The accompanying music to this scene was the music of a dashing, tumbling, roaring cataract. Isn't this a monstrosity?

166 Clinton street, Brooklyn.

FRANCIS W. BRADY.

Mme. Eames' New Roles.—Mme. Emma Eames, who has not been idle during the winter, has been engaged again by Sir Augustus Harris for the season of opera at Covent Garden. She has enlarged her repertoire, and *Aida*, *Valentine* in *The Huguenots* and the leading rôles in *Gioconda* and *Meistofele* are some of the parts she has recently learned. She is to sing at Monte Carlo with Tamagno and is to create there the leading rôle in Franck's opera *Ghisella*. It looks as if Mme. Eames had resolved to follow Nordica and become a dramatic soprano, and the next news may be that she has undertaken *Isolde*.—*Sun*.

Rather Mixed.—"His (S. F. Smith's) hymn America is not the only official hymn which exists in the United States. We may cite the famous Hail, Columbia and the patriotic chant of the citizens of color, Yankee Doodle, which glorifies Abraham Lincoln, the hero of the struggle for the emancipation of the blacks."—*Le Ménestrel*.



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LONDON, December 28, 1896.

PRINCESS CHRISTIAN has undertaken to sing at a performance of *The Messiah* given for a charity by the Windsor and Eton Choral Society. I believe that this is the first time that this talented royal lady has sung in public, although she has appeared several times as a pianist at some private functions.

Mr. George Riseley, a resident of Bristol and a provincial conductor of considerable note and undoubted ability, has been appointed conductor of the next Bristol Musical Festival. He is also organist of the cathedral, and his appointment is approved of on all sides.

Lady Halle will make her reappearance at the Popular Concerts next Saturday afternoon, when she will play Beethoven's violin romance in F.

I understand that the Royal Welsh Ladies' Choir have had a very successful tour in the United States.

The Mottl concerts for next spring have already been fixed for April 28, May 14 and June 11, and arrangements are now progressing for the return of Herr Levi at a later concert, providing his health will allow him to take the journey to England.

An unusually active concert season came to a close with the Popular Concert last Monday night, when Herr Rosenthal again distinguished himself.

There is no active feature in the musical world at this moment worth mentioning except perhaps that during the holiday season an innumerable number of organizations have given and will give performances of *The Messiah*. At the head of these we place the Royal Choral Society, when our eminent contralto Mrs. Katherine Fisk will make her first appearance in the Royal Albert Hall.

Madame Moriani, the noted vocal teacher, of Brussels, is in London, where she is extremely busy with pupils and singers who like to avail themselves of her experience and knowledge.

A RETROSPECT.

The past musical year in London has been a very busy one. There never have been so many orchestral concerts or as great an attendance at these functions, which have introduced to us Herr Nikisch and Herr Levi. The former made a profound impression. At first some of the older critics were loath to give him his due, but soon all were forced to the conviction that they heard a genius, and the great impression that he made was exceptional. His reappearance here in the early spring will be looked forward to with keen anticipation. Herr Levi in the fineness of his art impressed us more than in the breadth of interpretation that we are accustomed to with Richter and Mottl. These two conductors have had successful seasons, both during the grand season and this autumn. The former had an unusually successful provincial tour; in fact, as far as I can learn, there never has been in the history of music in England so ready a disposition on the part of the public to support a fine organization like the one under his direction. For this appreciation of orchestral music in the provinces we have in a large measure to thank Sir Charles Hallé, and indirectly the Carl Rosa Opera Company and those minor organizations which strive to give grand opera in English on a lesser scale. I must also mention the famous Philharmonic concerts and the London Symphony, both meeting with their usual meed of public favor.

Turning to opera. Besides the constant work that is being done by these organizations in the provinces, the most enjoyable feature, apart from the usual grand season, was Mr. Hedmond's season at Covent Garden during the autumn. Taking the cue from the large attendance at the concerts of Wagner music, he believed that a season of opera, putting forward *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin* and *Der Walküre*, with good artists, although not recognized stars, would meet with hearty support. The results were, I am sorry to say, only fairly satisfactory. I understand that there was no financial loss to speak of; but one thing that

militated against the season was Mr. Hedmond's having to act as manager and principal singer, which is manifestly above the powers of mortal man, and consequently he could not make the impression that he otherwise would have done.

The season served for the debut of Miss Susan Strong, who made a genuine success for a debutante, and gave promise of becoming an artist of high rank. Her appearance at Bayreuth will be looked forward to with a great deal of interest, and in the midst of such surroundings her relative position will be easier defined. The most artistic work of the season was the singing of Mr. David Bispham, whose impersonation of the characters of *Wotan* and *Wulftram* were certainly models of dramatic art.

This article does not call for the mention of other artists, whose work I reviewed from time to time as the season passed. Of new operas brought forward during the past year I can only speak of Mr. Cowen's *Harold*, that made a succès d'estime in the grand season, and which proved again that this composer has undoubted talent, and with a good libretto we may look forward to his achieving distinction in this particular line of work. A young composer has come in the field with an opera of the *Cavalleria Rusticana* type; Mr. Alec Maclean's *Petruccio* does not indicate that this composer has got very high up so far—in fact I fail to see the indication of decided talent.

The grand season does not call for any special mention. Financially it is claimed to be the biggest success of any season of recent years, but from an artistic standpoint I cannot speak of it at length. Among the artists who appeared here, either for the first time or first time in years, were Mme. Patti, Mme. Sembrich and Signor Tamagno.

The Coburg Opera Company came over and gave a series of selections at Drury Lane, including Smetana's *Bartered Bride*, Lortzing's *Der Wildschütz* and Zellner's *Der Vogelhändler*. These introduced to my notice Mlle. Von Palmay, who has been engaged as chief artist in a forthcoming Gilbert and Sullivan opera. Sir Augustus Harris also gives his season at Drury Lane, including some familiar operas.

It would be manifestly impossible to mention the concerts that have been given this season. The Promenade Concerts in the Queen's Hall, under the conductorship of Mr. J. Wood, were very successful, and the orchestral concerts given there on Sundays were also very successful. In fact these, with the concerts given by the Sunday League and others, have undoubtedly established Sunday concerts in London.

FRANK V. ATWATER.

Musical Souvenirs.

THALBERG—CHOPIN—LISZT.

(Translated from the French of Ernest Legouvé, Member of the Académie Française, by Marie S. Dupuis.)

I AM about to make a very bold profession of faith—I adore the piano! All the jests at its expense, all the anathemas that are heaped upon it, are as revolting to me as so many acts of ingratitude, I might say as so many absurdities.

To me the piano is one of the domestic lares, one of our household gods. It is, thanks to it, and it alone, that we have for ourselves and in our homes the most poetic and the most personal of all the arts—music. What is it that brings into our dwellings an echo of the Conservatory concerts? What is it that gives us the opera at our own firesides? What is it that unites four, five or six harmonious voices in the interpretation of a masterpiece of vocal music, as the trio of Don Juan, the quartet of Moses, or the finale of the Barber of Seville? The piano, and the piano alone. Were the piano to be abolished how could you have the exquisite joy of hearing Faure in your own chamber? I say Faure, but I might say Taffanel, Gillet, all the instrumentalists, for all instruments are its tributaries. They all have need of it; it alone needs none.

Auber said to me one day: "What I admire, perhaps, most in Beethoven are some of his sonatas, because in them his thought shows clearly in all its pure beauty, unencumbered by the ornaments of orchestral riches." But for what instrument were the sonatas of Beethoven composed? For the piano. I cannot forget that the entire work of Chopin was written for the piano. Besides, it is the confidant of the man of genius, of all that he does not write. Ah! if the piano of Weber might repeat what the author of *Der Freischütz* has spoken to it alone! And, greatest superiority of all, the piano is of all the instruments the only one that is progressive.

A Stradivarius and an Amati remain superior to all the violins of to-day, and it is not certain that the horn, the flute and the hautbois have not lost as much as they have gained with all the present superabundance of keys and pistons. The piano only has always gained in its transformations, and every one of its enlargements, adding something to its power of expression, has enabled it to improve even the interpretation of the old masters.

One day when Thalberg was playing at my home a sonata of Mozart on a Pleyel piano, Berlioz said to me:

"Ah! if Mozart were with us, he would hear his admirable andante as he sung it to himself in his breast!"

One of my most precious musical memories is, then, to have not only known but to have associated with and to have enjoyed in intimacy the three great triumvirs of the piano—Liszt, Thalberg and Chopin. The arrival of Thalberg in Paris was a revelation, I could willingly say a revolution. I know only Paganini, whose appearance produced the same melange of enthusiasm and astonishment. Both excited the same feeling that one experiences in the presence of the unknown, the mysterious, the unexplainable. I attended Paganini's first concert (it was at the Opéra) in company with de Beriot. De Beriot held in his hand a copy of the piece that Paganini was to play. "This man is a charlatan," he said to me; "he cannot execute what is printed here, because it is not executable." Paganini began. I listened to the music and watched de Beriot attentively. All at once he exclaimed to himself, "Ah! the rascal, I understand! He has modified the habitual tuning of the instrument."

There was a like surprise at Thalberg's first concert. It was at the Theatre des Italiens, in the daytime, in the public foyer. I attended in company with Julius Benedict, who was, it was said, Weber's only piano pupil. I shall never forget his stupefaction, his amazement. Leaning feverishly toward the instrument, to which we were very near, his eyes fastened upon those fingers that seemed to him like so many magicians, he could hardly believe his eyes or his ears. For him, as for de Beriot, there had been in the printed works of Thalberg something which he could not explain. Only the secret this time was not in the instrument, but in the performer. It was not this time the strings that were changed, it was the fingers.

A new method of fingering enabled Thalberg to cause the piano to express what it had never expressed before. Benedict's emotion was all the more intense that the poor fellow chanced to be in a very unique frame of mind and heart. His young wife, whom he worshipped, had departed that morning to join her parents at Naples. The separation was to last only for less than six months, but he was profoundly sad, and it was to distract his mind that I had taken him to the concert. But once there, there took place in him the strangest amalgamation of the husband and the pianist. At once despairing and enchanted, he reminded me of the man in Rabelais who, hearing the church bells ring out, at almost the same moment, the baptism of his son and the funeral service of his wife, wept with one eye and laughed with the other. Benedict would break forth into exclamations both comical and touching. He went from his wife to Thalberg and from Thalberg to his wife. "Ah! dear Adele, this is frightful!" he would exclaim in one breath, and with the next, "Ah! dear Thalberg, that is delightful!" I have still ringing in my ears the original duo that he sang that day to himself.

Thalberg's triumph irritated Liszt profoundly. It was not envy. He was incapable of any low sentiment. His was the rage of a dethroned king. He called Thalberg's school disdainfully the Thumb school. But he was not a man to yield his place without defending himself, and there ensued between them a strife that was all the more striking that the antithesis between the two men was as great as the difference in their talents.

Liszt's attitude at the piano, like that of a pythoness, has been remarked again and again. Constantly tossing back his long hair, his lips quivering, his nostrils palpitating, he swept the auditorium with the glance of a smiling master. He had some little trick of the comedian in his manner, but he was not that. He was a Hungarian; a Hungarian in two aspects, at once Magyar and Tzigane. True son of the race that dances to the clanking of its spurs. His countrymen understood him well when they sent him as a testimonial of honor an enormous sabre.

There was nothing of the kind about Thalberg. He was the gentleman artist, a perfect union of talent and propriety. He seemed to have taken it for his rule to be the exact opposite of his rival. He entered noiselessly; I might almost say without displacing the air. After a dignified greeting that seemed a trifle cold in manner, he seated himself at the piano as though upon an ordinary chair. The piece began, not a gesture, not a change of countenance! not a glance toward the audience! If the applause was enthusiastic, a respectful inclination of the head was his only response. His emotion, which was very profound, as I have had more than one proof, betrayed itself only by a violent rush of blood to the head, coloring his ears, his face and his neck. Liszt seemed seized with inspiration from the beginning; with the first note he gave himself up to his talent without reserve, as prodigals throw their money from the window without counting it, and however long was the piece his inspired fervor never flagged.

Thalberg began slowly, quietly, calmly, but with a calm that thrilled. Under those notes so seemingly tranquil one felt the coming storm. Little by little the movement

quicken, the expression became more accentuated, and by a series of gradual crescendos he held one breathless until a final explosion swept the audience with an emotion indescribable.

I had the rare good fortune to hear these two great artists on the same day, in the same salon, at an interval of a quarter of an hour, at a concert given by the Princess Belgiojoso for the Poles. There was then revealed to me palpably, clearly, the characteristic difference in their talent. Liszt was incontestably the most artistic, the most vibrant, the most electric. He had tones of a delicacy that made one think of the most inaudible tinkling of tiny spangles or the faint explosion of sparks of fire. Never have fingers bounded so lightly over the piano. But at the same time his nervousness caused him to produce sometimes effects a trifle hard, a trifle harsh. I shall never forget that, after a piece in which Liszt, carried away by his fury, had come down very hard upon the keys, the sweet and charming Pleyel approached the instrument and gazed with an expression of pity upon the strings. "What are you doing, my dear friend?" I asked, laughing. "I am looking at the field of battle," he responded in a melancholy tone; "I am counting the wounded and the dead."

Thalberg never pounded. What constituted his superiority, what made the pleasure of hearing him play a luxury to the ear, was pure *tone*. I have never heard such another, so full, so round, so soft, so velvety, so sweet, and still so strong! How shall I say it? The voice of Alboni.

At this concert in hearing Liszt I felt myself in an atmosphere charged with electricity and quivering with lightning. In hearing Thalberg I seemed to be floating in a sea of purest light. The contrast between their characters was not less than between their talent. I had a striking proof of it with regard to Chopin.

It is not possible to compare anyone with Chopin, because he resembled no one. Everything about him pertained only to himself. He had his own tone, his own touch. All the great artists have executed and still execute the works of Chopin with great ability, but in reality only Chopin has played Chopin. But he never appeared in public concerts nor in large halls. He liked only select audiences and limited gatherings, just as he would use no other piano than a Pleyel, nor have any other tuner than Frederic. We, fanatics that we were, were indignant at his reserve; we demanded that the public should hear him; and one day in one of those fine flights of enthusiasm that have caused me to make more than one blunder I wrote in *Schlesinger's Gazette Musical*: "Let Chopin plunge boldly into the stream, let him announce a grand soiree musicale, and the next day when the eternal question shall arise, 'Who is the greater pianist to-day, Liszt or Thalberg?' the public will answer with us 'It is Chopin.'"

To be frank, I had done better not to have written that article. I should have recalled my friendly relations with the two others. Liszt would have nothing to do with me for more than two months. But the day after the one on which my article appeared Thalberg was at my door at 10 in the morning. He stretched out his hand as he entered, saying, "Bravo! your article is only just."

At last their rivalry, which in reality had never been more than emulation, assumed a more accentuated, a more striking form. Until then no pianist had ventured to play in the hall of a large theatre with an auditorium of 1,200 or 1,500. Thalberg, impelled by his successes, announced a concert in the Theatre des Italiens, not in the foyer, but in the main auditorium. He played for the first time his *Moses*, and his success was a triumph.

Liszt, somewhat piqued, saw in Thalberg's triumph a defiance, and he announced a concert at the Opera. For his battle horse he took Weber's *Concertstück*. I was at the concert. He placed a box at my disposal, requesting that I should give an account of the evening in the *Gazette Musicale*. I arrived full of hope and joy. A first glance over the hall checked my ardor a trifle. There were many, very many, present, but here and there were empty spaces that disquieted me. My fears were not without reason. It was a half success. Between numbers I encountered Berlioz, with whom I exchanged my painful impressions, and I returned home quite tormented over the article I was to write. The next day I had hardly seated myself at my table when I received a letter from Liszt. I am happy to reproduce here the principal part of that letter, for it discloses an unknown Liszt, a modest Liszt. Yes, modest! It only half astonished me, for a certain circumstance had revealed this Liszt to me once before. It was at Scheffer's, who was painting his portrait. When posing Liszt assumed an air of inspiration. Scheffer, with his surpassing brusqueness, said to him: "The devil, Liszt! Don't take on the airs of a man of genius with me. You know well enough that I am not fooled by it."

What response did Liszt make to these rude words? He was silent a moment, then going up to Scheffer he said: "You are right, my dear friend. But pardon me; you do

not know how it spoils one to have been an infant prodigy." This response seemed to me absolutely delicious in its sweet simplicity—I might say in its humility. The letter that I give below has the same character:

"You have shown me of late an affection so comprehensive that I ask your permission to speak as a friend to a friend. Yes, my dear Legouve, it is as to a friend that I am about to confess to you a weakness. I am very glad that it is you who are to write of my concert yesterday, and I venture to ask you to remain silent for this time, and for this time only, concerning the defective side of my talent."

Is it possible, I ask, to make a more difficult avowal with more delicacy or greater frankness? Do we know many of the great artists capable of writing "the defective side of my talent"?

I sent him immediately the following response:

"No, my dear friend, I will not do what you ask! No, I will not maintain silence concerning the defective side of your talent, for the very simple reason that you never displayed greater talent than yesterday. Heaven defend me from denying the coldness of the public, or from proclaiming your triumph when you have not triumphed! That would be unworthy of you, and, permit me to add, of me. But what was it that happened? and why this half failure? Ah! blunderer that you were, what a strategic error you committed! Instead of placing the orchestra back of you, as at the Conservatory, so as to bring you directly in contact with your audience, and to establish between you and them an electric current, you cut the wire; you left this terrible orchestra in its usual place. You played across I know not how many violins, violoncellos, horns and trombones, and the voice of your instrument, to reach us, had to pass through all that warring orchestra! And you are astonished at the result! But, my dear friend, how was it two months ago at the Conservatory that with the same piece you produced such a wonderful effect? It was because that, in front, alone, with the orchestra behind you, you appeared like a cavalry colonel at the head of his regiment, his horse in full gallop his saber in hand, leading on his soldiers, whose enthusiasm was only the accompaniment of his own. At the opera the colonel abandoned his place at the head of his regiment, and placed himself at its rear. Fine cause for surprise that your tones did not reach us resounding and vibrant! This is what happened, my dear friend, and this is what I shall say, and I shall add that there was no one but Liszt in the world who could have produced under such conditions the effect that you produced. For in reality your failure would have been a great success for any other than you."

"With this, wretched strategist, I send you a cordial pressure of the hand, and begin my article."

The following Sunday my article appeared, and I had the great pleasure to have satisfied him.

Fredegonde at the Grand Opera.

ACT I.—The scene is in the Palais des Thermes (ruins now existing in the garden of the Musée Cluny). An assemblage of Austrasian vassals, lords of the Goths and Gallo-Roman nobles surround the poet *Fortunatus*, who is improvising madrigals in honor of the beautiful *Brunchilde*. The young queen, however, is thinking of her unfortunate sister *Galswinthe*, wife of *Hilperic*, King of Neustria, who has been murdered and her place filled by the cruel *Fredegonde*. While she is swearing vengeance the sound of trumpets is heard. The Neustrians are invading the palace. *Hilperic* enters with *Fredegonde* and followed by his warriors. He assures *Brunchilde* that he is her master, but he leaves her the title of Queen of Austrasia, and she goes to a convent at Rouen to weep over this sanguinary war. *Hilperic* delivers the palace and its wealth over to the Neustrians to pillage.

ACT II.—In the gardens of the palace. *Hilperic* has placed *Brunchilde* in charge of his son, *Merovig*, and the young warrior is smitten by the charms of his disconsolate captive. A servant of the king arrives, and informs him that his father has ordered him to place the queen in the convent that same evening. *Brunchilde* expresses her love for the young prince and her hatred of *Fredegonde*. *Merovig* replies that the horrible haridan is not his mother. Then the two in a duet announce their intention of setting the orders of the king at defiance, and of taking shelter in the sanctuary of Saint-Martin.

ACT III.—The scene changes to a small village near Rouen. The Neustrian and Austrasian vassals sing a chorus. *Fortunatus* arrives and announces his determination to enter a cloister to escape from the world. Lastly the *Bishop Pretextat*, a prelate of the Gauls, sings an arioso for his godson *Merovig*. The young prince supplicates him to bless his union with *Brunchilde*, and the chant *Pange Lingua*, intoned within the church, responds to the Gothic lord's singing on the stage.

ACT IV.—In the presence of King *Hilperic* in the Palais des Thermes. *Fredegonde* has joined the king, who is stupe-

fied with wine and war. The king at the sight of her brightens up. He wishes to talk love to her, but she refuses to listen to him. She excites his fury against his rebellious son, and as a proof of his love for her she calls on *Hilperic* to go clandestinely to Saint-Martin, trick his son by a promise of forgiveness, dethrone the too confiding youth, and appoint in his place one of her sons. *Hilperic*, after a long struggle between paternal and conjugal love, swears to do as *Fredegonde* wishes.

ACT V.—At the sanctuary of Saint-Martin. *Bishop Pretextat* comes to announce to *Merovig* and *Brunchilde* that the king is at hand, come to forgive the young couple and conclude peace. *Merovig* rejoices exceedingly, but *Brunchilde* is much depressed when she learns that *Fredegonde* accompanies the king. *Hilperic*, according to his promise to his wife, feigns mercy; he says he does not come as a king, but as a father, and as a mark of confidence on his son's part orders him to leave the sanctuary. *Brunchilde*, justly suspicious of a snare, implores *Merovig* to remain with her. The young man, however, cannot believe in his father's treachery and gives himself up. He is immediately surrounded by warriors and bishops, and at the instigation of *Fredegonde* is ordered to be thrown into a dungeon. He plunges a knife into his breast and falls dead in the presence of *Hilperic* and *Fredegonde*.

THE MUSIC.

There is, unfortunately, little to praise in the score. The overture, which is probably by Saint-Saëns, is short and undeveloped. In the first act there is a pretty madrigal by *Fortunatus*, followed by a good deal of noise. In the second act there is a pretty sentimental song by *Merovig*, followed by a love duet, which was applauded, but which has a family likeness to the love duets of Gounod and Massenet. (Where is the duet in *Samson et Dalila*, by Saint-Saëns?)

In the third act there is again a deal of noise; there is a ballet, which is not good; there is a fine passage for the bishop, and then again more noise—too much noise.

In the fourth act, which is the most substantial, and which is entirely by Saint-Saëns, there is a duet which runs throughout the act, in which at times it seems that inspiration is coming. But it does not come.

For the last act there is a pleasant duet and a finale in the Italian style. It is evident that the score will not do much to promote musical art.

THE INTERPRETATION.

Madame Heglon in the part of *Fredegonde* displays lyric talent, but she ought not to sing out of tune. The same observation applies to the tenor, Alvarez (*Merovig*), who has a fine voice, but does not know how to use it. MM. Delmas and Fournets, who have fine voices and manage them well, are superior to the other artists. M. Vaguet sang very pleasantly in the first act. The orchestra is good, but the scenery commonplace.

The part of *Brunchilde* was sung by Mlle. Lafargue, who took the part in the place of Mlle. Bréval, who has been taken ill since the rehearsals. She did her very best, but she has not the authority necessary in a part of such importance.

The artists were recalled at the close of each act, and Mlle. Hirsch, who displayed great talent as a dancer, and who will soon be among the best exponents of the art among the opera ballet corps, was applauded. The work itself, however, was but a qualified success, which was due more to admiration for the genius of M. Saint-Saëns than to the quality of the music performed. The career of *Fredegonde* will be short.—*Paris Herald*.

Joseph Mosenthal.

JOSEPH MOSENTHAL the organist, violinist and teacher, died suddenly last Monday night in the rooms of the Mendelssohn Glee Club, West Fortieth street. He reached the club at eight o'clock to conduct a rehearsal. He became faint and was led to a sofa. He lay under a painting of himself, surrounded by his singers, and died fifteen minutes later. Dr. Arthur T. Hills and Dr. Evans, members of the club, attended him. Death was due to acute Bright's disease.

He was born in Cassel, Germany, on November 30, 1834. He studied music under his father and Ludwig Spohr. He came to America in 1853 and became organist and choir director of Calvary Church in 1860. He resigned in 1867. In 1867 he became conductor of the Mendelssohn Glee Club.

Franz Erl.—The tenor F. Erl, younger brother of the well-known tenor Joseph Erl, died lately at Vienna, aged seventy-seven. He commenced his career at the Imperial Opera in 1844, but deafness compelled him to retire in 1859. His nephew, a son of Joseph, is at present first tenor, at Dresden.

Libel, Love and the Law.

ONE of the most interesting of recent libel suits is that just concluded in London against Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the eminent librettist, in which he was the victor. The Comtesse de Bremont, formerly of New York, who styled herself an interviewer, wrote Mr. Gilbert, asking for an interview. Mr. Gilbert replied that such an interview would cost the comtesse 20 guineas. To this the lady answered she trusted she might soon have the opportunity of writing Mr. Gilbert's obituary without charge. Then Mr. Gilbert wrote the newspapers, giving his opinion of the comtesse, and hinting she was no comtesse at all. The lady retaliated by suing him for libel.

In due season the case came up in the Lord Chief Justice's court, Sir Edward Clarke representing Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Bowen Rowlands the plaintiff. Immediately upon the plaintiff taking the stand the evidence took a semi-literary turn that created a decided impression, if nothing more. After telling that she was the widow of the Count de Bremont, once a New York surgeon, and of pronounced musical tastes, she acknowledged she was also of a literary turn of mind, and this was the beginning of the impression.

She had written, she said, a volume of poems, sonnets and odes to love. These Sir Edward Clarke called to the attention of the court and read of *Stolen Kisses*, *Lost Kisses*, *the Summer of Love*, &c., and asked the witness if she was not of the opinion that they were rather warm in nature.

"I think not," said the comtesse.

"What!" said Sir Edward. "Not the sonnet called *Love's Consummation*, about 'two hearts throbbing in tumult wild to love's voluptuous pace?'"

The comtesse said the book was dedicated to her husband and not to the world.

"But how about these?" continued Sir Edward, and he slowly read sonnet after sonnet which told of "hot kisses," "devouring lips," &c.

At this point, however, Lord Chief Justice Russell interfered. "We have had enough sonnets," he said. "In fact, too much."

The comtesse said there was no reason why she should not have written Mr. Gilbert. She had interviewed Patti, Nordica, Albani, Zelle de Lussan and others, and why not him? Did he hold himself better than others? It was in perfect good taste, also, considering his reply to her letter, for her to tell him in a second letter she hoped to have the pleasure of writing his obituary. She thought Mr. Gilbert was joking when he wrote her, and her obituary remark was merely a retaliatory piece of humor.

The evidence then turned to the poems. The longer court, lawyers and audience thought of them the more they were impressed. The comtesse said she had never tried her love poems on anyone but Henry Irving and Beer-bohm Tree. They, she believed, were sufficiently susceptible to appreciate them.

Then Sir Edward Clarke read a passage from the comtesse's prose works, descriptive of Chopin, of whom she said: "His delicately arched nostrils quivered. His pale, sensuously molded lips parted in a smile of beauty." Was that, Sir Edward asked, the description she would have used in referring to Mr. Gilbert?

"No," said the comtesse. "I do not think Mr. Gilbert could inspire me sufficiently for that."

When asked why he wrote letters to the papers about the comtesse Mr. Gilbert said: "Because I regarded it as an interesting development of the new womanhood in journalism."

"Is that a joke," said Mr. Rowlands, "or is it a real expression of your opinion?"

"It is my opinion," replied the librettist, in decided tones. "Her letter expressing a desire for my early death was an unprovoked outrage committed on me in the exercise of her profession. I do not think she was guilty of active malice, but what I call constitutional malice."

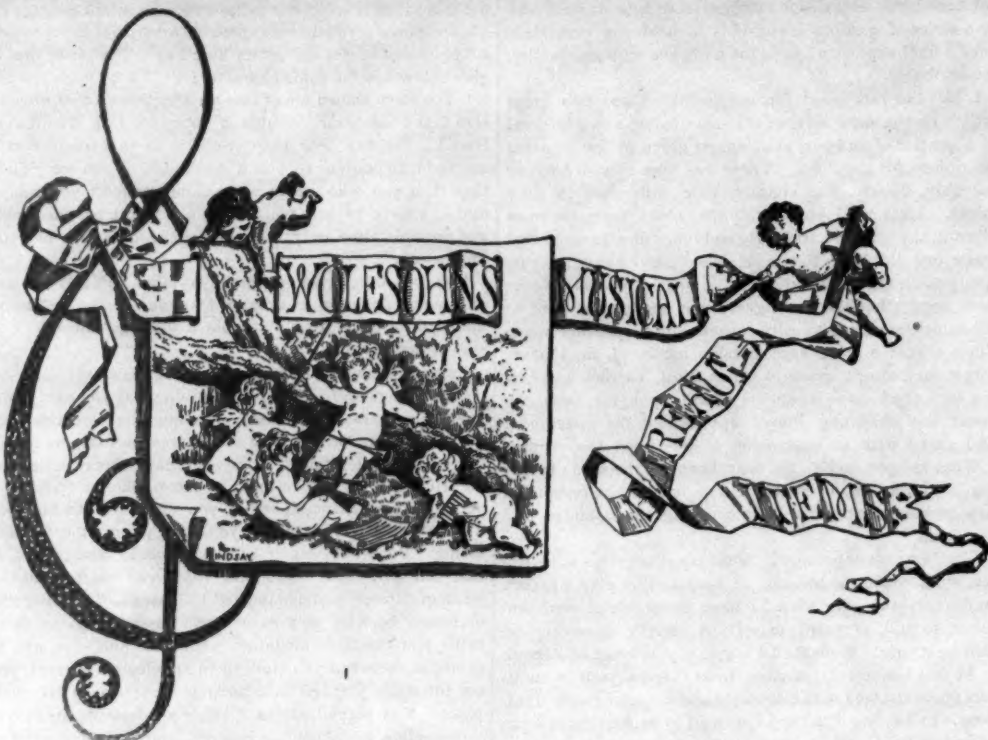
This ended the librettist's testimony, and Mr. Rowlands took up the cudgels for his client. The whole case hinged on Mr. Gilbert's allegation, as interpreted by the comtesse, that she had no right to her title. Mr. Rowlands declared he could not for the life of him see what Mr. Gilbert knew about that; and as for her poetry, was it beyond these lines of Mrs. Browning to a child?

Two souls met upon thee, my darling;

Two souls led thee out to the sun.

Lord Russell, in summing up the case, said that while juries must always be ready to give damages for substantial imputations, they must not lend themselves to making mountains of molehills. Without leaving the box the jury found for the defendant.—*Journal*.

Mabel Lindley Thompson's Musicals.—A soiree musicale will be given by the vocal students of Mabel Lindley Thompson in Wissner Hall, Newark, N. J., on Monday evening, January 13. The assisting artists will be Otto K. Schill, violinist; Tonso Sauvage, pianist, and Mrs. D. E. Hervey, accompanist. The musicale promises to be a big success.



Klafsky, the prima donna of the Damrosch German opera, adds to the brilliancy of her reputation at each city in which she appears. Her recent successes in New Orleans, Denver, Omaha and other leading centres of the South and West have been of a nature impossible to surpass. Owing to her consistent triumphs the singer has decided to remain in America throughout the spring, and after the close of the opera season on April 12 will be heard in a number of the leading spring musical festivals. It is not to be doubted but that enterprising conductors, following up the demand for high-class music created in the provinces by the recent establishment of permanent orchestras and the proposed formation of the same in many cities, will give Wagner concerts in which the prima donna will have full opportunity to display the breadth of her vocal powers. She is universally acclaimed the greatest living exponent of Wagner, who may be said to have but just reached the zenith of her powers.

Wm. H. Rieger never loses his foothold as the most popular concert and oratorio tenor we have. Many tenors come and go and achieve just reputations, but the superior standing of Wm. H. Rieger is never interfered with. His rank and reputation are unvarying. His appearances in oratorio during the past ten days in Buffalo and Pittsburgh won him new laurels, and the following clipping from the *Pittsburgh Times* of December 28 indicates the general verdict upon his work:

William H. Rieger easily carried off the laurels of the evening. The ease with which he sang *Then Shall the Righteous Shine Forth* brought round upon round of applause. Throughout the performance Mr. Rieger was repeatedly recalled, and after every solo had to bow his acknowledgments four and five times before the enthusiastic audience was satisfied.

Bloomfield Zeisler goes steadily forward, scoring a series of triumphant successes without any exception, such as no pianist—Paderewski excepted—has achieved in the same degree. Her artistic record since her arrival in the country has been one of unbroken success, and her brilliant reputation is now united to a personal popularity whenever and wherever she has appeared. The woman's magnetism tells and her performances evoke in every instance as much true vibrant sympathy as they do admiration in her audiences. She played the Rubinstein D minor concerto with the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, under Van der Stucken last week, creating a profound sensation, and was at once engaged for a concert by the Cincinnati Ladies' Club. Her January dates are almost all filled. Next week she plays in Toledo, Pittsburgh and in Baltimore with the Peabody Institute. She is unanimously voted one of the few really great pianists of the age.

George J. Hamlin, tenor, sang last week with marked success in oratorio in Chicago and received the most encouraging compliments from the press at large. He is not only the possessor of a really pure melodious tenor, but he has breadth and feeling and sings with finish and control. The following are among some notices received by him:

Mr. Hamlin sang everything allotted to him with delightful ease, betokening careful study and appreciation of the oratorio's spirit. In the second part he was heard to great advantage in the recitative *Thy Rebuke Hath Broken His Heart*, and his spirited and entirely artistic rendering of the air *Thou Shalt Break Them With a Rod of Iron* deservedly evoked a storm of applause.—*Chicago Chronicle*, December 24, 1905.

This well-known singer [Mr. Hamlin] was in fine voice and succeeded admirably.—*Chicago Times-Herald*, December 24, 1905.

Mr. Geo. J. Hamlin confirmed the pleasing impression he has previously made.—*Chicago Tribune*, December 24, 1905.

Clementine de Vere-Sapto, like the minority of really distinguished artists, always holds her own and appears with unequivocal success in every instance, never obtaining a disqualifying notice. She sang *The Messiah* twice in Christmas week with the Händel and Haydn So-

ciety in Boston and the New York Oratorio Society in New York, and achieved emphatic success, as usual. Her smooth breadth and largeness of style grow, and she is to-day an artist of immensely greater grasp and capacity than the singer who first won American favor. She will sing with the New York Philharmonic Society at their last concert in April. Her return this season has been met with the sterling welcome and appreciation to which her high artistic powers entitle her, and in this soprano we have a singer of rare intelligence, usefulness and value.

Ondricek keeps on the topmost wave of artistic popularity. The great Bohemian virtuoso has met success in every quarter he has thus far appeared. He played with glowing honor last week with the Buffalo Symphony Society and the Baltimore Peabody Institute and has made engagements for recitals in both cities. On Friday last he played in Boston, repeating his successes of every other city, and arrangements are now being made for several recitals in New York in addition to his appearance in New York with orchestra in February.

Wm. Armour Galloway came with one step firmly to the front by his appearance in *The Messiah* at the Metropolitan. He sang on the Sunday before Christmas and made a pronounced success, which he emphasized by his second appearance in the work at the opera house on December 29. He is a melodious, resonant basso, and evidences by the care and intelligence of his phrasing and the justness and authority of his interpretation his educated musicianship. Numerous critics have agreed that he is the most satisfactory bass heard in oratorio for a long time in New York. He is thoroughly at home in oratorio, and the dignity and purity of his style will fit him for this school of music. The following notice appeared in the *New York Evening Telegram* of December 30:

Of the soloists who appeared Mr. Armour Galloway, the basso, a young man of unusual promise, did the best work. His enunciation was clear, his voice round and full, and his interpretation of the measures intelligent and painstaking.

Mangioni de Pasquale, the successful young Italian tenor, has severed his connection with the Wilcek Concert Company for the present and has returned to New York, where he has resumed his church position. He has under consideration several offers from the South, where he is a tremendous favorite, particularly in Atlanta, where he has appeared in opera and where he can never make the briefest appearance without being subject to three or four encores and any number of recalls. The style and methods of this pure voiced young Italian tenor have made him a distinguished favorite all over the South, where temptations will be made many for him to return. He is in excellent form.

Mrs. Vanderveer-Green has had quite a success in *The Messiah* in Montreal and Boston within the past ten days and is growing in public favor steadily. She will sing later in a number of recitals, both in New York and Rochester, with E. A. MacDowell, pianist and composer, and with Bloomfield Zeisler. Beginning next month she will also make a tour with the Albani Concert Company. She is busy, successful and popular.

E. C. Towne, tenor, was successful in Washington last week, where he sang with the Washington Choral Society in oratorio. With voice and general musical equipment well adapted for it, Mr. Towne is busy with the study of an extended oratorio repertory and will be prepared in the spring to be heard with many leading societies. His success in Washington was highly encouraging, and the tenor's voice is in its freshest and most vigorous order for the work he has set himself ahead and in which he will be heard in public in a couple of months no doubt.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS



This Paper has the Largest Guaranteed Circulation of any Journal in the Music Trade.

No. 827.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY, 8, 1896.

AMONG the pianos that can be reckoned upon for an increased constituency of appreciative buyers the coming year is the Jewett, which is better, better known, and better handled than ever before. It is being placed before the trade intelligently. It has merits that make it a most satisfactory instrument to handle. It is a reliable piano. Do dealers need more?

STRICH & ZEIDLER have been informed by the secretary of the board of directors of the Cotton States and International Exposition at Atlanta, Ga., that they have been awarded a diploma of honorable mention and a medal.

Strich & Zeidler are specially gratified for this compliment, coming as it does unsolicited, for it will be remembered that this firm did not enter its piano for awards but for exhibition only, and that the board of directors should have recognized their special worth and beauty in so substantial a manner was a surprise which fills the manufacturers with pride.

IT would not be fair to print figures, but this office has been placed in a position to know that the output of the Staib Action Company, of 134th street and Brook avenue, this city, for 1895 will aggregate enough thousand sets to warrant placing the house among the large producers of the country, and, in comparison with what has been done by the company in the best of former years, the output is phenomenal. There is every assurance that this concern will be favored with a continuation of prosperity. If fair business methods, a new factory equipped with the most modern and improved machinery, skillful workmen and close, undivided attention to the details, and as a result a piano action pronounced by all who have used it to be satisfactory mean anything, it can safely be predicted that the Staib Action Company will continue to increase its output from year to year, and that 1896 will be no exception.

"I DO not handle the Conover pianos," said a man prominent in the trade recently, "and I do not expect to, but I will say that there are no more attractive instruments on the market to-day than they. Look at their appearance! Do you find anything handsomer? And the finish! There is no house in the United States that is doing better work. To me the Conover pianos appear to have every quality for a great popular and artistic success. I know Mr. H. D. Cable, and I know that he is determined to make the Conover one of the best and most prominent pianos in the country. There is no doubt that it will be, and I expect to see some great strides this coming year.

Coming from the quarter it did, from a man of many years' experience in and thorough knowledge of the piano trade, a man whose name has always been identified with high grade instruments, the above words have a special significance. They are a public expression of what is tacitly admitted, because undeniable, in every quarter.

MR. J. FRANK CONOVER, of the Conover Piano Company, Chicago, is in the East on a pleasure trip, after a long attention to business. After renewing acquaintances in New York he left yesterday for Washington, where he will spend a few days listening to Congressional and Senatorial eloquence.

EVERYTHING looks promising for the business of Hardman, Peck & Co. the coming year. The new styles will make their appearance early in the new year and will be warmly welcomed by the representatives of the house. The retail business is progressing on new lines that have shown their value.

MR. HORACE F. BROWN, who for a number of years has been a popular traveling representative of Behr Brothers & Co., has resigned his position with that firm. Mr. Brown wishes to quit traveling and enter the retail trade as salesman, for which position he long ago proved his fitness. He is an energetic young man, popular with all who know him, able to handle a good trade and make business for himself and the house he is connected with. He has had several offers, but has closed with none as yet.

THE Ludden & Bates Southern Music House, of Savannah, Ga., has acquired an interest in the stock company known as the Mathushek Piano Company, of New Haven, Conn. The name "Mathushek" is among the best known in certain portions of the South, and the more intimate affiliation of the two concerns—they have been associated for a score of years—will mean chiefly that the Mathushek will be pushed more earnestly than ever by the Ludden & Bates combinations. That any change will be made in the other agencies controlled by Ludden & Bates is denied up to now.

AT the annual meeting of the Estey Piano Company to be held on Friday next the report to be presented will be one of interest and satisfaction to the directors and stockholders of that successful institution. Business has been good the past year and shows a gratifying increase over that of the previous year. Mr. Robert Proddow has good cause for congratulation upon the material advance the company has made and upon the quality of the products, which is now better than ever before. He has shown what can be done by energy and broad business methods when the condition of business generally is of a discouraging aspect. The Estey Piano Company starts a new year with a new vigor, in better shape than ever, and with greatly increased prestige. The Estey piano should be one of the conspicuous successes of the trade in 1896.

THE activities of George P. Bent, his grasp of trade conditions, his indomitable perseverance and ability to mark out a path for himself and follow it, have made him one of the most prominent figures in the entire music trade, while those qualities that have directed attention to himself have done their work in pushing to equal prominence the product of his factory. The "Crown" is one of the best known and best liked pianos on the market to-day. The piano has been pushed to the front with greater energy and better appreciation of trade conditions and

possibilities. The latest products of the "Crown" factory, the new, the 1896 styles, are the handsomest yet put out. They are among the year's winners. Look after them.

ANOTHER recruit to the policy of concentration which has been adopted by so many Western houses will be Emil Wulschner & Son, who will at a comparatively early date close out their branch houses at Terre Haute and Richmond, Ind., and concentrate all their energies to the development of their manufacturing and wholesale business at the headquarters in Indianapolis. This is in line with the movement that was set on foot early last year and which has been followed by other well-known houses since—the disposal of branch stores which have divided the attention and lessened the efforts which, in the estimation of those most interested, would bring more satisfactory results if concentrated in other directions. The houses that have adopted this policy are likely to be joined by others with which manufacturing interests are becoming paramount.

AMONG the pianos that must be reckoned among the most active factors in that high-class trade with high-class dealers which embraces but a few instruments of the finest musical qualities, are the instruments of the A. B. Chase Company. They are among the very few pianos of modern growth that can successfully contend for artistic superiority. Their musical qualities have been demonstrated to the satisfaction of a critical public capable of giving a correct judgment on tone quality and the completeness of construction that makes a piano first class. We do not find an A. B. Chase representative that has not a story of appreciation for these instruments, not one that has not improved his standing in his community by such representation, not one that has not made lifelong friends by every sale of an A. B. Chase piano he has made. A phenomenal record has been made already by the piano, and there is not the slightest reason to believe that in the coming year that record will not be still more notable. All indications point to 1896 as a banner year for the A. B. Chase Company and piano.

THE extraordinary demand for the finest quality of veneers, especially finely figured mahogany, continues and increases. Every manufacturer of any pretensions to fine case work is alert and ready to go to great lengths in expense to get exactly what he wants. We know of several purchases that have been made recently that insure some of the handsomest pianos the trade has ever seen. The same eagerness is being manifested in putting out new styles. There is room here for a fear or a suspicion that this additional case work expense will be met by economy in some of the parts more vital to the quality of the piano. Our attention has been directed to this in one or two instances. While we do not believe that many, if any, manufacturers can afford to sacrifice in any degree the quality of their instruments, we must admit that the extraordinary attention that is being devoted to case work and the expense that is being lavished upon it are not reassuring in view of the prices at which certain pianos are sold. This is a very good time for manufacturers to study the question of improving in one direction without deteriorating in another.

Do not touch the present self-playing piano attachments or invest any money in them. The series of litigations pending among the various makers of these attachments may result in giving to one or two such advantages that you may be subject to their claims for any amounts assessed against you.

Before you buy attachments, or offer them for sale, or transact business with attachments, await the outcome of these suits. By sending money now to the makers of these attachments you enable them to go ahead and finally also bring you to terms in case they win. You are actually providing them with the ammunition they can subsequently use against you. Don't buy a single attachment until the suits are decided.

WE believe it would be to the best interests of the whole piano trade and of particular and flattering advantage to Lyon & Healy if that house would decide upon the immediate withdrawal of this advertisement, which we have already condemned and which again appears in the January magazines :



It is just as safe to purchase a piano by mail as to buy from an agent, when the firm is a **responsible** one. We have an exceptionally fine line of pianos, which have had a very little use, and which for that reason cannot be sold as new, yet for tone and appearance are **just as good as new**. Among them are such famous makes as **KNAHE, HAZELTON, WEBER, STEINWAY, FISCHER, VOSE, ERIKSON**, and, in fact, nearly every well-known piano. In our stock are Squares from \$40, Uprights from \$100, and Grandos from \$300, upward

These pianos are put in the best possible condition, perfectly tuned, and so sure are we that you will be satisfied with any piano selected, that we agree to pay the freight both ways should the piano sent not prove satisfactory. Lists of these pianos will be furnished on application. Easy terms if desired.

Our factories produce 100,000 instruments annually, among them the world famous "WASHBURN" Guitars, Mandolins and Banjos; we are the largest sellers of Band instruments in this country and deal extensively in Everything Known in Music.

Catalogues free. Correspondence invited.



On general principles no great firm should associate its name with a cheap advertisement. Intelligent people who read magazines, and who happen to know something about music, will conclude that Lyon & Healy are advertising a toy or a curiosity, and the serious impression an advertisement should convey is lost to them, which means the loss of the whole advertisement.

Intelligent people who read magazines, and who do not happen to know anything about music at all, will also know that pianos cannot be sent by mail, and that an article for \$40 sent by mail and called a piano must be a costly toy or curiosity.

Of course Lyon & Healy can have no use for fools; no one is looking for fools to transact business with, and it must be a fool who concludes that a piano can be sent by mail.

The impression this advertisement creates does not comport either with the dignity, or the reputation, or the name of Lyon & Healy; no, it does not. If that great house desires to injure its name in the piano trade, or among musical or intelligent people, it will continue this *double entendre*, for all of us in the piano trade know that the card under discussion is not legitimate.

There are no \$40 pianos ; pianos cannot be sent by mail, and both of these false ideas are propagated in the card into the significance of facts.

Besides, all the first sentence in the card is a virtual announcement that the house of Lyon & Healy no longer commands any wholesale piano trade, for if the firm had any it would not state, over its signature, that it is just as safe to purchase a piano by mail as to buy from an agent.

Then also let us ask, How can Lyon & Healy sell by correspondence one of its higher priced pianos, a Hazelton or a Knabe or a Blasius or a Fischer, by

correspondence into territory belonging to other agents? Of course this \$40 piano advertisement is inserted to get general trade from the public at large for regular pianos; it is a "catch" ad., and such are permitted where they do not work absolute injury to the whole business, and when they are true. Now suppose the firm of Lyon & Healy gets a legitimate sale of one of the pianos it represents and the purchaser is in a territory controlled by another piano house, what occurs?

Lyon & Healy would claim that the purchaser was found through the alertness of the house as expressed in its advertising, and that the whole profit belonged to Lyon & Healy, but the other agent would not make his settlement through Lyon & Healy, but through the piano manufacturer, and he would be compelled to select as between Lyon & Healy and his other agents. The Lyon & Healy house would not give any of its profit to the other dealer doing business in Milwaukee or Indianapolis or St. Paul or Detroit; and even so, the houses in the latter cities would not accept gifts, but demand their percentages, as understood between them and the makers here in the East.

We do not deny that this advertisement may bring a great many inquiries to Lyon & Healy, and piano houses want inquiries; but from the very nature of the card these inquirers cannot belong to a select class of intelligent beings whose trade is desirable. On general principles it must be concluded that a person who will believe that a piano can be bought for \$40 or that it can be sent by mail is not of a class that represents the piano purchasing constituency. Moreover, magazines, as well as this or any regular publications, are not supposed to print ads. of second-hand clothing or second-hand jewelry or second-hand auction furniture or second-hand cutlery. People who read these ads. take it for granted that new books, new bicycles, new ranges, new bath tubs, new gloves, &c., as well as new pianos, are meant in the advertisements, and when they read the above ad. they, without any argument, conclude that pianos can be had now as low as \$40, unless they are of the class of people spoken of above, and it is this vicious idea, photographed upon the public mind by Lyon & Healy, which calls for universal condemnation, especially as it is not true. People cannot get pianos from Lyon & Healy for \$40 by mail or otherwise. Then why say so? Why advertise what is not true and what is not intended for actual performance in good faith?

At the suggestion of a number of dealers, a slight change has been made in this specimen advertisement, arranged for use and adaptation of the piano dealers of the United States:

ON INSTALMENTS. EASY PAYMENTS.

The cheapest we handle,	\$250
" next grade,	300
" " "	350
" " "	450
" " "	500

**See Higher Grades of Uprights and Grands
from \$500 to \$2,000.
Second-hand Pianos at All Prices.**

If you desire to learn why legitimate Pianos cannot be sold at retail for less than \$200, and that any sold below that price are without merit or value, ask by mail THE MUSICAL COURIER, 19 Union Square, New York, the greatest musical paper in the world, and it will explain it to you without charge, if you send this advertisement in your letter.

All this advertisement requires is the introduction of the firm name and address in the proper place, whereupon it can be inserted in the local or county papers.

Inquiries will thereupon flow to this office in larger quantities than ever, and every inquiry referring to the low grade box means the death of that box. The advertisement is honest, dignified and out of the usual run, and will attract attention, and that is what the dealer needs.

—W. J. Weisersbach, who was for a number of years with Alfred Dolge & Son and for the past two years in business for himself, has made arrangements to represent Benedict Brothers on the road with their pianos.

THE contract between the house of Chickering & Sons and Mr. Ferdinand Mayer, at the head of the New York branch house, expires on March 1, 1896, by limitation, and within a week after that date, on March 7, Mr. Mayer and family will leave for Europe on the steamship Kaiser Wilhelm, destined for Naples, Italy. Mr. Mayer and his party will visit Italy, France and England, and will spend considerable time in Germany, particularly in Berlin, and on the Rhine at Rüdesheim, and after a six weeks' sojourn in Switzerland he will return to New York on the steamship Havel, leaving Bremen on August 25. This European trip has been one of Mr. Mayer's cherished hopes for years, and now that the opportunity presents itself he anticipates more than the usual gratification from it for himself and his family.

A Letter from Chickering & Sons.

The appreciation in which Mr. Mayer's work and services are held by the Chickering house can best be determined by the following letter addressed to this paper by that firm, which reads as appended :

Office of Chickering & Sons,
Boston, Mass., January 3, 1886.

Editors: The Musical Courier:

In view of the fact that you have announced that Mr. Theo. Pfafflin enters our employ in the New York ware-rooms after the expiration of Mr. Mayer's contract, we desire to state that this was brought about through our desire to associate with us at headquarters Mr. Mayer's high musical judgment, and to have him take charge of our retail warerooms in Boston. We have offered Mr. Mayer this position, and he now has the matter under consideration.

Yours truly, *Chickering & Sons.*

Yours truly, Chickering & Sons.

C. H. W. Foster, treasurer.

Mr. Mayer has this offer and a number of other flattering and important offers from other firms in the music trade under most serious consideration and this is but a natural outcome of an uninterrupted and honorable as well as honored association with the piano trade for nearly thirty years. And it was always with interests and instruments of a distinguished reputation that Mr. Mayer found himself allied during this long period. His vast experience, his judgment, born of actual contact with the most important events during this time, his accumulated and cumulative knowledge of methods and systems as they became developed and finally ripened into the conditions of the day, and his personal record, have fitted and qualified him for the highest and most elevated posts in the business.

As the letter of the Chickering house indicates, Mr. Mayer stands with his present firm on terms of intimate friendship, and it is therefore impossible to state at the present moment which course Mr. Mayer may adopt in his future association with the music trade of this country. Whatever he may decide upon doing will necessarily be a matter of importance to the trade, because of his commanding position and influence.

ORIGINAL BRADBURY.

Made in Brooklyn Only.

THE manufacturers of the Bradbury piano have received a letter from one R. E. Scheel, 67 O'Connor street, Ottawa, Canada, to the effect that the Thos. F. G. Foisy Company, of Montreal, are stenciling a piano "Bradbury—New York," and that a dealer in Ottawa has two in stock.

That is all we know of the matter, but it is necessary, in view of this, to state that the original and only Bradbury piano is made here (in Brooklyn), and that any other Bradbury or Bradbery is a fraud stencil.

An Invitation.

Mr. E. A. Lefebvre has just received a consignment of the highest grade Bohusien pianos, the tone, mechanism and finish of which are unequaled by any other piano made in the world. The design of the case and the general construction are also of the highest artistic order. Pianists interested are respectfully invited to call at Mr. Lefebvre's residence, 908 Fourth street, and examine these instruments, the superior qualities of which will be fully demonstrated.—*Elkhart, Ind., Truth.*

WILL some one kindly inform this office where the Bohusen pianos, "unequaled by any other piano made in the world," are manufactured?

ANOTHER TRADE PROBLEM.

AMONG the problems that confront the trade at the beginning of this new year none will be watched toward a solution with greater interest than the further development or decline of the reed organ industry. That the organ business in the United States has seen its best days, and that it is now on the downward path as regards volume of business, is believed by some of the organ manufacturers themselves and by the great majority of the outside trade. Color has been lent to this by the efforts of so many organ firms to enter the ranks of piano manufacturers, and the half expressed determination of others to follow on the same line. Dealers in the East and Middle West say that their organ trade is steadily assuming smaller proportions. The organ makers are working to increase their export business, a branch that to several firms is of a very satisfactory nature.

These are the facts as they appear to all. On the other side of the question it may be said that though the total production of organs is less than in previous years it is not so much less that it is out of proportion with the production of pianos. Export trade has more than held its own, while some houses have found the home market still a large and profitable one. The grade of organs has been raised, such improvements have been made that the modern organ is immeasurably above the cheap pianos as musical instruments, and it is known among the leading organ manufacturers, like the Mason & Hamlin Company, the Story & Clark Organ Company and others making artistic instruments, that the finest grades are finding their way into the homes of the cultivated, where they take their place alongside the artistic piano, and where they are esteemed for the variety and beauty of their musical effects, both alone and in conjunction with other instruments.

While this is not true of all organs manufactured, it is true of a great many, and leads to the conclusion that by the improvement in quality the product can find a new, if limited, field for business, in which, though a smaller trade be done than formerly, a greater profit will be made.

The shifting of the organ producing centre from the East to the West and the decline of some of the Eastern organ making firms may be attributed in part, if not wholly, to the same apathy that has seized so many piano firms and against which this paper has protested so earnestly. As there are still progressive piano houses in the East, so are there progressive organ houses. The Mason & Hamlin product, always accounted of the highest grade, finds a ready sale and among a particularly high class of people. The agency is always in demand. The Estey organs maintain their position, while recent improvements have materially increased their already high reputation. The great Sterling factories turn out a large number of organs yearly that find a ready sale and have a wide popularity. The factory of the E. P. Carpenter Company is a busy one and the organs are held in high esteem. The Wilcox & White Organ Company have departed in their Symphony from the conventional organ business, but they are doing a satisfactory business. It will be seen that the organ business is not dead in the East, especially when the live firms in the thriving Pennsylvania towns are taken into account. The Eastern dealers, unfortunately, have not appreciated all the possibilities of the organ business and have allowed organ sales to be crowded out by the nasty, cheap boxes which cannot possibly be anything but an injury in the long run. We believe that the claims of good organs, well presented, would find a response from that portion of the public that is now having forced upon it the fraud \$75 boxes.

Exact figures as to Western organ production are not at hand, and it is probable that the production has fallen somewhat below that of the best previous years, which, taking into consideration the generally depressed condition of business, would more than offset the natural increase under ordinary conditions. Some organ firms like the Ann Arbor Organ Company have increased their output. Others have lessened.

The reed organ problems that are troubling a number of manufacturers are: Is it worth while to divide energies, or is it better to concentrate all efforts on piano manufacturing?

Is there enough future in the business to make it worth while for the manufacturers of reed organs ex-

clusively to continue that industry without adding piano manufacturing?

How do profits compare to-day with, say, three years ago?

If the demand for organs in this country decreases, is the export trade sufficiently profitable for the uncertainty involved?

These are some of the questions the organ manufacturers are struggling with at the present time.

A WORD TO THE SALESMEN.

IT cannot be too strongly impressed upon salesmen, especially the retail men, that the coming year will be one to bring out their best efforts, and one offering chances for the development of those qualities that insure permanent success. It is believed that the turn of the business tide has come. There is little doubt, indeed no doubt, that, unless some unforeseen calamity further demoralizes industry and holds back prosperity, the piano trade, with other lines, will have a steady progress to a point of prosperity that will be maintained for many years.

There is to-day a demand for good retail salesmen, men of brains, energy and personality, that can be made a power in getting and holding trade. For personality is a powerful factor in the success of a piano salesman. Men of the right kind can find positions that will improve as they improve them. The necessity for more earnest work is understood by the heads and managers of retail establishments, and there will be no lack of opportunity for men of the right stamp. The salesmen who are already in harness, and who have shown their abilities during the past two years, have now an opportunity to make a better record. It must not be forgotten, however, that business has not reached the old-time proportions and probably will not for many months to come, and in the meantime competition is growing more keen and the qualities of salesmen are being put to a severer test.

The success of the salesman, the success in which he is most interested, the improvement in position, with a corresponding increase in salary, rests almost solely with the salesman himself. The prestige of the pianos he sells, the enterprise and business methods of the house with which he is connected, have their influence, it is true, but the true test is the record at the end of the year. By that the salesman is judged, by that is determined future engagement, with improved position and increased salary.

The capabilities of the various salesmen of more or less prominence are pretty well known in the trade. The man who is a success with his present employers is necessarily an object of admiration to their competitors. The Western men are well posted as to the men in the East, and vice versa. The light of the valuable man is not hidden under a bushel, and as the lines are broadened and the competition becomes keener the knowledge of each salesman's merits or demerits will become still more widely distributed.

The piano trade offers many advantages to men of business acumen, force and culture. It is likely to attract in the future many men that would in times past have turned their business talents in other directions. From these recruits many of the best salesmen of the near future will come. The men now in the field, the young men who have had the benefit of the schooling of the past three or four years, have an opportunity to make their positions unassailable. Will they do it?

Mr. Hollingsworth's Story.

MR. B. F. HOLLINGSWORTH, of the defunct Dallas, Tex., firm of Hollingsworth, Bullington & Co., is in New York, and is seeking a connection with some house as salesman. Mr. Hollingsworth says of the troubles of his firm that had he and his partner been given a little more time they could have met everything promptly. But he attributes much of the disaster to the ill-will of certain parties who were anxious to push them to the wall. Several of the claims have been settled to the satisfaction of the creditors, and the others are now in process of adjustment.

He also says that every claim will eventually be paid in full. The court has money resulting from the sale of the stock, which will be applied to the firm's remaining indebtedness as soon as certain suits are disposed of. The customers' paper is being realized on as rapidly as possible, and is being applied to the liquidation of the firm's debts. Mr. Hollingsworth has no expectation of resuming business in Texas, but will try and make connections in the East.

Fire in Chicago.

AS we go to press we are informed by Mr. David Blakely, the owner of Sousa's Band and also the head of the Blakely Printing Company of Chicago, that a \$50,000 fire has occurred in the building of the Blakely Printing Company, particulars of which are not fully at hand. This concern prints the *Indicator*, and it is possible that they may be put to some inconvenience in the printing of their next issue, though the trouble will not be serious.

Later.

The *Indicator* has arranged to publish elsewhere temporarily and will be out on time this week.

Mr. Kraemer Talks.

THERE isn't a piano traveler who believes more thoroughly in advertising than does Mr. Felix Kraemer, of the Kraenich & Bach forces, as witness the appended interview with him reported in the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* of December 25. Perhaps everyone won't agree with what Mr. Kraemer says, but he says it and he has it published, and it brings his name and the firm's name before the public, and that's advertising.

"Notes from the memory of a globe trotter" would be a good title to the engrossing conversation of Felix Kraemer, who was exchanging personal experiences with another globe trotter at the Butler last night. For Mr. Kraemer has been around the world several times, and has lived in nearly every one of its large cities. He is a man of handsome presence, speaks several languages, and is a fine example in charming manners and ready speech of the liberal education to be gained by foreign travel.

"I came to Seattle to visit my old friend, Louis Schlemann," he said, "and to bring him a Christmas greeting from his father, Christian Schlemann, of Copenhagen, who has recently been decorated by the old King of Denmark, and is titled Hofkapellmeister, or Court Musical Director. He is coming here to see his son next year, and may possibly bring with him John Svendsen, who occupies the position in Denmark that Thomas and Damrosch does in this country."

"Mr. Schlemann introduced me to his royal patron, King Christian, and I found him one of the most simple and democratic of men. I don't suppose he stands really high as a man of intellectual force, but he is thoroughly respected and beloved among his people. He walks the streets unostentatiously, calls in at a bakery or other store and has a chat, and people who meet him in these rambles doff the hat with a loving regard and pass on, for the Danes are a very polite people."

"The only oil painting ever made from life, so far as I know, of Professor Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, I saw in the King's palace there. Morse, as you probably know, had great difficulty in getting his invention adopted. He could get no help in his own country, and so he went to England. There they laughed at him, and he took his invention to other countries. King Christian of Denmark took a great fancy to Morse, and had his portrait painted by the court artist."

"No, the old King has no money to speak of. What he receives goes out in entertaining. He married one daughter to the Prince of Wales and another to the Czar of Russia, and when they visit him they are entertained, of course, on a royal scale, and that costs a great deal of money. I was at Kiel at the opening of the canal, and was invited by him, with the other foreign visitors and the Emperor of Germany, to join the excursion to Spitzbergen to see the midnight sun."

"Why do I register from Copenhagen? Because that can best be called my place of residence. I like it best and am doing a large business there. The Danes are well inclined to American manufactures, and theirs is the only nation in Europe which lets in American goods on a 10 per cent. ad valorem duty. The customs of Germany, Austria and France are much higher. A great many Americans are taking advantage of Denmark's low customs, and American pianos, bicycles, typewriters and electrical appliances are leading the market there now. Freight, too, are very much in our favor there."

"I have been engaged for the last 30 years in breaking the ice for American musical instruments all over the world, including South America, but with the exception of China and Japan. Yes, I think you may say that American pianos lead the world. We have more piano makers, I think, than all of Europe put together."

"Russia, for instance, has only two notable manufacturing of pianos, Austria only one, Hungary none, Turkey none, Spain two, Italy four, England probably six prominent makers, the rest being mere stencil makers; France six, Germany 95 well-known makers, the United States over 100."

"One curious fact is that the piano manufacturing interest in the United States is almost entirely in the hands of Germans and German-Americans, while the manufacturing of organs is entirely in the hands of Americans. I do not know of a single French or German organ manufacturer in this country. It is an industry that America can claim as absolutely her own, and her organs are sold in every part of the civilized world in preference to those of any other make."

For Sale.

IN a prosperous city of 20,000 inhabitants, an old-established piano, organ and small musical merchandise trade. The county in which this music store is located is one of the most prosperous counties in New York State. There is no other music store in the city and practically no competition in the whole county. With ordinary enterprise at least 150 instruments can easily be sold each year. The best opportunity for a wideawake piano and organ man with a small capital that there is in New York State.

For full information address B. B., THE MUSICAL COURIER, New York.

—J. W. Groves, of Sparta, Wis., have gone out of business.

—D. S. Johnson, of Spokane, Wash., has closed out his business there and gone to Tacoma.

—Sedgwick & Casey have opened a store in Hartford, Conn., with the Wissner as their leader.

WANTED—A good salesman, well acquainted in Chicago and speaking both German and English. Apply to Rintelman Piano Company, 165 Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ill.

MR. WENDELL RETIRES.

MR. HARVEY WENDELL, a member of the Marshall & Wendell Piano Manufacturing Company, Limited, of Albany, will retire from the company as an officer and director at the end of the business year, which occurs early in February.

He will also retire from the road representation of the firm, Mr. Alfred Shindler having been engaged to fill that position.

MR. RUDOLPH DOLGE will leave New York on the 15th to attend the meeting of the National Manufacturers' Association, to be held at Chicago from January 21 to January 25. As Mr. Dolge will be in Chicago for several days preceding the session of the association he will doubtless consummate some business affecting the future of the Autoharp in the West. Mr. Dolge went yesterday to Boston, in which city he will also give his attention to matters affecting the Autoharp.

While the Autoharp business for 1895 reached enormous proportions, the present year promises, with the aid of the large jobbers and the retailers, to be the greatest one in the history of that popular instrument.

THE past year was a remarkable one in every way for the Starr Piano Company in the increase of the business and in the reputation which the pianos enjoy. The year's business was altogether far in advance of 1894, which was a good year for the house. In the month of December last the business was nearly double that of the same month the previous year. Nearly an equally good showing was made by every month of the year. This business record is not at all surprising to those who know the men directing the company, their comprehension of the conditions of the trade, their energy and their resources. They are doing a great work with their pianos and in building up the business, a work the results of which will make a still more remarkable showing at the end of the present year.

ONE of the notable successes of the past year has been the Norris & Hyde piano, which has been accepted by trade and public as an instrument of musical qualities that must command the respect and claim the attention of all. The value of the transposing keyboard has been well demonstrated to the satisfaction of musicians. These have gone on record testifying to the value of this invention and predicting an almost universal acceptance of it by the musical world.

Leading musicians have purchased Norris & Hyde pianos, and are making liberal use of the transposing keyboard, and these musicians grow more enthusiastic over it the longer they use it. That the trade appreciates the fine selling qualities of the Norris & Hyde pianos is shown by the agencies made and the orders given. The coming year should be a great one for the house and the instrument.

Needham Pianos and Organs.

1896.

THE Needham Piano and Organ Company sent out as a New Year's greeting to its patrons and the trade generally an elephant calendar which, in its way, is a work of art. There have been numerous calls for duplicate elephants, and President Parsons has ordered a fresh supply, which will be ready for distribution in a few days.

The inventorying of stock at the Needham factory was accomplished in the remarkably short time of four days, and one must not infer from this that the stock is a small one or that the house has only roughly estimated what is on hand. It took the company several years to perfect a system whereby the actual condition of material, even to the smallest article of value, could be determined almost at a glance, and by this system stock taking loses its terrors. There is probably no concern manufacturing pianos which knows more positively the actual cost of its instruments than the Needham Piano and Organ Company, and that the importance of accurate knowledge in this direction is often overlooked and has led to disaster in more cases than one in trade history. Competition is close and pianos are sold generally at only a fair margin for the manufacturer, and not to know within a very small sum the "boxed" value of an instrument is juggling with future prosperity. President Parsons said:

"One manufacturer made the statement to me not long since that his pianos cost him so and so much. On the factory floor, was asked, or sold, boxed and in the freight office? The manufacturer allowed that the amount mentioned represented the total cost. Material and labor so

much, and then he estimated that advertising, salesmen and incidentals amounted to so much, and that covered the entire cost.

"Estimating is one thing and knowing is another, and the chances are that this very man does not know actually within \$10 the cost of his pianos, and this same man has been plodding along for years and has not gained an inch and cannot understand where the leakage comes in. All he knows is that when the end of the year comes he has made a modest living, and only a very modest living, too, and that his capital and stock remain about the same. On the number of pianos he makes the difference between *knowing* and *estimating* would make a mighty decent profit if he only knew it."

The Needham Piano and Organ Company knows what its goods cost, and is not plodding, but is building a large and prosperous business, with fairer prospects for 1896 than have ever been presented before.

To Make Pianos.

MR. F. L. RAYMOND, of the United States Organ Company, Cleveland, Ohio, was in New York the past week completing the arrangements for the manufacture of pianos in connection with his organ business. This is another addition to the ranks of the firms that were more or less prominent in the organ field that have found the field too limited or not yielding enough profit to continue in it exclusively.

The number of organ firms still continuing in that business alone is gradually growing smaller, and includes the E. P. Carpenter Company, the Taber Organ Company, the Weaver Organ Company, the Edna Organ Company, the Miller Organ Company, Farrand & Votey, H. Lehr & Co., and the Wilcox & White and C. P. Bowlby. The firms formerly operating in Washington, N. J., have nearly all entered piano making.

The Earhuff concern in St. Paul is another recent addition to the ranks of the piano makers. The situation calls for no particular comment save that those now devoting all their energies to the organ business alone must still find it profitable or they too would join the others.

Pease Progress.

"OUR business for 1895 has shown a twenty-five per cent. increase over 1894," said Mr. John D. Pease, of the Pease Piano Company, last week, and I think we have good reason to feel very much gratified. There are other considerations that make the past year satisfactory to us, and I have a strong faith that 1896 is going to be even more satisfactory.

"While we do not intend to give away any state secrets or our business to our competitors, I can say that we are prepared to do more earnest and I hope more effective work the coming year than we did in the past one, and while we cannot look forward and plan for the whole year we are planning for an extension of our trade on the safe lines we pursued in 1895. We will develop our pianos as well as our business."

Looking over the achievements of the Pease Piano Company for the past two years, one finds that progress has been indicated in every move the company has made. Progress has been made in the improvement in the quality of the pianos and the production of the new grand, and its success at the outset was an evidence that the Pease Piano Company was alive to the value of an energetic effort to place before artists a piano the musical qualities of which would command respect. The Pease Piano Company has done excellent work and is prepared to show greater enterprise in the present year.

Notice of Dissolution.

THE partnership heretofore existing between Taggart & Chamberlain, of Salt Lake City, having been dissolved, the business will be pushed more vigorously in the future than it has been in the past by C. Y. Taggart & Sons. Address all communications to C. Y. Taggart & Sons, 876 First street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Sieveking to Mason & Hamlin.

Mason & Hamlin Company:

GENTLEMEN—I have never felt so confident while playing in concerts as since I have had the opportunity to have a Mason & Hamlin Grand under my hands. Since coming to America, and in all my European tours, I have never played upon a piano that responded so promptly to my wishes. The tone is liquid and carrying, the equalness of sound is perfect, and any effort I ask this beautiful instrument, whether legato, staccato or delicacy of tone, it responds faithfully. I can assure you that I have never known any piano that could stand such severe test as playing in several concerts upon the same instrument and keep in tune, notwithstanding moving around and change in temperature. You have solved the problem that others have long tried in vain, and I call myself fortunate, at least, to have found the ideal piano.

Very truly yours,

MARTINUS SIEVEKING.

The Passing of the Fraud.

THERE are many evidences that the trade generally is beginning to appreciate, if not thoroughly at least in part, the positive injury in handling the rotten \$75 box. The fraud piano works the dealer the permanent injury to reputation each sale brings in its train. They are finding out by their own experience, what this paper has maintained from the first appearance of these frauds on the market, that each sale of a \$75 box kills future business and destroys that confidence which is so necessary to the permanent success of the dealer.

They are finding out that there has never been a demand for these goods. There has been a demand for cheap pianos, but there are cheap pianos on the market which, sold and represented for what they are, work no injury to the dealers who sell them, nor are a disappointment to the customer. These, however, are legitimate goods, and no part of the flood of worthless trash that has for the past two years most seriously menaced the trade.

These fraud boxes, except in isolated cases, are no longer featured, as they were a year ago. If kept in warerooms at all they are relegated to the rear, and are only shown as a last resort, and then with a certain amount of shamefacedness that to an observant customer would tell the story of their worthlessness.

A year's use of the fraud, if indeed it has held together for that length of time, has brought to the dealer an angry customer whose confidence has been shaken and who is ready and anxious to believe, in the light of experience, that every word the dealer utters is false. This has been the experience already, and dealers who have made any considerable sales of these fraud boxes will have the complaints coming thick and fast until some satisfaction is guaranteed the purchasers.

That the dealers are realizing the true state of affairs is shown by the comparative quiet that prevails in the factories where these boxes are turned out. Despite the glowing reports of their proprietors they are not busy. The competition has become so keen that the profits are reduced to a vanishing point, and it is understood in the trade that one of the best known of these men is seeking other fields for his energies and the investment of what money he has made. There are others that are finding their course a hard one, and it will not be very long before the factories now producing these rotten \$75 boxes will either be putting out pianos of better quality under other management or will be given over to other business. The passing of the fraud is one of the cheering signs of the new year.

In Town.

AMONG the visitors to New York the past week and callers at the offices of THE MUSICAL COURIER were:

R. C. Jackson, Geo. F. Hedge, Son & Co., Buffalo, N. Y.
F. L. Raymond, Cleveland.
J. E. Van Horne, Blasius & Sons, Philadelphia.
J. E. Healy, Lyon & Healy, Chicago.
H. M. Cable, Chicago Cottage Organ Company, Chicago.
Henry Dreher, B. Dreher's Sons Company, Cleveland.
J. Frank Conover, Conover Piano Company, Chicago.
F. W. Baumer, Wheeling, W. Va.
Horace Lehr, H. Lehr & Co., Easton, Pa.
J. A. Beal, Danbury, Conn.
Frank A. Lee, the John Church Company, Cincinnati.
F. E. McArthur, representing Gildemeester & Kroeger.
C. H. Dickinson, Wallingford, Conn.

Blasius Election.

AT the annual meeting of the Blasius Piano Company the following were elected officers of the corporation for the ensuing year: Oscar Blasius, president; Levin Blasius, treasurer, and P. F. Rice, secretary.

—Klein & Gibbs, of Canton, Ohio, have gone out of business.
—Frank O. Zimmerman, of Humboldt, Neb., has sold out his stock.
—F. S. Slade, of Buffalo, N. Y., has taken the agency of the Estey piano.
—Brenner & Solomons, of Augusta, Ga., have dissolved, Mr. Solomons retiring.
—M. H. Hanna, of Marshalltown, Ia., has disposed of his business to W. G. Calhoun.
—Wiley B. Allen & Co., of Portland, Ore., have opened a branch store in Marshallfield. M. M. Melvin is in charge.
—A. Dillon, a dealer of Paxton, Ill., is reported to have given a real estate mortgage for \$1,500.
—J. W. Reid, proprietor of Reid's Music Store, Dunkirk, N. Y., has made an assignment.
—J. Hartung, of Pittsfield, Ill., has sold out to J. W. Baren, who will continue the business.
—Rohland Brothers' music store, Lebanon, Pa., has been closed on an execution for \$600, and the stock sold.
—Wm. Bobbit, the St. Louis dealer who was arrested recently charged with assault and battery, has been honorably acquitted.
—Herman Bernhardt is building a factory at Joshua, Mo., near Baltimore, for the manufacture of small musical instruments.
—Mills & Hupp, who have recently opened piano warerooms in Streator, Ill., are handling the Story & Clark pianos and organs.

TRADE AS WE FIND IT.

Newsy Squibs, Personal, Pertinent and General, Picked Up by "The Musical Courier" Reporters.

JUST now the trade, collectively and individually, is struggling with those new year resolutions. Some have outlasted the traditional four-and-twenty hours and are still intact, but frail. Others have gone the way of all flesh. This mortifying of the spirits, combined with stock-taking and a contemplation of last year's profits, gives the trade a general funeral aspect.

The holiday dullness is still on, though some manufacturers seen the past week say that January has started off so remarkably well that they are a little skeptical as well as hopeful. Retail trade is not much to boast of.

Mr. Frederick Bauer, of Stultz & Bauer, who has been confined to his bed for the past four weeks, is sufficiently recovered to go out, though he has not yet made his appearance at the factory.

Messrs. J. H. & C. S. Odell & Co., the organ builders, are doing some fine work in the way of booklets full of information about the great instruments they have built and are now constructing. The list makes a splendid showing of the progress of the firm. They have now some large instruments under way.

The pipe organ industry, according to those actively engaged in it, has not been a particularly profitable one the past year. A number of builders recently interviewed deplore the cutting of prices, which has reduced profits almost to the vanishing point. Said one, "I cannot understand how some firms do work at the prices they get. Some are working for actual cost to get the business. This is true in contracts which enlist those makers capable of doing only medium grade work. I believe the great organ building firms are holding up prices and are refusing work, or at least not competing for it in many cases. They cannot afford to take a great deal that might go to them. Collections have been bad, and altogether the past year was not a very brilliant one for our business."

On New Year's Eve four "Opera" pianos were badly wrecked in a collision. They were on a truck which got in the way of a cable car. The car survived, though the gripman was arrested. The truck was wrecked, the pianos were badly damaged, and the truck driver was severely injured.

Mr. Peter Duffy is in Boston and other Eastern cities, attending to business for his house.

Mr. A. B. Sulzer, for a number of years traveling representative of the Mason & Risch Vocalion Company, has resigned. His future connections are as yet undecided.

Mr. Felix Kraemer, the Kranich & Bach representative, is booming business on the Pacific Coast.

From the S. D. Lauter Company, Newark, N. J., comes a pamphlet entitled "The Sterling Piano and Its Players."

Mr. C. H. Dickinson, the enterprising secretary of the Hamilton Organ Company, Chicago, has returned from his trip to England, undertaken in the interests of his house. He arranged while there with Messrs. Waddington & Son, of Leeds, who handle the Hamilton organ, to take the entire territory of Great Britain. He is very much pleased over the way in which that firm is pushing the Hamilton goods to the front.

Two of the enterprising and industrious young men in the trade are Messrs. Henry Behning, Jr., and Gustav Behning, of the Behning Piano Company, who have been working quietly but successfully for two years past to establish a business on a substantial basis. They are meeting with success and are building up their business on safe and conservative lines, and are steadily working to improve the quality of their product. They have kept their factory running throughout the past year and have disposed of their entire product. They are now securing additional room to meet the expansion of their business.

One of the best expositions of the industries of Dolgeville—that town of so great interest to the piano trade—appeared very recently in an illustrated industrial number of the Little Falls *Journal and Courier*, which in itself was a commendable achievement in the line of special numbers. The Dolge industries, the Autoharp Company, the Brambach Piano Company, R. W. Tanner & Son and the Giese wire industry, all located in Dolgeville, received detailed attention in that issue, the article bringing out effectively the salient points of each. The illustrations accompanying were familiar, but well executed.

The Coleman Catalogue.

THERE has been issued recently a catalogue and price list of the American Excelsior band instruments manufactured by Harry Coleman, of Philadelphia, Pa.

The catalogue can be commended for many reasons. It is much more compact than the usual run of documents of this nature and at the same time fully covers the ground. It states in a brief manner the desirable features of these celebrated instruments and places before the musician every possible condition incidental to a purchase or exchange.

Typographically, the cuts are clear, and convey an excellent idea of the instruments represented, and the matter, although in small type, can be read with ease.

The following introduction furnishes many good points for consideration and should interest all bandmen:

Early in 1893 the late Mr. Harry Coleman acquired all rights and title to and interest in the factory and name of Charles Missenharter, of New York city, who as manufacturer of the celebrated "Excelsior Solo and Military Band Instruments" had earned a most enviable reputation for skill in workmanship, accuracy in design and felicitous application of mathematic and acoustic principles to brass instrument building.

For some time subsequently the factory was continued at New York, but deciding to bring the same and his publishing business together, all to be under his own immediate supervision, Mr. Coleman caused the foregoing to be removed to Philadelphia, where it has since been conducted. At the same time it was determined to adopt the more distinctive title of Coleman's American Excelsior Band Instruments, with a note to the effect that same were formerly made by "Charles Missenharter."

The system upon which these instruments is made is an evolution developed by the incessant study and unremitting toil of Mr. Missenharter, continued through many years, and resulting in the incorporation of the best features of construction adopted by other makers with those discovered or invented by himself. In consequence it is unhesitatingly asserted that Coleman's American Excelsior Band Instruments are peers of the best made either in America or Europe.

The comprehensive compilation of this catalogue, and, in fact, all printed matter sent out from the house of Harry Coleman, emanates from Mr. A. A. Clappé, the manager of the business.

The Verti-Grand.

THAT the new Verti-Grand piano of the Schimmel-Nelson Piano Company is attracting a great deal of attention in the trade is shown by the inquiries made concerning it, not only to the company but at this office. Among these was one inquiring how and how easily the Verti-Grand is tuned. To our correspondent we would say that the tuner seats himself upon a low stool or cushion and strikes the keys with his left hand, using the tuning hammer with his right. One of the best tuners in the Schimmel-Nelson factory, if not the best, is a blind man, and he says he can tune the Verti-Grand as easily as he can an ordinary upright. He also says that if he can do this a man with all his senses should find the task an easy one.

The company is now at work on a small size Verti-Grand which will be just 5 feet in height and of even more artistic design than the first made. The first concert Verti-Grand is now about ready, and from it the Schimmel-Nelson people anticipate wonderful results.

Jardine Contracts.

GEORGE JARDINE & SON have just completed a new organ in the Soldiers' Home near Dayton, Ohio. It is a two manual instrument with thirty stops. The action is upon the electric pneumatic system. The console is apart from the organ proper, with which it is connected by a cable 30 feet long. They are also building a fine organ for the new Methodist Church in Providence, R. I., which will be one of the largest and most complete in the State. It will be capable of a great variety of effects and will have an electric action. Another large organ with electric action is being built for a prominent church in New Orleans, and other contracts of more or less importance are being completed.

The Autoharp.

TO say that the year 1895 was the banner year in the manufacture and sale of Autoharps is hardly strong enough to express the actual results of the year's business. The sale has been phenomenally large, exceeding the expectation of all who have been instrumental in producing and distributing this instrument.

This is not to be wondered at when the commercial force which has been applied is taken into consideration. Advertising is responsible for much of the success which has been accomplished.

The Autoharp has been made known and popularized by the thousands of dollars employed in the extensively circulated periodicals of the country. The large dealer and the small retailer have alike been benefited and have sold these instruments as they never did before, and on December 31 their stock was exhausted.

The Autoharp is not only a home delight but is now recognized as a commercial commodity necessary in every business house where musical instruments are sold, as it is salable and profitable to handle.

Large as the sales of this instrument were in 1895, the

year 1896 has every indication and promise of being a greater Autoharp year than the one just passed, and that the largest jobbers and dealers are anticipating this is evinced by the extensive orders which have already been placed by them.

The line of advertising which has in the past proved so advantageous will be continued. The business throughout will be pushed in various other ways as never before.

Mr. Wm. B. Wilson, the trusted representative of Alfred Dolge & Son, who are the general sales agents for the Autoharp, commenced a trip on Monday which will take in every available point in the United States.

A Packard Announcement.

A LITTLE folder with a cut of and appropriate remarks about the new Packard piano has made its appearance and gives some particulars about this instrument which has so many claims to the attention of the trade and public. The cut gives a very good idea of the handsome appearance of the new Packard and shows the graceful designs of the case.

The Fort Wayne Organ Company makes in this pamphlet the following announcement, and supplements it with the commendations of the musical and trade press and dealers:

In offering this new Packard piano to the trade we do it with the full assurance that we have an instrument that will merit the attention of all music loving people. Having taken all the time necessary for experimenting and construction, we are pleased to announce to the trade that we have a piano that will hold its own with the highest grades made, and is destined to make itself felt in the piano trade in this country. We ourselves, being more than pleased with the high results attained, feel confident that the dealers who are successful in obtaining the agency will find the Packard piano to have unequalled selling qualities.

Grinnell Brothers Entertain.

YESTERDAY, New Year's Day, Grinnell Brothers entertained their employes, including those throughout the State and in Detroit. Invitations had been sent to everyone in their employ some days in advance, and of the 57 connected with the business over 50 responded to the call. Many of the State travelers arrived during Tuesday afternoon, while the others came in on the morning trains yesterday.

By 10 o'clock nearly all had assembled at the music house of the firm, on Woodward avenue, where a musical program had been arranged, and several interesting selections were rendered by an orchestra composed of employes of the firm. The music was excellent, as many of the men are musicians of high standing. A jolly good time was had all round at the store in the morning, and at 12 o'clock they started in a body for the Cadillac Hotel, where arrangements had been previously made to accommodate all and a private dining room secured. Grinnell Brothers had previously placed a fine Sterling piano in the reception room, and after enjoying a sumptuous repast Grinnell Brothers' orchestra made the occasion jollier by plenty of good music. Toasts were responded to and everybody had a most excellent time.

At 2 o'clock they formed in a body and marched to the Lyceum, where they enjoyed for three hours the fun-making comedians, Ward & Vokes. Both members of Grinnell Brothers were recipients of very substantial gifts, presented by their employes, the presentation speech being made by Mr. A. H. Hours, and responded to by the Messrs. Grinnell in very appropriate words.

One noticeable feature of the occasion was that all were treated with equal courtesy. This seems to be the policy of the house. The errand boy and porter are treated with as much consideration as the highest priced traveler. This liberal treatment of their help has been largely responsible for the success of the firm. The occasion was more like a gathering of one large family than of the employes of a house.

After the matinee, those living at a distance took the evening train for their respective homes. The occasion, as a whole, is one long to be remembered by all who participated. It is also significant as showing the wonderful progress made by the house. A retail music business built up in a few years, requiring the attention of fifty-seven people, is something almost unparalleled in the history of the trade. The gentlemanly proprietors of the Cadillac (Messrs. Swart) did everything possible to make the gathering a pleasant one, and the menu card gotten up for the firm was truly a beautiful thing.—*Detroit Journal*, January 2.

AFTER taking inventory of stock and computing the results of 1895 business, why not consider the advisability of using the

Roth & Engelhardt Actions

for 1896, and at the end of the year see if they are not more satisfactory? You will never know until a trial is given.

ROTH & ENGELHARDT.

ST. JOHNSVILLE, N. Y.



CHICAGO OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,
225 Dearborn Street, January 4, 1896.

He Would Tax Pianos.

The city is at a loss for ready money. It cannot pay its employees. It cannot keep the streets clean. It cannot wash the globes of the gas lamps. It cannot build schools fast enough to meet the phenomenal demands of its increasing population.

It is unable to extend the water mains into new portions of the municipal territory. It has to beg railroad corporations to mend viaducts. Its bridges are rickety. It is out at elbow, down at heel. Yet all this time a source of revenue of practically unlimited extent has escaped the taxgatherer.

A wheel tax has been proposed and rejected as unconstitutional. What constitution can be opposed to a piano license?

At first the suggestion seems jocular. Not wholly. If people must pay for the luxury of keeping dogs, why shall they not pay for maintaining a domestic nuisance in the form of an everlasting sounding keyboard? If the barking of a dog is reason enough for refusing leases to applying tenants, why should not the equity of occasional rest from the thrumming of a piano be considered a material consideration in entering into a contract to pay rent?

The hauling of two women before a suburban magistrate on the charge that they disturbed the village peace by incessant piano playing only emphasizes the duty of good government in the matter of reasonable restraint of scale running and pedal pressing. If a jury at Milwaukee justly recommended that a bagpipe player pay for a horse agonized to death by his piping, citizens made half mad by four finger exercises illustrating perpetual motion ought to have a remedy at law.

In the most musical of countries, Germany, such a remedy exists. In the classic town of Weimar no one can play a piano except within the hours definitely fixed by municipal authority. If the license be exceeded the offender is punishable by fine and, if the offense be repeated, he is temporarily isolated until seclusion convinces him or her that neighbors have a Monroe doctrine in miniature which protects their ears and guards their sleep at noonday as well as at night. For, while Chicago is bolting lunch and organizing meridian indigestion, your truly classical devotees of music in Weimar is snoring the snore of the philosopher.

Let us have a piano license.—*Times-Herald.*

THE man who wrote the above article must have very little music in his soul, or a great deal from which he has suffered from the attempts to play the much abused piano by some one of the numerous people who only assist in condemning the instrument. The piano is the most popular musical instrument extant; it is not a luxury, but a positive necessity to a large number of families, who would as soon be without a dining table as their piano. For company it is a host in itself and could not be dispensed with without causing a feeling of absolute bereavement. Why should the piano be singled out as an article to be specially taxed any more than any other commodity? Why should not this editor's pen or desk be specially taxed? He is something of a nuisance himself. The fact is that the mayor of this city struck the keynote when he said that the fault lay with those rich people who shirked paying their just dues, and, it might be added, with those of its officials who for a consideration aid these wealthy individuals in their disgraceful proceedings. There can be no objection to an ordinance regulating the hours of practice, but for a special tax called a license to keep a piano it would be simply an outrage.

The One Price System.

For an absolutely honest method of selling pianos the one price system must receive the indorsement of every concern of any importance in the country. There was no intention of attacking this manner of disposing of instruments, as might possibly be conceived from a statement made in the last issue of this paper.

Although it has not come to be universally practiced, it certainly will be some time in the future, if not the near future, when it will be an impossibility to sell a cheap piano for a medium grade price, or a medium grade instrument at the value that should only attach itself to a strictly high grade, artistic production.

It has been suggested that \$200 would be somewhere in the neighborhood of the maximum price at which pianos would be sold in the future, which seems about as absurd as to suppose that \$10 would be the future price of a suit of clothes. If there was no intrinsic difference in the value of pianos, the idea of a maximum value might possibly prevail, but as the great majority of the purchasers are engaged in business and selling articles which they know vary largely in value, it is not difficult to convince them

that the same is true of pianos. And it is undeniably true; there is a difference in material, there is a difference in workmanship, in finish, in the action and hammers, and lastly, though not the least important matter, is the difference in the artistic features of the instrument. Here is where the manufacturer of a high grade piano finds his salvation. He knows there are people who know the difference, and these intelligent people know where to find an instrument to their liking, and, like intelligent people, know they must pay for the qualities which cannot be found in cheaper pianos.

The trouble of adopting a one price system does not lie with the makers or vendors of first-class instruments; it is with the sellers of cheap pianos; for were the system to become universal these individuals would lose many opportunities for turning an honest (?) dollar, or at least they think so.

Death of E. A. Saalfeld.

Edward A. Saalfeld, who has been identified with Chicago business interests since 1866, died at his residence, 3177 Dover street, Tuesday night. The cause of death was heart trouble, precipitated by a sudden attack last Thursday. He was seized with a spasm at his office and was taken home. Since that time he was in an unconscious condition up to the hour of his death. Services will be held at the family residence this afternoon at 1 o'clock. The interment will be at Graceland.

Edward Albert Saalfeld was 46 years of age at the time of his death. He was born in Hamburg, Germany, and arrived on American soil in 1863, a friendless lad. Later he came West and located in Chicago, where he subsequently was promoted to a position of responsibility with the Singer Manufacturing Company. In 1889 he established the National Music Company, with headquarters at 215 Wabash avenue, where he quickly built up one of the largest music jobbing houses in America. He was also active in church work, particularly that of the Howe Street Mission. His charitable works are local history. He was a member of the Church of the Covenant.

Mr. Saalfeld leaves a widow, four sisters and five brothers. Herbert Saalfeld, his brother, residing at 398 Garfield avenue, will succeed him in the management of the National Music Company.—*Times-Herald.*

Story & Clark.

The Story & Clark Piano Company has made a great success of its branch store at Cleveland, Ohio, and is arranging to double the size of its premises in the Arcade Building, the amount of business done and the necessity of carrying a larger stock making this new move imperative.

It is certain that both Mr. Story and Mr. Clark are well satisfied with the results of their business in 1895 in both organs and their new piano adventure. There is but one trouble, and that is shown by most manufacturers—collections are not as good as they should be.

Still Another Piano Factory.

News comes from Mr. George W. Newton, of Van Wert, Ohio, that a company of men, including Mr. Newton, have formed a corporation, built a factory, put in machinery, and are all ready to begin the manufacture of pianos. More news about the matter may be received in a few days, but so far the capacity of the factory and other interesting items are enigmatical.

No Changes.

It is astonishing how few changes have been made here this season. None worth mentioning, except the Detmer-Thompson deal. It would seem to indicate that the times are not so very desperate as some would have us believe, and when the farmers sell their grain—well, merely a suggestion that things will be better anyway.

Both Have Moved.

The Thompson Music Company has secured the second story of 231 Wabash avenue and is already installed there, and Mr. Henry Detmer has taken possession of 261 Wabash avenue and is hastening to put the store in shape for business.

This makes one less piano store in Chicago in the year

1896. This suggests that there are those who think that the end of 1896 will see a few less piano stores in this city, but the wish is father to the thought. All the houses are doing fairly well, and even those small houses which do not boast of large capital are conservative and careful dealers. Chicago does not consist entirely of wind and blow; there is an element of solidity in the music trade of this city that augurs well for the future.

They Entertain.

The House & Davis Piano Company gave a dance on New Year's night in its new factory at Desplaines, Ill. All the employees, as well as many friends of the company, were present. A finer site for a factory, at least in this part of the country, could not be chosen than the town of Desplaines. It is only a few miles from Chicago, on the historical river of the same name, and being an older place than this city has naturally a finished appearance, and is a charming location for the workmen, the better class appreciating the advantages of being able to live cheaper and better than in a large city.

The Burdett Piano Company.

The Burdett Piano Company, of Erie, Pa., has been turning out four pianos each week, but has its case department now in good order and will from the present time double its output. The capital will also be increased. The company has already sent the third lot of pianos to some of its agents and is greatly encouraged with its success, and proposes to be right in the swim this year.

Partial Removal.

The Tonk Manufacturing Company has removed its samples of its tools and covers from 250 and 252 Wabash avenue to the factory, in the northwestern section of the city. The William Tonk & Brother Company will use the space thus vacated and carry a larger stock of musical merchandise.

Personals.

Mr. Aldrich and Mr. Llewellyn, of Sterling, Ill., were both in town this week. They are looking for a line of organs to complete their assortment. Their pianos are the Weber, Wheelock and Stuyvesant.

Mr. G. L. Fitch will be the new manager of Mr. J. L. Mahan's branch store at Sterling, Ill.

Mr. J. C. Arthur is in the city from Marshalltown, Ia., which is his headquarters. He is representing the Hallet & Davis Company, of this city, and doing well.

Mr. R. M. Eppstein, who has been four years with the W. W. Kimball Company, mostly working in the State of Pennsylvania, is in town for a brief visit. Mr. Eppstein has made an excellent record and added to his reputation as a clean, conscientious and successful salesman.

Mr. James E. Healy is visiting the East.

Mr. Theo. G. Fischel, manager of the Conover Music Company, of St. Paul, Minn., is again in town on one of his periodical visits to the home house. It is said that Mr. Fischel has done an exceedingly good business since his advent in that city, considering the circumstances connected with his assumption of the destinies of the unfortunate and now defunct Ford Company. There is once in a while a man who impresses you with being the right man for the position occupied, and who seems to increase your respect the more you see of him, barring all those little foibles that even great men are subject to, and Mr. Fischel is one of them.

—Creedy & Dill, of Norfolk, Va., have assigned.

—The store of the Sherman Clay Company, San Francisco, was robbed recently, the loss in small musical instruments being considerable.

—James Bradley, electrician of the Omaha fire department, has made for his daughter a piano in which instead of wires bells are struck by the manipulation of the keys. The bells are attuned to the various notes of the scale.

—The Needham factory had a narrow escape from destruction by fire last week. A piece of waste caught fire from spontaneous combustion in the fly wheel pit, but prompt action from the fire apparatus averted a disaster. The loss was comparatively small.

—Benjamin T. Duel, a New Yorker, has been arrested in Detroit for swindling. Duel was renting pianos on the instalment plan and then disposing of them. Miller & Thompson of that city were victimized out of two pianos, which will be recovered.

Mason & Hamlin

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

PIANOS.

W. H. SHERWOOD—Beautiful instruments, capable of the finest grades of expression and shading.

MARTINUS SIEVERING—I have never played upon a piano which responded so promptly to my wishes.

GEO. W. CHADWICK—The tone is very musical, and I have never had a piano which stood so well in tune.

ORGANS.

FRANZ LIEZT—Matchless, unrivaled; so highly prized by THEODORE THOMAS—Much the best; musicians generally so regard them.

X. SCHARWENKA—No other instrument so enraptures the player

STANDARD INSTRUMENTS.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES AND FULL PARTICULARS MAILED ON APPLICATION.

Mason & Hamlin Co.

BOSTON, NEW YORK, CHICAGO.

A New Style



Usually suggests simply a change in the case of a piano.

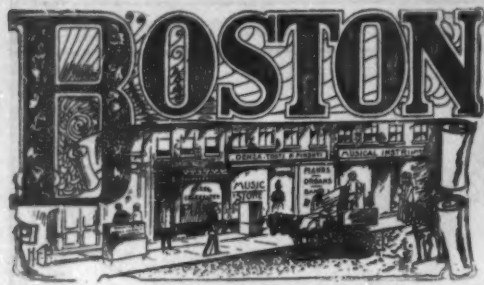
* * The New **Vose** Style, * *

however, covers not only radical changes in the case work, but also gives marked evidence of numerous improvements in the interior of the piano.

A critical examination of this piano might prove to be to your advantage.

Vose & Sons Piano Co.

174 Tremont St., Boston.



BOSTON OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER, 17 Beacon Street, January 4, 1895.

THE difficulties that have been pending over the matter of the alleyway dividing the lots where the Steinert Hall building is being erected seem now in a fair way of being settled. The judge's decree will show the way the case stands in the court, but negotiations are now going on by which an amicable compromise will be made. One proposition is that the present alleyway is to be closed, a new rear entrance being made from Van Rensselaer place; the other is that the owners of the lots purchase the right from the Crockers to bridge over the present alley at a height of 10 feet above the present grade, there being a large money consideration in either case.

Appended is a copy of the judge's memorandum for decree:

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,
Suffolk ss. Supreme Judicial Court.
In Equity.
No. 5022 Eq. Crocker et al. v. Cotting et al.
BILL AND CROSS BILLS.
Memorandum for decree.

The effect of the conveyance is that the title to the soil of the passageway is owned in common by the plaintiffs and defendants, the Murdock Company being merely a lessor. No party is estopped from setting up the legal effect of any conveyance.

No right has been gained by prescription.

The plaintiffs have no right to build over or under the passage.

The plaintiffs are to be enjoined from building over the passage.

The plaintiffs are not to be enjoined from placing under the passage suitable foundations for the walls of the buildings which they propose to build upon their lands adjoining the passage if they shall stipulate to make their co-owners adequate compensation in money for the use of the common land occupied by such foundations, and also that such use shall found no title by prescription.

The passageway is one which may be lawfully built over or covered by the owners of the fee with buildings or structures erected at a suitable height above the grade of the way. Such a suitable height is not less than 10 feet above the present grade of the way.

December 26, 1895.

Another Real Estate Deal.

A valuable tract of property owned by Chickering & Sons, situated on the corner of Columbus avenue, Northampton and Camden streets, South End, has just been purchased from the owners by Lewis D. Thorp, the consideration being in the neighborhood of \$68,000, or about \$3 per square foot, the total land area being about 21,000 square feet.

The property has a frontage on Columbus avenue of about 900 feet, and a frontage on both Northampton and Camden streets of about 75 feet each. The estate is a portion of the large property bounded by the above named streets and Tremont street, owned by Chickering & Sons, the part just transferred being mostly vacant land, there being a small frame and brick structure thereon.

The purchase of this property by Mr. Thorp was for improvement and investment, it being his intention to erect a number of brick apartments containing three suites each. The land is valued by the assessors at \$2.25 per square foot.

This corner of the Chickering property has been used to store lumber, and it has been their intention to sell it whenever a substantial price was offered.

Chickering & Sons report that they received orders on the first day of the new year for more pianos than for the first week of last year.

The Vose & Sons Piano Company is constantly in receipt of letters that give warm praise to their pianos. The fol-

lowing, however, are particularly interesting, as they show an entire family supplied with Vose pianos:

HARVEY, Ill., November, 1895.

Messrs. Vose & Sons:

DEAR SIRS—I write to you once more in the interest of pianos, this time for my daughter Minnie. Two of my daughters have your pianos, and I cannot tell you half the enjoyment they give them. To-day is the forty-second anniversary of my wedding day, and in that time have never heard a piano as sweet as yours, so I ask you for a third one. I have always said and done all in my power for your very excellent pianos, and many of my friends are enjoying them to-day from hearing mine. Respectfully,

Later they received a letter acknowledging the receipt of the instrument, and saying:

"I want to thank you for writing to Lyon, Potter & Co. The piano was purchased yesterday; it is a perfect gem. A sweeter piano I never heard anywhere. Again I thank you."

Mason & Hamlin report that the largest month's business ever done by that house was December just past.

Mr. Chandler W. Smith had in his warerooms for a couple of days last week a Gildemeester & Kroeger piano with an electric attachment, the piano having been sent on for a special order here.

Mr. Smith has just supplied a handsome burl walnut Gildemeester & Kroeger upright to the Boston Theatre, and it has been placed in the ladies' parlor.

A large philharmonic Estey organ has just been placed in the Boston Theatre by Mr. S. A. Gould, manager of the Estey warerooms.

The Emerson Piano Company is receiving letters each day praising its new Style 8½, but there are so many of them it would take a book to publish them.

Mr. P. H. Powers and Mr. E. S. Payson are struggling with a box of cigars sent them by Mr. Michael Goggan, of San Antonio. Whether they will be able to finish the cigars or whether the cigars will finish them, they cannot tell; up to the present time the cigars have the best of it.

If New Year's letters and good wishes mean anything, the New England Piano Company can congratulate itself upon having a host of friends. If they all prove to be customers the warerooms will soon be emptied of their contents.

The year closed well with the Poole Piano Company, December being the best month the house has had, with November a good second to it.

The Pooles are making a very handsome light birch piano for a family in the Back Bay.

A piano comes under the head of "furniture or other household effects," according to a decision of the Supreme Judicial Court filed to-day, and therefore C. L. Gorham & Co. will have to pay to Mrs. C. D. Lee about \$250, as the result of taking an instrument of the kind mentioned from her apartments in the Hotel Glenwood on Warren avenue. Mrs. Lee bought the piano on the instalment plan for \$325, in November, 1890, and had paid \$200 toward the purchase price, when she made a default in the payments. The defendants then took the instrument away. Mrs. Lee brought suit, and claimed that under the statute she was entitled to certain papers, including the copy of contract. The defendants claimed they had sent her the papers, which she denied. It was also contended by the defendants that the statute referred to "furniture and other household effects," and that this did not include a piano. The court holds otherwise, and a verdict for the plaintiff is sustained, the defendants' exceptions being overruled.

Here Is a Chance.

ANY business man of ability, with about \$20,000, can associate himself as partner with one of the best piano manufacturers in this country. The latter makes a fine instrument, with ready and profitable market; has an excellent reputation, based on solid facts.

Best chance ever offered to the right party.

Address, MODERN MANUFACTURER,
Care MUSICAL COURIER, 19 Union Square.

CHICKERING CHANGES.

THE force at the New York warerooms of Chickering & Sons after March 1 will be under the direct control of the home office, whose representative will be Mr. C. H. Eddy, one of Mr. Foster's confidential attachés, who will pay frequent visits to this city. The force itself will consist of Mr. Theodore Pfafflin, Mr. J. Burns Brown, Mr. W. H. Chase, Mr. Ferdinand H. Mayer (who is Mr. Mayer's son), and Capt. A. H. Young, together with assistants.

100,000

Readers a Week.

THIS paper is now read by 100,000 people every week. It does not appeal to an indiscriminate mass, but to a distinct and special class of readers, comprising on the average an intellectually higher grade of citizens and families than is reached by other publications.

There is not one man or woman in the musical higher life of America who is not a regular reader of this journal; there is not one man or woman interested in matters pertaining to the creation and commercial handling of musical instruments who does not read this paper with similar regularity.

It is admitted to be the most remarkable weekly publication in America and Europe to-day, and in addition to its home office here it has its own offices in Boston, Chicago, London, Berlin, Paris and Leipzig.

The circulation of the paper having increased to an extent far beyond the expectations of its advertisers, the expense of the publication having increased enormously, and the general influence of the paper having made it more valuable, it becomes essential to advance the rates of advertising from January 1. Due notice will be issued to individual advertisers, most of whom will naturally remain in these columns at higher rates, under the universal law of advertising, which makes high priced advertising in a largely circulating paper cheaper than cheap advertising in new, untried or small sheets conducted on speculative prospects and without capital to meet the emergencies and necessities of modern journalism.

—Geo. H. Champlin & Co., of Boston, have opened a branch house at Fall River, Mass.

—The piano section in Brown & Thompson's department store at Hartford, Conn., is now conducted by Wm. Wander & Son, of that city.

—Mr. G. Howlett Davis, until recently connected with the Electric Self Playing Piano Company, has quit the automatic piano field and has joined the forces of the Farrand & Votey Organ Company.

—Mr. M. H. Johst, who for some years past has been in charge of the foreign sheet music department of William A. Pond & Co., has severed his connection with that house and joined the forces of G. Schirmer.

WANTED—An experienced, reliable piano wareroom salesman; must be able to show off piano. References required. C. H. UTLEY, Buffalo, N. Y.

A MOST CONVINCING TEST.

The School Commissioners, after thoroughly testing seven of the most reliable organs manufactured, make

THE WEAVER THEIR CHOICE

For Use in the
BALTIMORE CITY PUBLIC SCHOOLS
WEAVER ORGAN AND PIANO CO.,
YORK, PA.

P. J. Gildemeester, for Many Years Managing Partner of Messrs. Chickering & Sons.

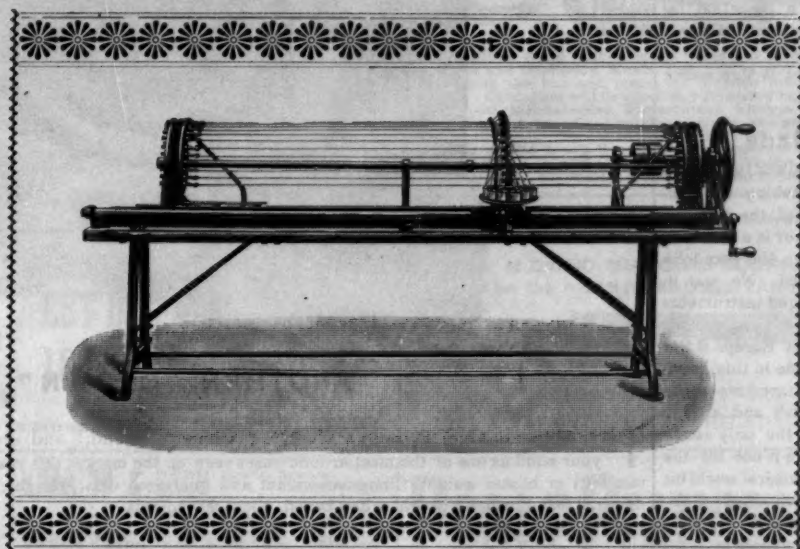
Gildemeester & Kroeger

Henry Kroeger, for Twenty Years Superintendent of Factories of Messrs. Steinway & Sons.

Second Avenue and Twenty-first Street, New York.

PAUL STARK,

MARKNEUKIRCHEN, SAXONY, GERMANY.



PATENT STRING WINDING MACHINE.

FOR THE WINDING OF A LARGE NUMBER

. . . OF STRINGS SIMULTANEOUSLY. . . .

— ALSO —

Violins, 'Cellos, Violas, Zithers, Table Harps.

SIMPLEX BOW (GREAT NOVELTY.)

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

About Nevin's Narcissus.

AS most of our readers will be at once disposed to admit, there have been of recent years few compositions for the piano that have won so great favor as Ethelbert Nevin's *Narcissus*, published by G. Schirmer. The American copyright of *Narcissus* is owned by Mr. Gustav Schirmer, but, owing to the complicated and unsatisfactory condition of international copyright in Canada, the enterprising music printers of the Dominion have practical immunity in reproducing music copyrighted under United States statutes.

The chance of a speculation in *Narcissus* did not escape our neighbors across the border, and contraband copies of the work promptly made their appearance in the States, having eluded the vigilance of the postal and revenue officers. Hence Mr. Schirmer determined as far as possible to protect his rights and brought a proceeding in the United States Circuit Court in the second district to enjoin the sale of the pirating edition by one Geo. A. Kornder and for further relief. The proceedings resulted in a perpetual injunction and in the defendant's paying stipulated damages and the costs of the suit.

The fate of Mr. Kornder is a warning, and is due notice that Mr. Schirmer will pursue all infringers.

Where Zithers Are Made.

IN a cozy cottage surrounded by flower gardens, mountains and shrubbery, and overlooking the Missouri River, lives Franz Schwarzer, one of the most remarkable men of the nation. Mr. Schwarzer is a musician of an inventive mind. Wherever the zither, the mandolin and guitar are appreciated he is worshipped. No man in the world has done so much for these stringed instruments as he, and in his quiet cottage he has displayed medals from Vienna, Paris and all the capitals of Europe. For years he manufactured the only zithers made in this country, and to-day he ranks above all manufacturers in the power, sweetness of tone, beauty of finish and artistic workmanship of his instruments. His is the only establishment of its kind in Missouri, and were it not for the reputation he has made for himself in the musical world his existence would scarcely be known to his neighbors, so unostentatious is he and so hermit-like is his work.

It is said by some of his neighbors that business reverses caused him to leave Austria in 1864. From those who had been associated in business with him I learned that he received an early education in wood carving and ornamentation at the Polytechnic Institute at Vienna. From Ludwig Ritter von Detrich, a member of the Austrian nobility, he received his first instructions on the zither. Being a mechanical genius, he went to work trying to improve the instrument. His first efforts attracted the attention of Carl J. F. Umlaub, of Vienna, who urged him to go to the capital and manufacture his instruments. He had acquired a reputation throughout Austria before the sixties, at which time he was in the prime of life. He came to America in 1864, and for two years lived quietly in Warren County, and in 1866 moved to Washington. Here he began to manufacture zithers. He got his goods on the market by inducing artists to try them. At first he did all the work on them himself. But his business grew as his fame spread, until now he employs twenty-one persons and does a business of \$80,000 a year. The finest zither ever manufactured was made by him for the Columbus Exposition, but he did not complete it in time for the display. It is ornamented with ivory figures and studded with diamonds. The instrument is valued at \$1,000, and Mr. Schwarzer is



ANOTHER "CROWN" HIT.

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holding it for some international exhibit. Mr. Schwarzer has greatly improved the mandolin as well as the zither. The harp zither is his conception, and he also introduced the twelve string mandolin, and the mandolinette, a mandolin in guitar form.

Mr. Schwarzer is married, but childless. He is now more than sixty years of age, but continues to actively superintend the manufacture of musical instruments.—*R. H. L., in St. Louis (Mo.) Republican.*

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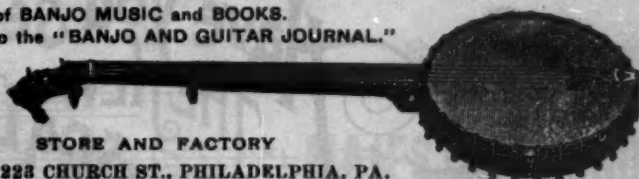
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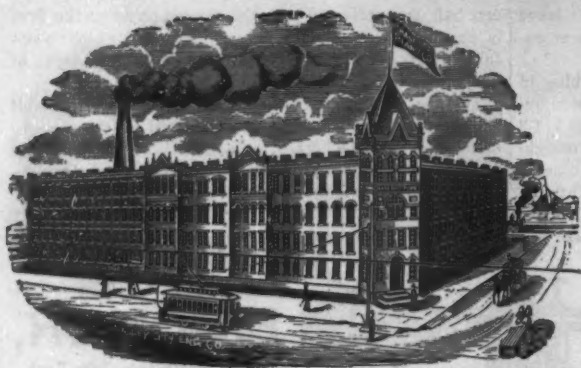
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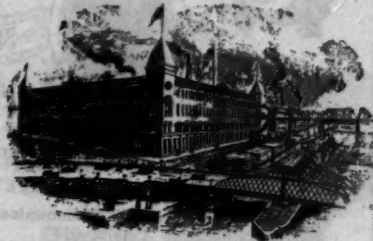
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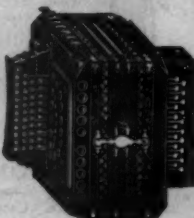
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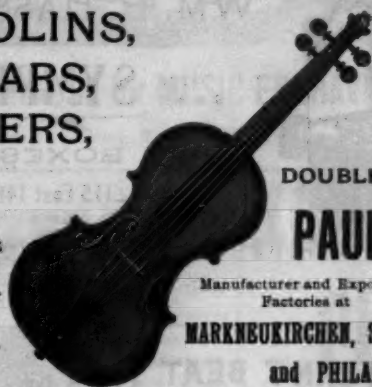
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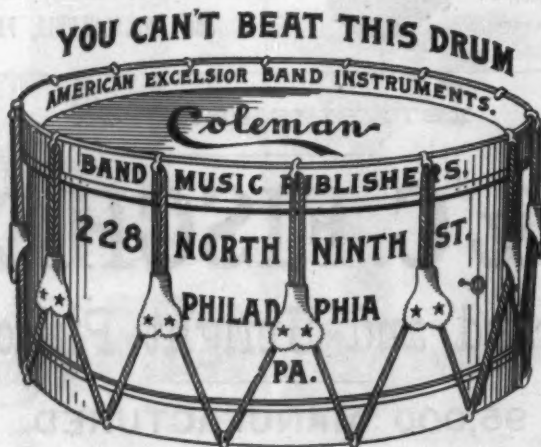
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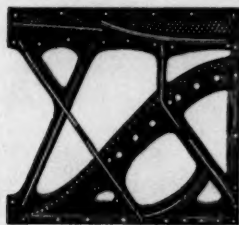
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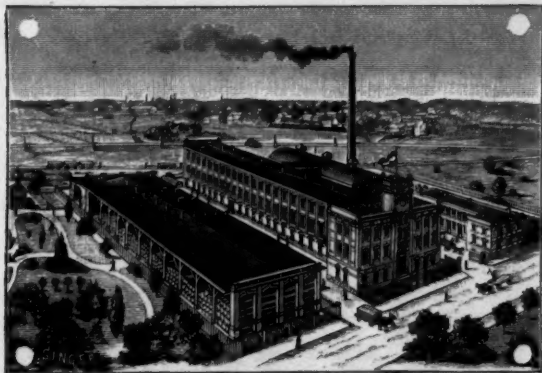
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